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# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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SPRING : 1940

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## IN MEMORIAM

IN the passing of Lord Tweedsmuir, one of the great pro-consuls of empire has gone. Not in outward trappings of power, but in inward understanding and sympathy, lay the secret of his influence. His insight was penetrating, his counsel a benediction. And behind it all there was a genuine and never-failing interest in his fellow-men. It mattered not whether they were of high or low degree. It did not concern him whether their part in life was in the public eye, or in the isolation of the trapper's cabin. To him they mattered because they were playing their part, in their own way, in the rich and varied life of a country which he had learned to love.

His was a valiant fight. He stood for truth, for integrity, for intellectual honesty, for high idealism, for the building of the Kingdom of God. And now we would have him take his leave in the words from *Pilgrim's Progress* with which his tale of *Mr. Standfast* comes to its end:

Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.'

## THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR

BY JAMES S. THOMSON

WHEN war was declared early in September, 1939, the Universities were getting ready for the opening of a new session. The news was profoundly disturbing. Memories of 1914 conjured up pictures of excited students and emptying class-rooms. We could see the most eager already marching off to join the fighting forces, possibly in University battalions. Would there be conscription? If compulsory service should be enacted, our students, especially the seniors, were within the age-groups likely to be most affected. Such forebodings occupied the minds of most university authorities during the first days when minds were stunned and confused by the incidence of the great calamity.

Very shortly, our minds were set at rest. The National Research Council, which speaks as nearly as any voice can for the Government of Canada in matters academic, sent advice to University heads, offering calmer and saner guidance. The views of this timely communication coincided with the conclusions that most of us had already reached, but we were greatly strengthened and encouraged to have the support of a more or less official government declaration of policy. In effect, the advice was that we must take a long-term view of the hostilities. There were three ways in which the Universities could serve the country in the war. (1) In the meantime, students should remain at their studies. This advice applied especially to those who were preparing for work in pure or applied science and for the professions of medicine, dentistry and agriculture. (2) If students wished to undertake military preparation, they would be able to do so best in the Canadian Officers' Training Corps. (3) The Universities could hold themselves ready to undertake any special research or service which they might be invited to pursue.

Modern military writers speak about the *potentiel de guerre*. War is a totalitarian effort, in which many of the factors lie far beyond the forces that can be described as strictly combatant. These elements vary all the way from man-power, equipment, ships and aeroplanes to food, factories, finance and the more intangible resources that are, nevertheless, weighty, such as propaganda and morale. It is very satisfactory to know that in calculations of the Canadian *potentiel*, the value of the Universities has not been overlooked.

The importance of this decision is related to the immediate requirements of a nation at war, in which the first demand is for a speedy and thoroughgoing defeat of the enemy. If we enter into the conflict with any sense of determination, the effort will be costly in the extreme. "Equality of sacrifice" is a relative phrase. The burden of a war-effort must fall on youth. That is the major element in war's tragedy. We have no right to claim any special immunity for the student or to declare that he is engaged in a "sheltered occupation". If the experience of the last war is any guide, University students will not want to be regarded with any special consideration of favour, and, as the war proceeds, restraint rather than encouragement will become the strategic method of dealing with them.

Nevertheless, even in a war, we ought to think of University students as belonging to a special category of the general population. Presumably, they are a group of young men with a level of intelligence considerably above the average. Their presence in a University indicates a certain ambition to enter some worthy way of life and a willingness to undergo the necessary discipline of education in order to equip themselves for their undertaking. Every life is precious and has a value of its own, but it seems plain foolishness not to have a special care for the best blood of a nation, even amidst the prodigal waste of war. In any case, if a man offers himself to his coun-



try unreservedly for its service, he has the right to ask that he should be called to render that service where his ability and experience will be most effective.

The skill of the engineer is at least as necessary to-day as the daring of the airman. The scientist in his laboratory may save the lives of thousands in the front line or on the high seas. He matches his intellectual courage and ingenuity as much against the same qualities in the enemy as do the combatants on the battlefield. The weapons of war are as important as the men who use them. The toll of human life in war must be dreadful, but modifying factors can relieve us of its worst extravagance. The fighting man will always pay the price of the war effort, but, at least, he can be given a better fighting chance through devices of protection, efficient weapons, good and sufficient food, and medical care when he is sick or wounded. The provision of these vital services must come in the main from university-trained men. Only a short-sighted policy would deprive the men who have to do the actual fighting of the essential support that the scientist can give.

The soldier in the field has also the right to be led by men of character and intelligence. In the army of to-day there is rather less emphasis on the discipline of the martinet and the courage that is largely physical. Modern methods of education have produced a type of youth that must be handled and guided by principles that treat him with respect. He has been encouraged to think for himself, and the current social philosophy does not breed a mentality that is likely to be patient under the older ideals of military discipline. The psychology of leadership has changed. The result probably will be a finer type of soldier, more self-reliant and more intelligent. He requires to be led by men who are young enough to understand him and who have shared in the same type of education. A modern university with its atmosphere of friendly intercourse between teachers and taught, with its opportunities for train-

ing through student leadership, ought to provide just the type of officer that is wanted. Here again, the Canadian universities can play an important part in the war effort.

The war may also help to bring into clearer view the function of that strange figure in the social scene — the university professor. By nature and habits, he is the least aggressive of mortals. He writes books which few people read, conducts researches which appear largely irrelevant, perhaps stirs up 'radical' ideas in the minds of youth, and plays golf most of the summer. A less superficial conclusion is reached when we examine the professorial contribution more closely. Behind the applied results of research that have so profoundly altered the course of modern industry, there lie two activities of the university teacher. There are, first, the day-to-day duties that are his ordinary portion, the thorough grounding of young minds in those intellectual processes that are to be the tools of his future work. Second, there are his own fundamental researches into the first principles of his own particular branch of study. The immediate call in war time may be for detailed application of scientific research to some particular problem in equipment or production, but the work of the professor makes it possible. Engineers and scientific workers, as well as doctors and specialists of all kinds, can be produced only by sound teachers who are engaged in fundamental work.

Nor will the professor always appear so impractical as popular fancy represents him. The contribution of academic teachers to victory in the last war was not inconsiderable. Already some of the ablest are engaged in work that places their entire service at the immediate disposal of the government. The temptation will be to withdraw more and more of them to what is called "war work". There will be no hesitation on their part or on that of the universities in responding to any call that may come, but it will be folly to rob the universities too much of their professorial staffs, even in the name of war-

time emergency. The universities must continue to function and the most important part of a university is its professorial staff.

The scientific professors are singled out, properly, as having a special importance for the service of Canada in the war. But the "liberal arts" men should not be overlooked. The very *raison d'être* of a university is the association of scientific and professional studies with a wide area of human interest. If the scientist and professional worker is to understand his own branch of learning, he needs to place it in a context that reaches out beyond its own confines. There are social, economic, political and psychological implications in his work that can be grasped only by a mind that has moved through the kind of disciplines that are the fruits of historical, literary and philosophical training. Our universities will be less efficient institutions for scientific training if we are induced by a short-sighted war-time mood to place even a temporary moratorium on the studies that are more proper to the Faculties of Arts and Law. For this reason, too great a concentration on the curriculum of the Officers' Training Corps is not to be encouraged. The best modern officer will be a well-educated man.

After the war will come the Peace. What kind of peace? Already the subject is being much discussed, and it cannot receive an attention that is too close or too earnest. Our experiences since 1918 may justify a pardonable scepticism about any hope for a better or fairer world emerging from the conflict. Certainly, we have no ground for believing that such a beneficent appearance will be an automatic result of any allied victory. We have been warned that we must expect a long conflict, and with the prolongation of the war strange, irrational forces will be let loose in the world. The modern apparatus of propaganda is far-reaching and in this shifting, uneasy age of ours, when so much that has endured for long



centuries has been already torn up by the roots, we have every reason to anticipate a difficult time for civilization. The world-order that will follow the war will be new and perplexing. It may be a better world, but it can easily be a much worse world.

We are dealing with forces imponderable and incalculable, and it would appear that we were summoned to a new encounter with human destiny. In a university, it is part of our function to bring the wild and intractable elements in human nature and its environment under the dominion of reason through understanding them, and thus to become their master and not their slave. To this process of reconciliation, we bring the experiences of history and the humane ideals of emancipated minds. The human scene is gathered into a wide vision, wherein results are assessed and conclusions reached by methods that lie beyond the heated excitements and prejudices of the moment. We shall need such calm wisdom and sure guidance and, above all, an "enthusiasm for humanity" in the years that lie ahead. The war is a new summons to the universities to do constructive thinking about the future, and then to let our voices be heard in the counsels of men and nations.

We must not take ourselves too much for granted in the universities. Any healthy mind is provoked into scepticism by the desolations that have overwhelmed our race. It is almost too easy to surrender to a mood of angry contempt for the folly and wickedness of our rulers and leaders. The temptation of the academic teacher who enters into public controversy is often to essay the rôle of critic without assuming the responsibilities of action. The gadfly is probably a useful creature, but he must not mistake his activities for the flight of an eagle. A graver temptation still will be to retire from the unseemly spectacle and to console ourselves with an opiate of specialized study that may have no sense of its relationship to the dark crisis through which we are passing. Let there be criticism and scepticism, but, above all, let these attitudes of mind be

an intellectual repentance into life. There must be no defeat on the intellectual and moral front.

On the other hand, the universities will not fulfil their function by a surrender to the spirit and attitude of propaganda. It is clear that two ways of life stand opposed in this struggle on which Canada has entered. Perhaps the line of demarcation is not so completely sharp and unmistakable that we can think of absolute right at war with absolute wrong, but no human situation ever presents such a cleavage. What we do know is that Hitlerism is no system of political existence for free men to live under and that its continuance is a menace to the future of civilization. Let that be sufficient for us. But a blind uncritical counter-propaganda for the allied cause is not the distinctive contribution of the universities. Rather, the kind of office we can fulfil is that of re-examining, as realists in the light of the events through which we pass, and yet as scholars and teachers, also *sub specie æternitatis*, the conditions of the good life for men, and how can we attain them. Thus we shall have made our attack on the menacing forces that have risen up to destroy the peace and happiness of men.

A university makes its distinctive contribution to the life of a country principally through the character of its students. The war has presented us with a new sense of responsibility towards them. They have been shocked and disillusioned by the war. We, who have been living with them during these past years, listening to their talk and discussions, have been aware of a tremendous ferment at work in their minds. On the whole, they have been moved by generous impulses and their enthusiasms have been directed towards the creation of a nobler and juster world. A terrible bitterness may creep into their minds, as the result of these new experiences, that may stampede them and the world in which they will become leaders into revolutionary excesses, out of which history warns us we have no certainty of noble result. The future of Canada will

be made by the men and women of our universities. We cannot shape that future for them, but at least, while they are with us, we can enlarge and steady their minds not by the chill moderation of the patronizing and superior wisdom that comes with maturer experience, but by assuring, so far as we can, that the changes in the future that must come are not the sour creations of bitter hearts. To this task we must summon the teaching of history, the variety of human life in literature, the patient processes of the sciences, and all loveliness in art and music, blended with the wisdom of divine philosophy. In short, the universities must be true to themselves in the great tradition of which they are the heirs and trustees for the future.



## BIRDS AT GARDEN ISLAND

BY D. D. CALVIN

THE Great Lakes are said to be a formidable barrier to the migratory flight of some of the land-birds, with the result that around both ends of Lake Ontario they follow fairly well defined overland airways. The Niagara peninsula is perhaps the more travelled route, though we have our fair share of birds at the eastern end of the lake. At the island we saw many migrants that went on farther north to breed; warblers, siskins, waxwings and the tiny kinglets—"the pine-woods birds". Among rarer visitors were the beautiful rose-breasted grosbeak and the vivid scarlet tanager.

Birds were always a part of the island scene, even when the place appeared to be wholly given over to business. In winter we were reduced to snowbirds and English sparrows, but spring brought back robin, woodpecker, redwing, song-sparrow, sandpiper, bobolink, swallow. Many other birds, less numerous and less obviously in sight all summer long, stayed with us. One thinks of the kingfisher perched on a dead branch overhanging calm shallow water; of the quick undulating flight of the yellow and black goldfinch; of the bluebird's flash of colour; of that shy mimic the catbird—difficult to see even when its own note, like the wail of a lost kitten, is heard close at hand. We had flycatchers, grackles, flickers, and the lovely little ruby-throated humming-bird. Hawks, too, were to be seen—they were more numerous in years when there were plenty of field-mice.

Moods of the weather, certain places and times of day, the seasons of the year—all can still be instantly evoked by sight or note, or even by the mere name of the birds that go with them in memory. For example, the marshy bay behind the island, at the edge of the farmer's pasture, had its own

birds. Standing in a skiff, using an oar for a pole, one worked in among the tall reeds and found the nests of the redwing black-bird, pale bluish-white eggs with wandering black lines over them. The little long-billed marsh-wren built a covered nest, seemingly out of scale with itself and its tiny mottled brown eggs. Occasionally one saw cranes hunting frogs in the warm shallows; when disturbed they flew off in their odd slow-motion-picture fashion, trailing their long legs.

Among our regular birds was the rather uncommon purple martin, one of the largest of the swallow group. The male is a beautiful creature, feathered all over in iridescent purple-black; the female is a duller black with a dingy grey breast, rather like a big dusty swallow. A small colony of these martins came year after year to an ancient bird-box that stood up from the gable end of a shed behind the Big House; their harsh grating note was less pleasant than the glint of sunlight on the male bird's feathers.

The Baltimore oriole, like the purple martin, will come back year after year to the same nesting-place. The oriole joins beauty of colouring and song to a most interesting craftsmanship; lovely liquid notes float down from where flashes of black and orange can be seen near the round hanging nest, shaped like a deep pouch and supported at four points from the fine thin ends of small branches, swaying in the wind high above the ground. In a tall old tree that used to stand in front of the Big House there were several of these nests, so strongly woven and fastened that they often outlasted several winters, and still appeared to be in good condition, although abandoned.

The chickadee recalls late autumn days when the almost solid air of a north-west gale poured through the screen of trees and underbrush between beach and fields, at the west end of the island. Clinging at the maddest angles to the tossing branches, this cheery little bird seemed always to find its

food where the wind blew hardest. At times one felt that the little bunch of grey-blue feathers must surely be torn loose and whirled away down wind. But it never was.

Among some old apple trees near the Big House we had the pugnacious king-bird, one of the largest of the flycatchers. The ornithologists call him "Tyrannus Tyrannus", and he deserves the name. He quarrels noisily with his own kind, and drives all comers from his own preserves. He has a special hatred for crows; it was not uncommon to see a great crow lumbering along at his best speed—often well out over the water—with one or two king-birds in chase, darting down and pecking at his back and neck, like "fighters" attacking a zep-pelin.

On calm evenings in late summer loons fished off-shore; probably on their return flight from the far northern lakes. Watching a loon turning his head from side to side as he swam rapidly along, one speculated: how soon will he dive again? Gone! How long will he stay down? Where will he come up? It was amusingly impossible to get close to a loon with a skiff, the direction of one's frantic rowing during the bird's dive was always wrong. Invariably the loon came up where least expected, and often much farther away than seemed possible.

In recent years the grey and white lake gulls, on summer days of strong westerly wind, clustered thickly on the disused wooden piers on the sheltered side of the island. Though forever bickering among themselves, shifting their positions, or going away in groups to search for food—though always moving about, the gulls never went far until the wind began to "go down with the sun", as the lake sailors put it. Then in long lines they flew out from behind the island, turned westward, and headed for their over-night haunts on the beaches and shoals of the outer islands, on the edge of the great lake itself.



Along our beach, as the gulls passed, one saw sandpipers picking up their evening tidbits, robins and grackles came to drink—the birds' day was ending. The colours of sunset spread over sky and river; a steamer, coming in off the lake along the farther shore, was a reminder that these calm broad waters lead west and north halfway across the continent, and eastward to the Atlantic and the wide world.

## THE GUIDE

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

I try to remember that country, and nothing remains  
Of its clear cold peaks, cloud-changes and rainbowed rains  
In my mind; but carved like everlasting rock  
Stands a mountain-guide, frank-featured, taking stock  
Of humanity's moil from the top of a market-place.

No longer young, his conquest-charactered face  
Held mesmerized so deep my critical will  
In a dumb admiring, that admiration still  
Must believe him there, still glancing from shop to stall  
And seeking the soul-mate ready to risk with him all,  
As ever before. The stamp of his hatless brows  
And his kestrel-sweep of vision proclaim his house,  
His lordly lineage: the mansion whence he came  
And where he will end is the mountain's earthless flame.  
In his eyes are its width and height, the serene regard  
Which sees as one far towns, the folds unbarred,  
The distant cataract, faint as the trail of a snail—  
And nothing escapes him, from dew on the crates of kail  
To the pair of lovers breasting the morning sun. . .

I try to remember that country, and nothing remains  
Of its clear cold peaks, cloud-changes and rainbowed rains,  
No one at all of its folk, but that lonely one  
In the light, his touchstone look of the truly great,  
Who, though they are proud of their more than human fate,  
Have neither contempt nor condescension for things  
Ephemeral bustling about their mountain-foot springs.

## WE MUST WIN THE PEACE

BY EDGAR MCINNIS

SOME time in 1919 the London *Daily Herald* published a cartoon. It showed the Big Four leaving the conference hall after completing the Treaty of Versailles. On the floor, at the foot of a pillar, lay a copy of the treaty. Behind the pillar a child, labelled "1940 Class", stood with his head bowed in his arms. And Clemenceau, his head turned in that direction, was murmuring: "Curious! I seem to hear a child weeping!"

To-day, with the Class of 1940 on the march toward the Rhine, the prophecy seems only too grimly accurate. The situation is not, of course, wholly the result of the Treaty of Versailles. If the possibilities of adjustment and co-operation which the treaty embodied had been applied during the years which followed, the outcome might have been different. Few treaties of peace have ever been completely satisfactory even to the victors, let alone to both victors and vanquished. But granting all the merits of the treaty, and all the practical difficulties which stood in the way of perfection, one inexorable fact remains. Twenty years after the peace, we are again at war.

That is not what most of us expected when the peace conference opened, whatever we may have feared after it closed. If there was one hope which dominated a war-weary world, it was that the settlement which closed the struggle would make impossible a repetition of that catastrophe. Perhaps that was too much to ask. Perhaps it was beyond human achievement. But the desire is still alive, and the problem of satisfying it is going to confront us again—let us hope in the very near future. Unless we are prepared frankly to adopt the view that war is permanent and inevitable, and that peace can be maintained only through forcible domination by the victors, we are forced



to consider whether it is at all possible to do something better than we did twenty years ago.

It will hardly be revolutionary to suggest that, on the side of the democracies, any peacemakers who hope to make their work the foundation for a reasonably secure and stable future must envisage at least three things:

1. A settlement whose terms, however they may be viewed by the vanquished, will meet with the approval of the average reasonable man in the victorious countries, not only at the time of the conclusion of peace, but in those later days of sober reflection when the war fever has given way to a more normal public temperature.

2. A method of peaceful change based on the rule of law, which will permit the adjustment of genuine grievances arising out of the inevitable flaws in the working of any settlement, or out of the equally inevitable changes in conditions which may make some of the initial details of the settlement no longer desirable or applicable.

3. A willingness on the part of the nations responsible for the treaty to resist, by arms if necessary, any attempt to bring about changes by force or the threat of force. For the democracies, this must rest either on the belief that the original provisions are sound and must be maintained, or on the conviction that any demand for reasonable change can find satisfaction by peaceful and legal means.

None of these conditions was adequately met by the Treaty of Versailles. And one reason for this—perhaps the most important reason—was the failure of the forces of moderation within the democracies to exercise an effective influence over the framing of the peace.

That failure sprang, no doubt, from a combination of optimism and ignorance. Thinking back on the attitude of the army—or at least of that very small portion of it which I knew—those are the characteristics which I remember. There was

little sentiment of revenge. There was no enthusiasm for winning the dubious privilege of devastating Germany at the price of prolonging the fighting. On the other hand, there were few clear ideas about the sort of peace that was likely to be drawn up. We looked forward to a reasonable one. The temper of Wilson, so far as we understood it, was the one we expected to prevail. But we were content to leave all that to the statesmen. We had beaten the Germans—now it was up to them. As far as we were concerned, the war was over, and we only wanted to get home.

That same temper must have characterized a large part of the civilian population. The trouble was, it was a negative temper. The vague goodwill of the moderates was based on no precise ideas and backed by no organized effort. On the other side, the advocates of severity and retribution had concrete aims — few, but definite — and were ready and able to bring concerted pressure to make them prevail. Readers of Harold Nicolson's *Peacemaking* will recognize how important this was for the outcome. Even where the leaders at Versailles were in favour of moderation, they were checked by this element in public opinion. They did not yield to its more extreme demands; but its influence prevented them in a number of cases from adopting the courses which their wisdom and their information showed to be desirable.

But if the advocates of repression and revenge were strong enough to prevent a truly moderate peace, they were not strong enough to maintain it unshaken through the post-war years. The advocates of moderation, who had been taken unawares by the treaty itself, were strong enough to prevent a really rigorous application. Even where they believed that the peace as a whole was not unjust, there were details which they were unprepared to defend, least of all by force. A number of features, from reparations to the Rhineland, failed to find an unqualified support in the conscience of the average reasonable

man. When they were challenged, he was slow to feel that their maintenance was so vital as to justify a war. Accordingly, while one side was strong enough to block peaceful change, the other made it impossible to fight for the letter of the treaty as a whole. In this deadlock lies one of the explanations of Hitler's success.

If we are to find peace as the result of this war, we must at all costs avoid repetition of such a situation. Yet we are heading straight for it if we adopt the idea that we must permanently crush the Germans as a nation. It is possible to argue that we are doing a certain amount of fighting against the German people. Certainly, there were occasions during the last war when I got a strong impression that a lot of Germans were fighting against me. But that is a vastly different thing from insisting that all Germans are bestial savages who must never again be treated as reasonable beings. And it is a still farther cry from accepting the full consequences of the "brutal Hun" theory—consequences which its advocates do not seem to envisage with perfect clarity. For if you have, planted in the centre of Europe, a race of eighty millions so depraved that you can never hope to live in a normal and secure relation with such people as neighbours, then two alternatives confront you. You can keep them cowed like convicts under the determined superiority of armed force; or you can exterminate the whole race from the face of the earth.

Well, we are not going to exterminate the German people. Neither are we going to spend our remaining days as armed wardens over a vast concentration camp. We are not fighting this war for the privilege of becoming the perpetual jailers of eighty million Germans. The rôle is not only physically impossible, but it is morally inconceivable for a democratic nation.

The advocacy of a reasonable peace, therefore, does not rest on idealism or sentiment or mere humanitarian sympa-



thy. Putting it on the narrowest basis of realism—consulting nothing but our own interests and our own welfare—it is vital that the peace we make shall be the kind of peace we can hope to maintain. That is not the kind of peace we shall get if the advocates of severity have their way. They may manage to impose terms whose rigidity will kill all hope of creating a peaceful world. But it is certain that they cannot persuade a democratic people to shoulder the formidable burden of supporting such terms by the only means which can maintain them—the permanent dictatorship of armed force. Neither the conscience nor the will-power of the average citizen is tough enough for such a task. It will be the post-war deadlock all over again.

And in fact the authors of such a peace might easily be the first to throw it over. In 1919 it was a group of Conservative members of parliament who signed a memorandum to Lloyd George demanding harsher terms against Germany. In 1938 it was members of the same group who were among the most insistent advocates of concessions to Hitler. A similar change of heart is even more likely after the next war. It will not have escaped notice that the people who are clamouring for severity against Germany are the same people who are summoning us to a crusade against Bolshevism, and who would gladly use the German nation as the front rank in that crusade. And having urged us on to extirpate the Huns, it would be no trick at all for them to demand in the very next breath that we join our Teutonic blood-brothers in saving Europe from the Reds. It would be a relief if they would decide which, if either, is their real aim. By trying to pursue them simultaneously they make certain failure in both.

Against these tendencies, which are likely to lose us the peace even if we win the war, there is only one sure safeguard. That is an active and informed democracy. And the foundation of such a democracy is the unrestricted right of free dis-

cussion. In the matter of war aims and peace terms, nothing is more vital than that this freedom should be maintained.

For we are fighting, not merely to defeat Hitlerism, but to create the kind of world in which democracy can survive without being continually menaced from outside. It will be a deplorable outcome if, while we are fighting for democracy abroad, we allow it to be destroyed at home. Perhaps Regulation 39 is an admirable instrument for the preservation of liberty. Perhaps the pronouncements of some of our leaders are animated by a zeal for the preservation of free discussion. But those of us who cling to the older traditions in these matters are a little baffled by such unfamiliar methods. And we are not exactly enthusiastic about such tendencies as the growing insistence that defeated Germany had no grievances whatever, and that the Allies never made mistakes of policy. There even appears to be an idea in some quarters that anyone who does not subscribe to this odd doctrine of infallibility is nothing less than an ardent supporter of Hitler and all his works.

I find this view a little extreme. The Treaty of Versailles is a historical phenomenon. The circumstances which led up to it, and the conditions which resulted from it, have both a direct bearing on the problems which lie ahead of us. We must be able to examine them freely from every possible angle if we are to benefit from the lessons they hold. The more active the public is in examining and discussing these matters, the better shall we be prepared for the negotiation of a just and lasting peace. If we allow such discussion to be stifled, we may end by finding that we have again lost the peace—and, what is worse, that we have lost democracy as well.

## BRITISH PAINTING TO-DAY

BY JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

THE group of paintings by British artists lately shown at the New York World's Fair, and at present at the National Gallery of Canada, differs somewhat in its composition from the majority of officially sponsored exhibitions of contemporary art. Like them, it includes work by the acknowledged masters of the British School; unlike them, it lays emphasis on the contribution of the younger painters. While mindful of the claims to representation of the older traditions, the British Council, which is responsible for the selection of these exhibits, has been at particular pains to do justice to the several adventurous and unorthodox movements and the very personal new talents arising which are giving to present-day British painting an enhanced prestige.

Painting in Great Britain has had a strange and fitful history. From the seventh century to the twelfth, for instance, the great schools of Lindisfarne, Winchester and Canterbury gave English painting a foremost place in Western Europe; yet for almost two centuries—from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth—it virtually ceased to exist. England has produced great painters, but only a tenuous tradition.

By the eighteen-eighties the impetus of Pre-Raphaelitism, that passionate fusion of realism and mediæval romanticism, was almost spent. The two outstanding English painters of the time, Watts and Burne-Jones, were concerned with the past rather than the future. The more ambitious students, eager to find a pictorial language in closer accord with the facts of vision, were drawn to Paris in increasing numbers. In Paris, though it was not yet taught in the schools, these students came into contact with impressionism, at that time the most influential movement in western art, a movement which had as its chief objectives generalization of colour and form and the



realistic rendering of light. In the inspiration of this movement, incidentally, English painters—Constable, Turner and Bonington—played a decisive part, as the French impressionists themselves were proud to acknowledge. For the first time for decades British painting began to swim into the mainstream of the European tradition. For the younger generation of British painters the most inspiring living figure was James McNeill Whistler, who, though he began his career in Paris, was finally drawn to the misty, romantic Thameside, which he rendered with such incomparable beauty and understanding. By his example and the advocacy of an exquisite but lethal pen he dethroned the narrative picture and put in its place a new realism, characterized by faultless taste, and based upon the meticulous selection from nature of the most harmonious tones and forms.

The Paris-trained forces and the adherents of Whistler presently amalgamated in an organization, the New English Art Club. This was in 1885. The event instantly brought about a quickening in the artistic life of the country: controversy raged about the Club's exhibitions as it had not raged for generations, and for a quarter of a century the most distinguished artistic talent in the country was enlisted in its ranks.

The painter who has been most closely associated with the New English is Philip Wilson Steer. Failing to gain admission as a student to the Royal Academy Schools, Steer went to Paris. Here, innately conservative though he was, the lesson the impressionists were teaching was gradually borne in upon him. On his return to England he looked with fresh marveling eyes on the paintings of Gainsborough, Constable and Turner, and these from that time on became his masters. Steer's principal achievement has been the grafting of impressionism upon the historic tradition of English landscape painting and thereby giving it new life.

In contrast to Steer, Walter Richard Sickert is primarily interested in man and his works. It is a humane, although often sardonic, interest, stimulated early in life by his association with Degas. To Whistler, Sickert owes the training of a naturally fine taste and of a predilection for low tones. Among Sickert's most characteristic qualities is the inclusion in his art of many things which to commonplace eyes seem drab and vulgar. Sickert does not create a 'better' or a 'more beautiful' world; he opens your eyes to the beauty and the drama on your doorstep.

In essentials temperamentally the reverse of Sickert was Charles Conder. Here was a man able to transmute the most sombre and forbidding scenes into radiant visions from *The Arabian Nights*. At their best these exquisite, opalescent visions justify the unbounded admiration which they aroused in his French fellow-artists, Anquetin and Toulouse-Lautrec.

Another member of the group was my father, Sir William Rothenstein, who received his earliest recognition from Whistler and Degas. Passing in his student years from a delicate Whistlerian romanticism to a vivid impressionism, Rothenstein presently began to manifest his own austere but luminous vision, which springs from an intense awareness of the drama of life and an uncompromising search for underlying form. Strongly affected by Rothenstein's 'interiors' and still more by Whistler's low, silvery tones, was Ambrose McEvoy, son of an officer in the Southern army, who settled in England after the Confederacy's defeat. McEvoy quickly showed his sensibility and skill in a series of dimly-lit 'interiors', but during the years prior to the World War he devoted himself to a long series of portraits of fashionable ladies. In these the likeness emerges from a maelstrom of audacious, exquisitely coloured brush-strokes.

Another portrait-painter, also associated with the New English group, is Sir William Nicholson, who adhered even

more closely than McEvoy to the tradition of Whistler, which he carried on with rare accomplishment and taste. Mention must also be made of Ethel Walker, who applies with delicate perception a modified impressionist convention to the rendering of arcadian subjects.

The New English Art Club from its inception was closely associated with the Slade, the art school of London University. This famous nursery of talent was now to perpetuate the influence of the Club, and to produce successive generations of gifted painters.

Before 1900 the realistic movement began to slacken on the Continent. The first impressionists, van Gogh, Gauguin, and above all Cézanne, had already begun their transformation of the art of Europe. But by the influence of these men the Slade students of the early nineteen hundreds were as yet scarcely touched. Inspired by Augustus John and less immediately by Conder, a richly romantic movement blossomed. John, an astonishing draughtsman even as a student, painted gypsies and vagabonds, and evoked a vision magnificent yet tantalizingly incomplete, of the wild life that had managed somehow to survive from a less conventional and law-abiding age. These fiercely independent figures of John's are often set in landscapes as romantic as themselves. As a landscape painter John had close affiliations with James Dickson Innes and the Australian Derwent Lees. The three of them produced a vividly dramatic and personal group of small intensely coloured interpretations of lakes and mountains. Perhaps the most naturally gifted painter of the time, John has tried his hand with success, in addition to figure painting and drawing, at mural painting, portraiture and etching. His gravest gift is for brilliant improvisation. Closely linked with John in his early days was Sir William Orpen, who, though his outlook was less original, became a painter of portraits which show outstanding skill and power of characterization.



At the end of the first decade of the century it seemed as though the pioneers of the New English, and a succession of brilliant Slade students who had grown up under their guidance, had established a tradition admirably suited to the expression of the British vision. In 1910 there took place an event which changed almost overnight the prospect for British art. This was the post-impressionist exhibition, whereby artists and public alike received the first violent impact of the revolution, of which Cézanne was the prime mover, which had already begun to affect profoundly the course of western painting. The result of the exhibition was to enhance the prestige of the conceptual as opposed to the perceptual vision, and to identify British painting more closely than ever before with continental practice. Of the many talented painters whom this transformation inspired, perhaps the most characteristic was Duncan Grant, whose peculiar combination of scholarship with decorative powers ally him to Matisse.

Hard upon the heels of the post-impressionist came the Cubist movement. Because of his surpassing brilliance and as a writer, the painting of Wyndham Lewis—Cubism's first and most important English exponent—has not been sufficiently regarded. Its stark and flame-like forms reveal the dynamic power of the savage and the intelligence of highly civilized man.

By the outbreak of the World War British painting had moved far along the road towards abstraction. But the war itself showed that the creation of 'significant form' was not necessarily objective. Rid, at last, of any obligation to deal with the objective world, British painting had become paradoxically an instrument purified and toughened, ideally prepared to tackle the inspiring subjects offered by the various theatres of war.

It is doubtful whether even in Great Britain full recognition has yet been accorded either to the intrinsic importance of

the achievements of the war artists, or to their fruitful influence on the development of British art.

A poetic vision and an intense interest in life would seem to characterize British painters. The war, by revealing the importance of humanly significant themes even to the modern painter, thereby helped him to be true to something fundamental in his outlook on life.

In the work of several of the most gifted painters who have emerged during and since the war, the brothers, Paul and John Nash, Gilbert Spencer, Edward Wadsworth, William Roberts, Edward Bawden, Eric Ravilious, Christopher Wood, Victor Pasmore, Graham Sutherland, and Edward Burra, this purposeful employment of revolutionary discovery is especially evident.

There are signs of further retreat from abstraction. Perhaps the most influential among British artists of to-day, Stanley Spencer, is a realistic and a frankly religious painter—as his awe-inspiring mural paintings in the war memorial Chapel at Burghclere show—with affinities with the Italian primitives and the English Pre-Raphaelites.

I believe that British painters, by their application of the great pictorial discoveries of the age to the portrayal of the objective world, are making a not unworthy contribution to the tradition of western art: failure to follow their example, to link artist and layman by an intelligible if not an inspiring subject-matter, will condemn painting to be an esoteric cult, and the painter to starvation.

## THE FUTURE OF POLAND

BY GERALD S. GRAHAM

AT the end of the last war, we of the younger generation, if we had heard of Poland at all, thought of her as an historic ghost. There had been a Poland no doubt, but so long ago that it had lost reality, and we regarded Poles as wanderers without a country, toiling in mines and lumber-camps, and yet, by some strange quirk of fortune, blood-brothers to a Chopin, a Conrad, a Paderewski. In the nineteenth century, however, the name of Poland stood forth like a beacon-light, representing not only to Gladstone but to the whole civilized world, "the supreme example of a liberty-loving people suffering under one of the worst despotisms in history". Individuals as distinct in their philosophies as Disraeli and Pope Pius IX cried out against the injustice that had been done by the Partitions of 1772, 1793 and 1795, and urged the need for righting a great wrong.

Yet most statesmen who contemplated the problem shrank before its appalling complexities. It was not a matter of smashing one oppressor, but three,—and those three, Russia, Austria and Prussia, the strongest monarchies in Europe. Even Palmerston might have been daunted, as Lord Salisbury admitted he was, by the magnitude of the task. Insurrection followed insurrection, but the only results were frightful reprisals and renewed despair. The only solution seemed to be that for which the Bolsheviks later hungered—the liquidation of the old Europe through a general war. "For a universal war for the freedom of the nations, We beseech Thee, O Lord", wrote Poland's greatest poet, Adam Mickiewicz.

This event was realized in our own time, and when the Russian Revolution in June, 1918, removed the last obstacle, the Allies bound themselves to re-establish the Polish State. A few months later, Germany collapsed, and Poland, after



almost 150 years of servitude, was reborn. To-day we have witnessed the tragedy of a fourth Partition.

The Golden Age of Poland was the sixteenth century, when she extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea and occupied almost twice the territory of modern France. Combining Poles, Lithuanians, White Russians and Ukrainians, it was the first experiment in a large-scale federal republic until the establishment of the United States. The voluntary organic union with the great state of Lithuania in 1569 signified that Poland had peacefully imposed her rule and culture on the strongest power in eastern Europe. Even to-day in parts of that old empire, the population is predominately Polish. Pilsudski came from Lithuania; Paderewski from the Ukraine. In spite of the unique merit of this achievement, historians are too apt to emphasize the chaotic condition of the country before the Partitions, and have even reproached the Poles for not having adopted efficient Prussian methods in their administration. It is true that excessive Slav individualism paved the way for downfall and slavery. Poland's kings were elected, which often led to civil war; by the notorious *liberum veto* a member of Parliament could negative any measure of which he disapproved, and that killed legislation. In search of the democratic Utopia, the Poles had substituted anarchy for freedom, and thus, by the eighteenth century, failed to grapple successfully with the rising ambitions of their neighbours. Nevertheless, the old Poland was a free republic in fact as well as in name; no other continental state evolved so early in its history the great tradition of individual liberty and racial and religious toleration. Those ideals are still deeply rooted in the Polish race.

But only gradually within our own times did the new Poland learn the lessons of her history. When independence was recovered, and after the Soviet armies had been beaten back and the eastern frontier recognized by the Council of

Ambassadors in 1923, the need for a Common Front against outside perils was forgotten. While a sort of political dry-rot reduced the western democracies to the point of feebleness, the new Slav state, with its French-modelled constitution, seemed ready to fall into chaos. Then Pilsudski stepped in, and saved the nation by decisive action. There was no revolution, no change in the political structure; there were no trials and no shootings; neither censorship nor Gestapo was required. He took charge, and by the exercise of his personal authority put the country on its feet. The bickering, of course, did not immediately cease, but the average Pole was wise enough to realize, in the light of events which were rapidly shaping around him, that his independence was for the time being more important than his freedom. Circumstances made it necessary to strengthen the executive power in order to secure a unified direction of the nation's forces, but there was never anything approaching tyranny in the German or Russian sense. Next to the French, the Poles are perhaps the most individualistic people in Europe. Wedged in between two vindictive enemies, however, they were compelled to sacrifice a part of their individualism and their freedom in order to exist. "If Poland were in Canada", remarked a member of the Foreign Office, "we would be the most liberal democracy in the world."

Because Poland had the most exposed position of all European nations, her foreign policy was obviously dictated by her geographical situation. The success of her foreign policy depended on keeping Germany and Russia politically as well as physically apart, for if those two powers either clashed or became allies, Poland would in all probability lose her independence. It was this dilemma which worried the Poles last spring during the Franco-British-Russian negotiations, because they feared the prospect of a German-Soviet war almost as much as a German-Soviet alliance. Poland had to balance uneasily as on a tight-rope; she could not commit

herself too far to either side without grave peril, and, for that reason, she strove as long as she could towards the hard goal of neutrality without alliances. She made a Non-Aggression Pact with Russia in 1932, and a similar ten-year agreement with Germany in 1934. On each occasion, she was accused of selling herself to the enemy by the older democracies, whose decline in military strength was partly responsible for these treaties. In view of the 'decay of the West' both pacts were an effort at self-protection, and the agreement with Germany especially provided a much needed breathing-spell.

Pilsudski died in 1935, and Colonel Beck, the Foreign Minister, continued the policy of good relations with the Reich until January, 1939, when he made his sudden right-about-turn. From reliable official sources, it seems clear that when Von Ribbentrop visited the country at that time he proposed the settlement of the Danzig and Corridor questions on terms which would have jeopardized Polish national independence. On January 29th Beck delivered his historic *no*. Then came the rape of Czechoslovakia in March, and the mask was off. The invasion of the Czech State marked the beginning of a new policy and a new Poland. The moral and material renaissance which took place following that event is a modern miracle; and Beck, who outlined the principles of Polish independence in his speech of May 5th, became at once the most popular man in the country. Hitler had succeeded in uniting Poland as never before in her tragic history. Spontaneous resolutions of support came flooding in from every part of the state — from Ukrainians, Galicians, Jews, representatives of almost every minority. Opposition parties renamed themselves Independent parties; opposition newspapers began to call themselves Independent journals; and all declared a willingness to make a truce in respect of internal conflicts. Back to Poland came the political refugees, including the peasant leader, Witos, who appealed to all peasants to postpone their



claims for social reconstruction and join together for the defence of their country. For probably the first time in history, the desire to maintain the state took first place over party recriminations.

The task of creating a workable economic system in the vast, partly barren plain of the new Poland, would have been extremely difficult under the most favourable conditions. The country was desperately poor, the majority of the people were undernourished, and the government, which after Pilsudski's death was never very strong, had to continue pouring half Poland's surpluses into the ever-hungry maw of armament factories. Moreover, the situation was additionally complicated by the minorities problem, as well as by the long-standing feud between landowner and peasant. Failure to meet these problems was bound to be a constant source of weakness to the infant state, and no amount of sentimentality can hide some dark spots in Poland's domestic history. Yet, when one considers the nature and number of the obstacles, her achievement in nation-building must rank as one of the great triumphs of our time. A century and a half of servitude does not provide the best training in efficient government, and Poland had scarcely more than fifteen years in which to find herself.

At the same time, there are many high-minded people who insist on talking, with a fine air of objectivity, about Polish intolerance and Polish militarism, as if the country were in the middle of North America with a hundred years of uninterrupted, independent existence behind it. There has been, for instance, a good deal of criticism of Poland's policy towards minorities, much of which has been grossly exaggerated. No national minority enjoyed a very happy position anywhere in Post-War Europe, and while Poland's treatment of subject races may have been far from ideal, it was certainly no worse and probably better than that administered in neighbouring states. Certainly, the problem to be faced was more complex

than elsewhere. For ages, the country had been the meeting ground, and often the battle ground, of Teuton, Slav and Near Eastern races. As a consequence of this inheritance, there were a million Germans living chiefly in the towns of the west and southwest, over five million Ukrainians and White Ruthenians (sometimes called White Russians) in the eastern border provinces, and more than three million Jews, the majority of whom were in the east. Because these people numbered more than three-tenths of her population, Poland had every reason to keep on good terms with them. She was not always successful, and the Ukrainians, in the early days, were uncompromising in their opposition to the national government. Although discontent never vanished, it is safe to say that, in the last days of the republic, no minority with the exception of German border groups, showed any desire to secede and link its fortunes with another state.

With regard to Polish militarism, the taking of Wilno, which is as Polish as Danzig is German, and which contained something like ten per cent of Lithuanians, has been produced as evidence of jingoistic aggression. The seizure of Teschen last year has been denounced as an act of perfidy and villainy, but, while admittedly the seizure was most inopportunistically timed, it should not be forgotten that half the area occupied was previously taken by the Czechs in direct contravention of the agreement of November 5th, 1918, by which the frontier had been fixed. As for the war with Soviet Russia, had not the Poles defeated the Bolsheviks in 1920-21, there would have been little chance of either a free Poland or an independent Lithuania.

It is no sign of fair-mindedness to make specious judgements on problems of race or territory which go back into history for almost a thousand years. Such problems cannot be simplified into neat formulas to suit the political philosophy of the library critic, nor will such superficial judgements help

toward their solution. The question of the future of Poland, that one day will again face the peace-makers, is a terribly complicated one, which will not be solved by the idealists who think only in terms of ethics, or by the *Realpolitikers* who base their arguments on power and expediency. As in the last peace settlement, so in the next, these two philosophies will probably clash, and in view of the wide divergence between historic and racial Poland, the problem of sane compromise will be extremely difficult.

In making the last settlement, the statesmen of Versailles had to consider three different Polands—the ethnographic, the historic and the geographic or strategic. They leaned to the first. The ethnographic was fairly easy to define. In addition to the old Congress Kingdom set up in 1815 by the Congress of Vienna, it included most of the former German province of Posen, parts of east and west Prussia, which provided the famous Corridor, most of the duchy of Teschen in Austrian Silesia, and the western part of Galicia. But this arrangement was complicated by reason of the enclaves of Germans, Jews, Ukrainians and other races which formed colonies within the Polish mass. No boundary was possible in the west, for instance, without including large German minorities, and the Treaty of Versailles did incorporate many Germans into the Polish State on the ratio of about 2.1 Germans against 3.4 Poles.

The historic Poland was significant chiefly because the mind of the contemporary Pole went back to the Golden Age when Poland stretched from sea to sea and included most of Silesia, part of Pomerania and a narrow frontage on the Baltic, embracing Danzig and the mouth of the Vistula. In 1939 he was prepared to fight rather than admit any further diminution of lands and prestige which had been spared him at Versailles.

But the geographic or strategic Poland was the most difficult problem of all, and the makers of Versailles, influenced



almost entirely by ethnic and ethical considerations, could not possibly have drawn a frontier more exposed to easy German penetration. From east to west, from Prussia to the Ural mountains, there are no natural defences. Only on the south is the flat plain broken by the Carpathians, and east of Warsaw the once famous Triangle is based on the converging lines of three rivers, the Vistula, the Bug and the Narew. On the north, the Baltic is the natural limit, but, as we have seen, Poland rarely held more than a narrow frontage on that sea, and to-day the Polish-speaking area is confined almost entirely to the stretch of coast at the end of the Corridor.

For good economic reasons, apart from the ethnographic, Poland had to have a Corridor between East Prussia and Pomerania; yet that Corridor was obviously indefensible, and, according to reputable military critics, should have been abandoned last September had not the political objections to such a course been so great. Indeed, the whole frontier forms a huge salient, 1,200 miles in length, outflanked everywhere, save on the east, by German territory. The building of defensible fortifications along a frontier so extended and in a country so poor as Poland was impossible.

When the future treaty-makers set to work to shape a new Poland they will have to give more consideration to strategic considerations, and less to ethnographic. The Versailles frontier on the west has been denounced as one of the iniquities of the treaty; yet strategic interests were almost left out of consideration. The Peace Conference, according to R. H. Lord, one of the experts, "was always faced by the dilemma that 'the peace of reconciliation' of which Germany talked, would have been one that left Germany intact, unpunished, and impenitent; while the peace of justice, demanded by the principles which the Allies had proclaimed, raised the vision of an embittered Germany thirsting and plotting for revenge".

It may be taken for granted that, as in 1919, so at the end of this war, the Germans will bitterly resent even the smallest reduction in territory on either historic or ethnographic grounds. That fact will have to be faced, unless there is a complete change of heart in Germany. Since such a metamorphosis is unlikely, the western powers, if they wish to create a state that has an even chance to survive, must provide Poland with better frontiers than she possessed after the last war. The dangers which the country had to meet in past centuries resulted chiefly from her geographical situation. Among all the nations of Europe, she alone had no natural frontiers, and she was, moreover, the least densely populated. The defects of geography can be remedied only by making Poland strong, numerically and territorially. She must either become a larger state capable of defending herself, or not exist at all. That is the lesson of her history.

For this reason, it may be necessary to give her a Baltic sea frontage from the Lithuanian border to the estuary of the Oder River, even if it means the disappearance of East Prussia as a German province. On the west, the Oder River provides the only natural boundary, although, unfortunately, such a line includes a large section of German Pomerania and Silesia. In the south, the boundary of the Carpathians could stand; on the east, everything will depend on the future of Russia, and, in case of the disintegration of the Soviets, on the desires of the various subject races. It is not inconceivable that Russia may break up into national independent unities, viz., Lithuanians, Ukrainians and White Russians. They might well develop national movements of their own, although even this possibility does not exclude the formation of some sort of federative state, such as existed under Polish auspices during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On the other hand, the thorny question of minorities will remain, and that, after all, must be a consideration in any

European settlement. As a result of centuries of colonization, no frontier can be drawn without including one or more racial groups. The only solution of the minority question is, no doubt, a somewhat cruel one, but it is less brutal than war and less expensive. It involves the wholesale exchange of populations, under conditions made as equitable as possible by arbitration and compensation. This plan has been employed successfully by Greece and Turkey, and in the long run it may have to be adopted by all countries within whose borders colonization has been practised for hundreds of years.

But there is a final problem which can be solved only by the people themselves. Like all Slavs, the Poles are lacking in organizing ability and the discipline required in effective co-operation. Poland began its existence under the banner of nineteenth century parliamentary liberalism. The system did not work, largely because of the absence of the characteristics mentioned above. Polish individualism as expressed in the parliamentary order did not make for good government, as was true also in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "When I consider the history of my country", declared Pilsudski, "I cannot really believe that Poland can be governed by the cudgel. I do not like the cudgel." Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether a country, situated as Poland is, will be able soon to work out a parliamentary system on the pattern of the western democracies. Flanked by Germany and Russia, Poland will need not only territory and population, but a strong government endowed with real authority.

Although it is doubtless premature to discuss the future of a state which can be restored only at the cost of a long war, still we should remember, as our forefathers did in the nineteenth century, that an intelligent, generous and ardently patriotic people has been once more brought under a merciless despotism. After twenty precious years of freedom, in which



this brave nation wrought a creative miracle, she has been thrust back into slavery. This time, however, a generation has grown up which has known the sweets of independence, and has acquired national consciousness and maturity. This generation, if it is not exterminated, can look forward to deliverance, confident that the present humiliation will not endure, and that Poland will become again what she was a few short months ago—the guardian of western civilization in the east.

## LINGUISTIC GEOGRAPHY

BY HENRY ALEXANDER

LINGUISTIC geography is one of those border-line subjects that impinge on several allied fields. Primarily an analysis of linguistic phenomena as they appear in different geographical regions, it is often useful to the historian, especially if he is concerned with early settlements and movements of population. The sociologist may be interested in the trends of speech among groups representing different social strata or different generations, and the ethnologist who is trying to build up a complete picture of a racial unit must certainly include an account of its speech within the framework. But it has greatest importance for the philologist, because of the light that it frequently throws on past stages in the development of a language, either by the preservation of significant earlier forms or by affording, in untutored regional speech that is less subject to the inhibitions of the written language and other conservative cultural influences, striking evidence of processes parallel to those that have operated in the past in the so-called standard language.

The subject is a relatively modern one; systematic studies in this field started about sixty years ago. Before this time there had been investigations of isolated dialects, especially in Germany, where as early as 1767 there was an attempt to compile a dictionary of certain dialectal forms of speech. But over a century passed before the idea of a dialect atlas came into being; this brings us to 1876, when Wenker began work on his *Sprachatlas des deutschen Reiches*. In the same year a similar enterprise was started in France by two scholars — Tournoulen and Bringuier—who attempted to map out the boundaries between French and Provençal. Described by Gaston Paris as “deux vaillants et consciencieux explorateurs”, they wandered from village to village and charted these two forms

of speech, arriving at a fairly definite boundary line, with a transition zone, a kind of linguistic no-man's land, between the two territories. Their conclusions were published in 1876, but even a year earlier an effort had been made by the Italian Ascoli in his *Schizzi francoprovençali* to map out the linguistic boundaries of certain regions where France, Italy and Switzerland meet.

The above-mentioned German scholar Wenker worked on a much bigger plan than the French and Italian experts, and after five years' research produced six dialect maps of northern and middle Germany and an introduction. His work is a striking example of German industry and thoroughness and also illustrates the large-scale methods of these linguistic explorations. His questionnaire, consisting of forty short sentences intended to show certain features of pronunciation, was sent to 40,000 communities and he received over 44,000 answers. The information was often given by local teachers, a method that has obvious dangers. Too much reliance had to be placed on helpers, few of whom could be experts, and the results were bound to be only approximations. The work was continued, however, by other scholars and the technique gradually improved until there are now over a thousand maps of German speech, showing clear lines of dialectal demarcation.

In 1902 two French investigators, Gilliéron and Edmont, brought out the first section of the *Atlas linguistique de la France*. This enterprise was carried out on quite different lines from those of Wenker. Gilliéron planned the work; Edmont visited 638 communities and in each one recorded phonetically a list of words, which was gradually increased until by 1900 it contained about 1400 items. Instead of the much larger number of communities used for the German investigation with consequent dependence on untrained or semi-trained observers, the Frenchmen preferred a smaller number of units, all of which were investigated by one expert. It was



a choice between quantity and quality. Thus the French *Atlas linguistique* became the classic model for a scientific approach to linguistic geography and has inspired most of the subsequent work in this field. In 1908 it was followed by a work on Swiss dialects containing about eighty maps, on a smaller scale than either the German or French surveys, but of equal merit. In this Swiss project three scholars collaborated. There also exist a special atlas of the dialect of Normandy and one of certain Roumanian dialects. An Italian atlas and one of the Catalan tongue are in preparation, while the Scandinavian countries are active in the same direction. The Swedish atlas at the University of Upsala has a special Institute devoted to its activity with a staff of about a dozen workers, though they cover such fields as folklore as well as purely linguistic phenomena. Altogether about twenty atlases of various European regions have been or are being completed.

In England, with its strong tradition of individualism in scholarship, little has been done of a coöperative nature. There are isolated studies of individual dialects, some good—mostly the work of Continental, especially Scandinavian, scholars—others not so good, done by the well-meaning dilettante and the country gentleman. But there is no systematic planned account of English dialects as a whole, except for Joseph Wright's monumental *Dialect Dictionary* and *Grammar*, again the work of one individual, with many voluntary helpers. It is unfortunate that no plan to chart English dialects has been developed, as they are in danger of disappearing with the advent of the wireless and the cinema and with the spread of education, though there is still more genuine dialect left in Great Britain than the outsider imagines. But the survey, if it is to be made, should be made quickly. An organization on the lines of the survey of English place-names would serve well for dialect work; this should really have had priority over the place-name survey.

On this continent sporadic interest in linguistic geography was shown in the early part of this century by one or two American scholars, but no systematic effort was made to survey this problem till 1921, when a group of the Modern Language Association explored the possibilities of research in this field. Later, in 1929, a definite scheme to investigate North American dialects was launched by the M. L. A. and the Linguistic Society of America. The project received the support of the American Council of Learned Societies, who suggested, in 1930, the possibility of "conducting an experimental investigation over a restricted geographical area, to serve as a demonstration of the method to be followed, and as a basis for further estimates for the requirements of the undertaking". Accordingly a scheme was drawn up to begin work on the New England dialects and the coöperation of the Council and of Yale and Harvard Universities was secured. After nearly ten years the first-fruits of this preliminary survey have been published—a Handbook and two volumes of charts containing 242 maps. There will ultimately be 730 of these New England maps, besides twenty-four charts of a more general nature, and this will form the first section of the *Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada*. The number of communities investigated in New England was 213, chosen by a historian familiar with the early conditions of settlement. In each community two subjects were found, generally one elderly and one middle-aged person. The middle-aged informant frequently represented a somewhat higher cultural level than the 'old timer', who was usually of a less educated type, sometimes illiterate, thus reflecting, because of his age and his limited social and educational experience, a more definite regional pattern. In the towns a fairly cultured subject was also frequently chosen. The distance between communities was about fifteen miles in the more settled districts, with larger intervals in the less populated areas of Northern New Eng-

land. The questionnaire used consisted of about 900 items, covering almost every aspect of ordinary life and organized so as to show up certain features of pronunciation, vocabulary, morphology and syntax. It is a formidable task to lead an elderly man or woman, often unused to any active degree of cerebration, through the maze of these questions and to record his or her replies in a minute phonetic alphabet. The interviews took anything from ten to twenty hours, naturally spread over several days. It can be well imagined that they called for tact and patience, nor is it surprising to learn that one informant suddenly became completely deaf during the course of the enquiry and another was inconsiderate enough to die. Fortunately his widow was willing to complete the answers. Each record is taken down in duplicate; one copy is kept by the investigator and the other stored at headquarters, at present Brown University, where the editorial work of the Atlas is done.

From these records the maps are made. First, the basic charts showing the actual term used to denote an object or an idea. Then from these maps certain features are selected which show considerable regional variety, and these variations, either of entire words or of sounds in the same word or of syntactical or morphological items, are charted by means of symbols. This gives a clearer picture of the distribution of any specific linguistic phenomenon. It is rather like a weather chart; only instead of isobars and isotherms we have isolexes, *i.e.*, identical words; isophones, identical sounds; isomorphs, identical forms; isotaxes, identical syntactical features; and isosemes, identical meanings. A glance at these maps shows that fairly definite speech-belts will emerge when these features are plotted in this way. An attempt can then be made to correlate these with conditions of early settlements and movements of population and also with physical geographical features. The number of problems thus raised is very



great and their solution must often be left to the expert in history or geography.

Last summer I undertook to begin work on the Canadian portion of the Atlas and was able to spend nearly six months in the Maritime Provinces, which seemed the logical place to start the investigation. The settlements here—especially in Nova Scotia—are generally older than in most other regions in Canada. They also show great variety in their racial origin, as a glance at the map published by the Department of the Interior in 1901 will indicate. This chart distinguishes six racial groups—English, Irish, Scotch, French, German and Negroes—but this is really over-simplified from the point of view of the linguistic field-worker, as the English group has to be subdivided into at least three sub-groups, those who have migrated directly from England on the one hand, and those who came *via* the United States. The latter fall into two divisions, the Pre-Loyalists and the later immigrants. A similar distinction must be drawn between Highland and Lowland Scots. The Negroes, too, are not homogeneous. Some were originally brought in as slaves by their American masters; others migrated directly from the West Indies. Nova Scotia thus offers *a priori* a promising field for dialect work and the results obtained from this preliminary survey are of great interest. It is only possible here to indicate briefly a few outstanding features.

The questionnaire used for the Maritimes was on a smaller scale than the New England list—containing about 500 instead of 900 items. These covered practically every aspect of ordinary life. Some of the headings were: *the weather; parts of the house and farm; utensils, implements, vehicles; clothing and bedding; topography, roads; domestic and other animals; food, cooking, meals; trees, berries; family relationships; names and nicknames; parts of the body; personal characteris-*

*tics; emotions; illness, death; social life and institutions; religion, superstitions.*

In obtaining replies to questions on these topics one always had to guard against artificial, refined terms and pronunciations. It was obvious that a kind of linguistic double standard existed; one form of speech would be used in spontaneous conversation, another when responding to a direct enquiry. This holds good for most people's speech. To avoid this it is desirable to make as many notations as possible during the course of normal conversation; this is obviously much easier if a third person is present to direct the talk into suitable channels. But to obtain a complete record in this way would take far too long, and many points have to be elicited by direct questioning. The two methods often produce quite different results. Thus an informant, when asked how he referred to his wife, would answer: "I call her *my wife*", and a few minutes later, when questioned about some domestic item, would reply in his normal idiom: "Oh, I must ask *the woman* about that". These double forms are both included in the record, but naturally more weight is attached to the spontaneous utterance. Pronunciation fluctuates in the same way; thus the same subject on one occasion pronounced *sausages* in the normal way and later, when off guard, said *sassengers*.

The same double usage is seen in euphemistic expressions. Here there is a great difference between men and women speakers. The names of the male animals are often avoided by women, or even by men when women are present. A man will freely use such terms as *bull, boar, ram*; women often prefer expressions which seem to them less crude. One old lady would not even mention the word *bull*; she insisted on spelling it. When pressed, she said that she might perhaps refer to "one of them big fellers". Among the other substitutions for this word were *animal, gentleman (cow), top-cow, top-ox, ox, toro* and *society*. Similar euphemisms were found for

the term *illegitimate child*, which was often replaced by other expressions of a rather poetical and imaginative character.

Another widespread phenomenon was the influence of non-English languages on various dialects. In Lunenburg County there is a distinct German colouring, which affects vocabulary, syntax and pronunciation; in Pictou County, Antigonish and Cape Breton Island the speech is affected by Gaelic. Very little German is actually heard in Lunenburg, but the speech-basis of the older generation is much closer to German than English. They frequently have the German uvular *r* instead of the normal English *r*, they substitute *d* and *t* for the two *th* sounds of English, and they often use non-English idioms, such as “tik(=thick) of fog” (very foggy). Their calls to the animals differ from those found in other regions; the pigs, for instance, are summoned with a cry that is approximately *woots*, *woots*, *woots* or *wootch*, *wootch*, *wootch*. The Gaelic regions show parallel phenomena. Here many of the older speakers still use Gaelic as their normal tongue and English is a secondary language to them. They have difficulty in pronouncing many of the “voiced” consonants; *v* becomes *f*, *z* becomes *s*, the “soft” sound of *g* becomes *ch*, and so on. Their Gaelic idiom is occasionally carried over into English, as, for instance, when they call the upper part of the house *the loft*; the word *lobht*, a Scandinavian loan-word in Gaelic, means both the upper room or storey of a house as well as the upper part of a barn. They too have special calls for the animals; the sheep, which in many non-Gaelic districts is addressed as *nannie*, is called by these speakers with a word that is difficult to indicate with the ordinary spelling; it is sometimes *kiry*, sometimes a word not unlike the German *Kirch* (*e*); there is of course no connection here.

Transference of technical terms into everyday speech is also common. Thus, to express the idea of an accidental encounter, fishermen or sailors will often use the idiom: “I ran



afoul of him". This does not mean a disagreeable meeting, but merely an unexpected one. A picturesque term in fishing communities is *mug-up*, meaning a snack. It also may originate from the language of the vessels.

Many interesting survivals of older English usage, in both vocabulary and pronunciation, can be detected. Thus one frequently hears *weskit* for *waistcoat*, *fortnit* for *fortnight*, *deef* for *deaf*, all well established in earlier English but giving way in modern times to pseudo-refined pronunciations based on the spelling. The modern *cuffs* is often *wristbands*, pronounced *rizbans*, the upper part of the house is often *the chamber*, the title *Mrs.* is sometimes still *mistress*, especially among speakers of Scottish origin.

The regional variation is often very striking. Thus the term *seesaw* shows at least eight variants, *seesaw*, *tilt*, *teeter* (*board*), *tinter*, *tilting board*, *tippin board*, and *sawman*. One may compare this with the uniformity shown by a group of younger speakers in Ontario, where twenty-two informants each use the one term *teeter-totter* for this object. Curiously enough, this compound did not appear once in the Nova Scotia material, though no doubt it exists there. For the term *serenade*, the rather riotous celebration that the members of a rural community stage outside the house of a newly-married couple, at least seven varieties were found: *serenade*, *salute*, *celebrate*, *chivaree*, *shower*, *tin-panning* and *jamboree*. There are probably others in existence.

In the field of semantics or change of meaning equally interesting phenomena can be observed. One striking feature is the widespread use of the word *clever* in the sense *agreeable*, *amiable*, *hospitable*, a meaning also recorded in New England dialects and in earlier English, *e.g.*, Goldsmith's lines in *She Stoops to Conquer*:

Then come, put the jorum about  
And let us be merry and *clever*.

Even a brief glance at the material already collected in New England and Nova Scotia makes one doubtful about certain assumptions that are generally made with regard to linguistic developments. First the rate of change in the dialects is very slow; rural speakers are much more conservative than most people think, in spite of the influence of the school, the films, radio, and larger centres of population. Secondly, glib statements about the uniform pattern of North American life are not supported by an examination of the speech of this continent. The amount of variation between different communities and even between different individuals in each community is astonishing. When we find in New England no fewer than twenty-one different terms for the earthworm we begin to realize that, although there may be standardization in our toothpastes and motor-cars, the more fundamental activity of human speech still reveals abundant variety and colour. It would be unfortunate if this should disappear.

## THE ATTACK ON FINLAND

BY E. L. BRUCE

EVENTS preceding the Russian attack on Finland followed in a general way the pattern of those preceding the Italian invasion of Ethiopia and the German entry into Czecho-Slovakia and into Poland. There were necessarily certain differences in detail. There could be no demand for territorial expansion to relieve an over-crowded population. There was no minority in Finland demanding union with the Soviet republic. There were no border incidents of sufficient importance to lead to war. The chief demand made by Russia was the ceding of certain territory as a protective measure. It is impossible to know whether or not there was ever any real conviction in Russian official circles that naval and air bases on the Gulf of Finland were necessary for the protection of Leningrad. But after arrangements had been made for bases on the south side and Finland seemed willing to make some concessions, the demand for possession of Hango seemed unwarranted. The sudden breaking off of negotiations and immediate invasion of Finnish territory indicate that nothing short of complete occupation was planned from the beginning. Military control of Finland would give Russia no added security. On the contrary, it would seem to make the Soviet Republic more vulnerable to attacks from the west than it now is. Other reasons than those given must be sought to explain the sudden decision of the Russian leaders to abandon their often expressed policy of non-aggression.

Finland has a length of 750 miles and a greatest width of 350 miles. Its area is approximately 150,000 square miles or about one-third that of Ontario. The Gulf of Finland on the south and the Gulf of Bothnia on the west are natural boundaries. All others are artificial. From the northwest side of Lake Ladoga, the line between Russia and Finland follows a



sinuous course to about Lat.  $68^{\circ}$  from which point it runs north-east to the Arctic. From the north end of the Gulf of Bothnia the boundary between Sweden and Finland is equally devious. A long tongue of Finland projects northwestward between Norway and Sweden and a tongue of Norway extends southward into Finland leaving only a narrow corridor of Finnish territory extending to the Arctic ocean between Norway and Russia.

Topographically Finland is very similar to parts of the Pre-Cambrian shield of Canada. Southern Finland bordering the Gulf of Finland is a country of low east-west ridges. Where these sink beneath sea level the shore is fringed with hundreds of islands similar to those of the Thousand Islands or of Georgian Bay.

Through the fairly level country southwest of Lake Ladoga run the only lines of transportation between Russia and Finland. North of Lake Ladoga the topography is rugged, although the hills do not rise to heights of much more than 1,000 feet and elevations of more than 300 feet above the valleys are unusual. The trend of the ridges is north and south parallel to the Russian border. Many of the ridges are steep-sided and the valleys between them are occupied by elongated lakes and swamps.

In part of Northern Finland a treeless upland resembles parts of the barren lands of Canada. Near the Arctic coast these hills become lower, and the lower elevation and modifying effect of the sea permit tree growth in the valleys.

Central Finland is a land of lakes similar in physical appearance to many parts of the Canadian shield. South-western Finland contains fewer lakes and soil cover is deeper and more continuous than in any other part of the country.

All of Finland lies north of the latitude of Fort Churchill and one-third of it is within the Arctic Circle. The climate is severe, but somewhat less so than in regions of similar latitude in Northern Canada.

The origin of the Finns is in doubt. They are thought to be of Asiatic origin and to have entered Finland from the south-east since their language has some affinities with that of Hungary. About the middle of the twelfth century the Swedes undertook crusades to Christianize the Finns and gradually the country passed under Swedish control. During the time of Peter the Great the Russians obtained access to the Baltic but it was not until the Napoleonic wars after the defeat of Sweden in 1809 that Finland became a Grand Duchy of Russia. For nearly a century following this the Finns enjoyed a large measure of self-government but in the last years of the nineteenth century the last of the Czars initiated an attempt to impose the Russian language on the country. So great was the resentment that Finland took advantage of the Revolution of 1917 to declare her independence. Immediately the new republic was faced with a serious civil war between those who wished to join the Soviet republics and those who preferred independence. Victory of the latter was due to a considerable extent to aid given by German troops. Following the civil war, Finland was engaged in a controversy with Sweden as to the ownership of the Aland Islands which extend westward nearly across the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia. The people of the islands are almost entirely of Swedish descent, but they preferred to remain with Finland and the strong case presented by the late Dr. Sederholm led to an award in favour of Finland by the League of Nations.

About eleven percent of the people of Finland are of Swedish origin. The rest are mainly Finnish. Lapps form a very small group in the north, and the district of Karelia along the Russian border contains a considerable number of Slavs.

Finland is not a country of large cities. Helsingfors has a population of less than 250,000. Abo, the ancient capital, has about 65,000 people and Viborg 55,000. Most of the Finns

are small farmers or work in the forests. Timber is the chief resource and forms the largest export commodity of the country. The mineral industry is small. Until recently it consisted almost entirely of quarrying of stone for monumental purposes.

A copper deposit of some importance occurs in central Finland. Formerly the ore was smelted in Germany, but recently a smelter was built in Finland and a plant for refining the blister copper was soon to have been erected near Imatra, north of Viborg, where there is a large hydro-electric power plant. Less than ten years ago nickel deposits were discovered in northern Finland in the narrow corridor leading to the Arctic Ocean. Through an arrangement between the Mond Nickel Company and the Finnish Government, development of these, including the erection of a smelter and development of a hydro-electric power plant was undertaken. Production would have begun in the latter part of 1940 had the Russian attack not occurred. These deposits are of considerable size and of good grade.

Since the discovery of the Petsamo nickel deposits there has been unremitting search for similar deposits in Northern Russia, and unconfirmed reports that the search has been successful. Meanwhile nickel ores of a different type are being mined in the Southern Urals where smelters have been built and some nickel produced. The deposits seem quite inadequate for any large output. Possession of the Finnish deposits would give Russia ample supplies for the industrial development of the country and would also provide an important bargaining commodity. Great efforts have been made to build up industries in Murmansk. Nickel mines under Russian control in northern Finland would greatly assist in that plan.

The copper deposits at Outokumpu in central Finland are less important to Russia than are the nickel deposits. The present output of copper from Finland would supply only one-fifth the total amount that Russia imports.



The agricultural population of Finland is relatively large, but the country cannot produce a large surplus of foodstuffs. Timber resources are large, but the part of Russia adjacent to Finland is also forested so that there is no immediate need of additional supplies. Undoubtedly the water power developed at Imatra would be a welcome source of energy for the Leningrad area.

Probably the chief material advantage that possession of Finland would give to Russia would be the ice-free port of Petsamo. The Baltic ports of Finland offer little advantage. Frozen part of the year and farther from the centres of production of those things which Russia has for export they have the further disadvantage that their trade can be controlled by whatever nation or group of nations controls the entrance to the Baltic. Petsamo would give Russia a second ice-free port leading directly to the Atlantic.

All of these may have been factors influencing the decision of the Soviet leaders to invade Finland, but the most powerful incentive may have been the ambition of those in control of affairs in Russia to regain all the territory once part of the former Russian empire. Annexation of Finland would add prestige to the Stalin regime especially among the Russian people. It could be acclaimed as a step toward the world revolution.

Russian occupation of Finland can give no material assistance to Germany in the present war. On the contrary the copper produced in Finland would be absorbed by Russia whereas it always has gone and would have continued to go to Germany. If the mining, metallurgical, and power plants at the nickel mines of Petsamo have been destroyed, as seems likely, it will require three or four years to repair the damage even were the best technical direction available.

The resistance offered by Finland to the invading armies has been much more effective than anyone could have expected.

It must not be overlooked, however, that the severe winter weather has much increased the natural difficulties offered by the character of the country to westward movement of mechanized forces. When summer comes not only will weather conditions be much more favourable for the Russian attack but the northern armies will not be dependent solely on the Murmansk railway for supplies and reinforcements. These can be sent in by way of the White Sea. The Baltic shores of Finland will be open to attack. Continuous daylight in the north and only a few hours darkness each day in the south will give ideal conditions for air raids. The immense superiority of the Soviet in man power must tell in time, unless Finland receives assistance in men as well as in equipment.

In 1917 the communists were so numerous in Finland that for a time they held most of the cities and it seemed possible that Finland might become one of the Soviet Socialist Republics. There is no large group at present that favours union with Russia. Many extreme radicals left Finland after the civil war and the progressive policy followed by the Finnish republic during the past twenty years has brought to the country a prosperity that is in sharp contrast to conditions in the neighbouring parts of the U.S.S.R. The friendly relations existing between Finland and the Scandinavian countries is the chief hope of Finland retaining her independence. These relations are the more easily maintained because of the important Swedish element in Finland. There is, however, a strong nationalistic spirit among some of the Finnish-speaking majority which shows itself in the desire to make Finland entirely Finnish even to the displacing of large established Swedish place names. Should this feeling lead to measures unfair to the Swedish minority, Finland would undoubtedly lose the support of her Scandinavian neighbours. The policies of Finland have been very wisely directed during the existence of the republic and it seems most unlikely that any real minority problem of this kind will be allowed to develop.

## COLD SPRING

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Now the cold spring soaks with rain the dead grass,  
And the grass grows green, but there is no sun.  
The lilac buds wait for the sun and curl  
Close to the wet bark of the throbbing branch.  
Always the first green of the spring is cold,  
And long after, when the sun comes, the green  
Of leaves is cold. We had thought that in this land  
Life and death would be things apart, would cry  
Aloud to us with different voices;  
We had thought that birth and the giving-up,  
Of breath would be two seasons of the world;  
We had not thought to find the new grass  
Cold in April, but the spring is a time  
Of coldness even after the sun comes.  
Somewhere in the recesses of the mind,  
Unclouded by derision, there is a faith  
In the two seasons of the world, in life  
And death that do not walk together  
In the mist. All the pain in the scent  
Of lilacs, in the cold rain on the cheek  
Pricks with the edge of this remembered faith,  
Which haunts the land of grasses and lilacs,  
And cries aloud with many faint voices.  
We do not hear these whispering voices,  
Not even their echoes in the greening wood.



## SOUND IN MODERN IRISH POETRY

BY J. PATRICK BYRNE

WHAT is it brings man to poetry but sound—lilt of nursery rhymes, play governed by rhyming ritual, the pathos or gaiety of songs? And, apart from that inherent rhythm without which verse is not, what lures but the music of harmonizing words that match and echo each other in alliteration or consonance, assonance or rhyme? Rhyme dominant as in the anonymous:

Hey nonny no!  
Men are fools that wish to die!  
Is't not fine to dance and sing  
When the bells of death do ring?  
Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
And turn upon the toe,  
And sing hey nonny no!  
When the winds blow and the seas flow?  
Hey nonny no!

but it is not the same kind. No matter how cunningly rhyme

There is as much music in assonance as there is in rhyme, be concealed it is far more insistent in its beat than the whisper of vowels inlaid in 'the secret joinery of song'—vowels that sound gently but persistently till they permeate the whole. Listen to a verse from Austin Clarke's *The Planter's Daughter*:

When night stirred at *sea*  
And the fire brought a *crowd* in,  
They say that her *beauty*  
Was music in *mouth*  
And few in the *candlelight*  
Thought her too *proud*,  
For the house of the *planter*  
Is known by the *trees*.

In this poem a vowel at each line-end answers the vowel in a word ending another line. Several lines finish with weak syllables. Imagine these dissyllabic endings as pure rhymes: the entire hushed atmosphere of the poem were inevitably ruined. There would be a more obvious music: a fife-and-

drum band swinging along the highroad makes more obvious music than a girl singing alone in the dusk.

James Stephens has said, 'a thought is as shy as a virgin', upon whom we may not look unless she be fittingly apparelled. Thought's raiment must be woven always of words, and when thought becomes poetry her dress must be a seamless garment of rhythm. This vesture may be most variously styled: the stately drapery of blank verse, or the airy gaiety of the light lyric where bright vowels flash and sparkle as the poem moves. Too often rhyme is an ornament superimposed upon poetry's vesture, as embroidery; while assonance may be so made an integral part of the fabric that without it the garment would be nothing, the very fabric could not be—and poetry, being shy, dare not appear.

In many instances this ornament rhyme takes charge of sense, bending meaning to its exigencies, so that where *love* is met one knows that somewhere in the next few lines must inevitably come *dove* or *above*—unless the verse-maker use *move* or *rove*, or some other so-called eye-rhyme.

Whence this rhyme which has for so long been the principal adornment of English verse? From French, where rhyme first appeared about 1120? Or from Latin where, though abhorrent to writers of the classical period, rhyme appeared in church hymns by the beginning of the fifth century? Or, from the Irish?

Naturally no absolute proof can be adduced, but it is probable that Celtic races gave Europe vowel correspondence, merging into rhyme as in Irish Gaelic poetry; passing it through Latin where the many identical endings made its adoption easy.

Gaelic bards had written, says Douglas Hyde in his monumental *Literary History of Ireland*, these verses, for instance, 'which Méve . . . pronounced over Cuchorb, her husband, in the

first century' (though of course in their present form they date from somewhat later). One verse of the original ran:

Mac Mogachoirb cheileas *clú*  
Cun fearas *crú* thar a *gháibh*  
Ail uas a Ligi—budh *liach*—  
Baslaide *chliath* thar Clíú *Máil*.

Hyde translates, preserving the original pattern:

Mochorb's son of fiercest *fame*,  
Known his *name* for bloody *toil*,  
To his gory grave is *gone*,  
He who *shone* o'er shouting *Moyle*.

Kindly King, who liked not *lies*,  
Rash to rise to fields of *fame*,  
Raven-black his brows of *fear*,  
Razor-sharp his spear of *flame*.

And of a later date the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says:

Ultan's hymn on St. Brigit . . . was perhaps composed in the seventh century. Definite metrical laws had evidently been elaborated when this poem was written. The beat is Iambic, but the natural accent of the words is rigidly observed. The long line consists of two units of five syllables. The rhymes are dissyllabic and perfect. Alliteration is always observed in the latter half of each line, and *assonances* are found knitting up the half lines.

Assonance is the chiming of vowels only—*rose : boat*—and while initial consonants may be similar or even the same—*beauty : bosom*—final consonants or syllables must differ. Never before deliberately practised to any great extent in English, though prominent in Gaelic, this chiming of the vowels is now being revived by Irish writers using the English tongue.

Consonance — as in *love : prove* — has always been favoured by the incompetent writer of English verse, or by those who could not easily find a required rhyme. Take, for instance, that childish *river : ever* combination that Tennyson so tirelessly reiterates in those of his verses considered most suitable for ramming down the throats of unfortunate school children. Used regularly, as in Wilfrid Owen's

Think how it wakes the *seeds*—  
Woke, once, the clays of a cold *star*.  
Are limbs so dear--achieved, are *sides*  
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to *stir*?



something may be said for it. It is even possible that consonance better suits England's semi-Teutonic genius than the harmony of vowels, music tending to be obscured by the more forceful consonants. While in Romance languages the ear prefers vowel correspondence, in predominantly Teutonic tongues preference is given to consonants. In Spanish—both cultured poetry and folk-verse—assonance is of far more importance than rhyme, and is preferred to it; but until recently assonantal verse attempted—even by so great a master as Heine—in German or English has failed of poetry's effect, the ear missing the customary beat of consonants.

Every sound, consonant, vowel or diphthong, is formed in a particular region of the mouth; if the same vowel, or one originating in a closely adjoining part of the mouth, be repeated often in a passage of verse, the passage is naturally easier to speak—and even when reading silently one 'sounds' the verse to oneself—and is, consequently, more musical.

An Irish ear does not miss the Teutonic tramp of consonants. We are an inherently musical race. Giraldus Cambrensis that Welshman who calumniated most things Irish, has this to say of Irish harpers in 1185:

They are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their manner of playing on these instruments, unlike that of the Britons (or Welsh) to which I am accustomed, is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the melody is both sweet and sprightly. It is astonishing that in so complex and rapid a movement of the fingers the musical proportions (as to time) can be preserved; and that throughout the difficult modulations on their various instruments, the harmony is completed with such a sweet rapidity. They enter into a movement and conclude it in so delicate a manner . . . that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of art.

Since unknown ages we Gaels have used—together with consonantal equivalence, alliteration, and pure rhyme—assonance, all according to strict prosodical rule. With the destruction of the great Gaelic and Norman-Irish families in the

seventeenth century the poet's schools were broken up, and the old, strictly classical bardic order vanished. Newer, more popular writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, developed from the ruins of the old a poetry depending for much of its effect upon sheer sound; they emphasized vowel-music until their work was too sweet in its magnificent harmony; they made beautiful, sensuous verse, using internal rhyme, initial and medial alliteration, and assonance, until the flood of music was so sweet and rich as to cloy. Hyde says of it:

The Gaelic poetry of the last two centuries both in Ireland and the Highlands is probably the most sensuous attempt ever made by man to convey music in words. It is absolutely impossible to convey the lusciousness of sound, richness of rhythm, and perfection of harmony. Scores upon scores of new and brilliant metres made their appearance . . .

But with the gradual decay of Gaelic from the seventeenth century on, poetry also decayed; and assonance, save for slight instinctive use in English verse written by men who yet felt in Gaelic, fell into neglect. Then came the barren period of the early nineteenth century, and little but political rhetoric was written in Ireland.

Following the labours of Irish and Continental scholars who were gradually translating the wealth of poetry and imaginative legend preserved in scores of manuscripts, came the 'Celtic Twilight' with all its diffuse glamour. But Yeats at least taught Irish writers using English to subordinate politics, or patriotic and religious sentimentality, to expression of completely realized emotion in almost perfect verse. Since in 1899 he published *The Wind Among the Reeds*, so much poetry has come out of Ireland that there is no important poet using English to-day but owes something to Yeats and those who came after.

In reaction to the 'Twilight', however, some of our finest Irish poets using English now work to something approximat-

ing the old, strict rules, chiselling words to a cold intense beauty unmatched in any other poetry written in English. Even as Gaels of past ages developed the instrument of rhyme, to-day our experimenters substitute for it in much of their best work the more delicate instrument of assonance, with its infinite capability of variation. Our aim is what AE called the 'cold, hard, yet passionate realism' of mediæval Irish poetry, expressed in poems of intense feeling, such as Clarke's *Celibacy*:

On a brown isle of Lough Corrib,  
When clouds were bare as branch  
And water had been thorned  
By colder days, I sank  
In torment of her side;  
But still that woman stayed,  
For eye obeys the mind.

Bedraggled in the briar  
And grey fire of the nettle,  
Three nights, I fell, I groaned  
On the flagstone of help  
To pluck her from my body;  
For servant ribbed with hunger  
May climb his rungs to God. . .

We have been guilty of too many harps and shamrocks, and lake isles, but no longer; and at our worst we did not 'splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair'. If we still narrate stories in verse we do not call it great poetry; nor do we write vague rhetoric about a future given over to mob misrule in a communist Utopia, and call that great poetry. We recognize that poetry is personal, written only by the individual and for individuals, and that propaganda is not poetry. Patiently, slowly, we chisel in the quiet of mind and when the silver tapping of mallet on steel and stone ceases chiming in the ear, mind's eye has beauty before it—and the recognition of beauty is emotion, which is the business of poetry.

Austin Clarke, exponent of the new school, translates the work of an anonymous mediæval poet writing in a classic Gaelic metre, preserving so far as possible the original pattern of assonance:



Summer delights the *scholar*  
 With *knowledge* and *reason*:  
 Who is happy in *hedgerow*  
 Or *meadow* as *he* is?

Paying no dues to the parish,  
 He argues in logic  
 And has no care of cattle  
 But a satchel and stick.

But in winter by the big fires  
 The ignorant hear his fiddle  
 And he battles on the chessboard  
 As the landlords bid him.

The tendency in English verse either to end-stop each line, or to finish the majority with an accented syllable, inhibits the freedom of lyricism, which needs a flowing verse movement. This can to a great degree be gained by ending lines with dissyllables. But if these be rhymed the verse tends toward lightness and triviality, becoming nearly always a mere jingle; while if, as in blank verse, there be no rhyme, too many feminine endings weaken the structure to merely rhythmic prose. Internal rhyme has a similar effect.

Assonance overcomes this difficulty. Endings may be dissyllabic, but as the sound correspondence is only on the accented—sometimes even on the unstressed—vowel and not also on consonants, sense of pattern is attained without unpleasant obviousness; and, without in the least impairing its propriety for serious matter, feminine endings help the verse to flow with greater spontaneity—as in *The Three-Cornered Field*, by F. R. Higgins:

By a field of the crab-trees my love and I were walking  
 And talking most sweetly to each other;  
 In the three-cornered field, O we walked in early autumn,  
 And these were the words of my lover:

'A poor scholar like me who never took to girling  
 Finds book-knowledge such a bitter morsel—  
 Yet were I a clergyman, wise in holy learning,  
 O I'd make your wild beauty my gospel.'

Since then I never hear him, but soon O I'll see him  
 Just darken God's doorway on a Sunday—  
 Yes, darken God's doorway as he darkened my reason  
 And narrowed my daylight last summer.

So again by the crab-trees, the grass is lean with autumn  
 Where again I'll be waiting for my lover;  
 And while he'll never know it with him I'll go walking  
 Although he is wed to another.

Another inconvenience of rhyme is that its use keeps from the tonic position in a line—the end—certain words for which no rhyme exists; and retains in that place many 'inevitable' words which are the only rhymes available for frequently used words, thus weakening sense for sound. Assonance gives the poet an opportunity to use at his line-end many new, unhackneyed words.

At the same time it demands of him an ear more accurately attuned to true harmony, and that he be not satisfied with combinations of similar instead of identical vowels: in *bat:star* or *seat:seer*, for instance, the vowels, differently affected by the following consonants, make the words better examples of dissonance than of assonance. A vowel is often so conditioned by the consonant immediately before or after it that the consonant must be considered part of the vowel; *barley* may assonate with *charming*, but hardly with *chatter*.

It is generally better to follow each assonantal vowel at the line-end with a consonant: *night* and *eye* do not chord so well as *night:while*. This curb on use at the line-end of stresses ending in a bare vowel further differentiates assonantal verse from ordinary rhymed verse, giving an additional sense of newness.

Not all the younger Irishmen who strive for newness in poetry follow the same path. Cecil Day Lewis, Irishman born (1904), uses what he calls cross-asonance, but which is rather patterned internal rhyme, in some of his work:

Now to be with you, elate, unshared,  
 My kestral joy, O hoverer in wind,  
 Over the quarry furiously at rest  
 Chaired on shoulders of shouting wind.

Living in England, he has suffered from environment, and is one of the triumvirate whose work is considered the

vanguard of modern English poetry, as distinct from foreign Lewis tries using consonance without even vowel similarity: poetry written in English. With no marked success Day

I'm a dreamer, so are you.  
See the pink sierras *call*,  
The ever-ever land of dew,  
Magic casements, fairy *coal*.  
There the youngest son wins through,  
Wee Willie can thrash the *bully*,  
Living's cheap and dreams come true;  
Lying manna tempts the *belly*;  
Crowns are many, claims are few.

In his intriguing and arresting essay *A Hope for Poetry*, Day Lewis acknowledges his debt to Gerrard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889), Jesuit poet whose poems were not published until 1918. Hopkins made systematic use of both alliteration and assonance to run up a scale of vowel-sounds, as in *The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo*:

How to kéep—is there ány any, is there none such, nowhere known some,  
bow or brooch or braid or brace, láce, latch or catch or key to keep  
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from vanishing away?  
—*The Leaden Echo*.

. . . Yes I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,  
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that's fresh and  
fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and swiftly away with,  
done away with, undone,  
Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet dearly and dangerously sweet  
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matched face,  
The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to fleet,  
Never fleets móre . . .

—*The Golden Echo*.

Many of his effects curiously anticipate Joyce's use of words. But as *Ulysses*, begun in 1914, started to appear in the *Little Review* for March, 1918, which year saw Hopkins's poems first published, influence is unlikely. Nor—apart from Day Lewis—is it apparent that Hopkins as a technical innovator has influenced our other important younger Irish poets—though we may note that he spent the last five years of his life teaching in Dublin's Catholic University.

I hear an *army charging* upon the land,  
And the *thunder* of horses *plunging*, foam about their *knees*:  
*Arrogant*, in *black armour*, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the *reins*, with fluttering whips, the *charioteers*.  
—*Chamber Music* (1907).



In this early poem Joyce uses internal and final assonance in conjunction with rhyme—rather successfully, though it is often unwise to use both, since rhyme by its consonants may kill the lighter, more delicate assonance. Some of our younger poets—Frank O'Connor, for instance—use a good deal of this combination, and in many cases this objection applies.

The rondeau, ballads, villanelle—artificial forms—make great use of identical rhyme to tie together an entire poem. That is too much; the effect is meretricious, jingly. While repeated or internal rhyme lightens the verse line, internal assonance on identical or closely related vowels helps keep the atmosphere proper to the poem; with assonance the same vowel can be made to predominate through a stanza—even through an entire poem—without becoming monotonous:

As the grey air grows darker on grass-hidden water  
And black otters bark at the talking of starlings,  
We've walked, O my darling, so far through the valley  
That shadows are quenching each star.  
Here even, my dearest, earth trembles in stillness;  
And between hill and weir and the green breadth of mearings  
Lean death makes a clearing, while nearer the hearthstone  
The child leaves the sweet breast in fear. . .

—F. R. Higgins, *The Inn of the Dead Men*.

Another use of this property of assonance is to build an assonantal scheme around the tonic vowel of the most important personal or place name.

In his own notes to *Collected Poems* (1936) Austin Clarke writes:

Assonance is more elaborate in Gaelic than in Spanish poetry. In the simplest forms the tonic word at the end of the line is supported by an assonance in the middle of the next line. The use of internal pattern of assonance in English, though more limited in its possible range, changes the pivotal movement of the lyric stanza. In some forms of the early syllabic Gaelic metres only one part of a double syllable word is used in assonance, a system also found in the Spanish ballad metres, and this can be a guide to experiment in partial rhyming or assonance and muting. For example, rhyme or assonance on or off accent, stopped rhyme (e.g. *window* : *thin*; *horn* : *morning*), harmonic rhyme (e.g. *hero* : *window*), cross-rhyme, in which the separate syllables are in assonance

or rhyme. The use, therefore, of polysyllabic words at the end of the lyric line makes capable a movement common in continental languages such as Italian or Spanish. . . Assonance is a complete medium and capable of development, but fails, through excess, if merely used as an addition to ordinary rhyme. . .

Though combination of assonance and rhyme is not invariably disastrous, generally the two have separate provinces. Assonance is not at its best in a ballad telling out its bare tale with no psychological overtones. But for the secret, introspective poem that follows the twisting ways of mind back beyond thought, it is unequalled.

Poetry is the concentrated but adequate rhythmic distillation, into words, of intense emotion; its adequacy may be measured by the reader's intensity of reaction. While emotional intensity is the primary requisite, poetry's efficacy is conditioned by its mode of expression. True poetry is dateless, current coin in any age, so that what was poetry to Homer or Solomon, to Amergin or Oisín, is poetry to-day. But since the first poet discovered that deliberately arranged and balanced sounds expressing emotion can call up corresponding reactions in another, and made use of the incantation that is poetry, the accepted external form of verse has varied greatly from land to land, people to people.

We Gaels, whose race gave Europe that rhyme which has rung in its poetry for fifteen hundred years, and who to-day are re-establishing on Europe's western marches our ancient language, may well find in this new-old technique the proper vehicle for our poetry.

To the poet able to handle it, assonance opens a road midway between the strictures of rhyme, with its almost unavoidable use of the hackneyed, and the looseness of 'free verse'—which is generally not verse and seldom poetry. In return for freedom in this direction, however, it demands a verse content that is purely poetic; a lean, austere line stripped of all un-

necessary verbiage, so that the pattern of the completed poem becomes an inevitable thing grown out of the poem's very self. While a mediocre concept shrined in technically faultless prosody may pass muster, he who would use assonance successfully must have 'the stark diction of the poet too great to mince his words'; and his must be poems 'in which a figure or a situation of passion is realized with an absolute and final intensity'.



## ASIATIC SURVIVALS IN INDIAN SONGS

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

THE Siberian origin of our northwestern natives can no longer be doubted. Abundant evidence, gathered for the National Museum of Canada in the last fifteen years, show how the Athaspascan nomads, after they had crossed Bering into America, spread in various directions over a large part of our continent. Some of their roving bands, following game, journeyed south along the Rockies, or down the northwest coast, where salmon were plentiful. Many of them traversed the vast northern swamps almost as far as Hudson Bay, while others ascended the Mackenzie into the grasslands of the prairies. Once they had discovered the buffalo, they vied in the hunt with the earlier prairie occupants, eventually displacing them, for they were of the breed of the Tartars. They penetrated as far south as Arizona, and were only prevented by the white man from invading Mexico, as the Mayas had done a millennium before.

The recent recording of the songs of the northwestern Indians described in *The Musical Quarterly* of January, 1933, has facilitated the study of their relationship to Asiatic songs. The results are startling. Some of the songs, from both sides of Bering, have proved so strikingly related that an intensive study of our large museum collections of phonographic records, to ascertain whether the songs had a common origin, was bound to follow. Indeed, it is under way, and will continue. A few conclusions, even at this early stage, may be of general interest.

Among Europeans, there is an ample supply of religious and ceremonial songs that are more than a thousand years old, *e.g.*, the Ambrosian music of the Catholic church, which adheres to the musical language of the ancients. The innate conservatism displayed by the Ambrosian chant may be ob-

served also in the rituals of other creeds. Songs, in set forms, do not readily change. Handed down from generation to generation, they naturally hark back to the past, sometimes a very remote past. Their tunes and words linger on and, often deformed, travel far from their birthplace. Indian ceremonial songs, in this respect, do not differ from others.

The idea of comparing Indian songs with those of Siberia or China as a means of discovering the origin of the former, did not occur to me until recently. Still, plenty of material has been ready at hand for years. Nearly one thousand native songs of British Columbia and Alaska have been recorded in the past twenty years for the National Museum of Canada, and many others are conserved in collections of the United States and Germany. Many ancient Chinese and Japanese songs have been marketed by the phonograph companies. Besides, over a hundred Siberian songs were recorded about thirty years ago for the Jesup Expedition, and the records have since been stored away at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

When studying the Indian tribes of the Nass River on the Alaskan border some years ago, I heard on the phonograph a Japanese tune that arrested by attention. It closely resembled some of the songs of the Yukon and northern British Columbia which I had been recording among the natives. The tune at the beginning scaled a high curve, touched a top note, then dropped over wide intervals to the bottom, where it droned leisurely, like the tunes of a number of typical Indian songs. The melodic resemblance between the Japanese and Indian songs reminded me of other things: the nearness of Alaska to Japan; the Mongolian features of both natives and Japanese; the fan-like migrations of the Indians away from Bering, which I had been probing; and the cultural stamp of Asia noticeable on the whole northwest coast.

Incessant contacts tended to reunite the related peoples on both sides of Bering, long after they had parted and after those on our continent had strayed away to farther districts. Bering is only forty miles wide. It is dotted with islands, freezes over in winter, and can be crossed in a day or two. The American and Siberian natives kept in close touch with each other for barter. A trade route extended, since prehistoric times, from Siberia into Alaska, and almost as far as Hudson Bay. The strait was navigated in skin-boats during summer, and it could be crossed, over the ice, in winter. No real barrier ever interfered with those widely scattered people, who sought each other seasonally for the exchange of commodities essential to life. Customs and culture passed back and forth also, slowly but surely. There was no complete break.

Ancient traditions accompanied the early migrators in their trek eastward into the Alaskan tundras. It may be easily surmised that, together with other things, some of the ancient songs survived among them, at least in type or melodic pattern. Or else, newer songs might have spread from one end to another along the trade routes. Traders were wont to sing during the barter, to impress would-be purchasers with the excellence of their wares. Asia had much to furnish. She was like a large container overflowing with riches into a still uncultivated and hungry America.

The little Japanese song I heard on the phonograph at the Arrandale cannery of the Nass was enough to remind me of all this. But to what use? To compare Indian customs and songs with those of northeastern Asia is not an easy undertaking, since materials must be secured at first-hand. I dropped the idea, hoping for later opportunities.

Recently, after having transcribed for publication nearly one hundred British Columbia and Yukon songs, I showed about twenty of them to Professor Kiang Kang-hu, an eminent



Chinese authority, now on the staff of McGill University. The results of his inspection far exceeded my expectation, particularly when we came to dirge or funeral songs. I shall recount here two or three examples of these results.

### I. The Dirge of Raven-drum:

This funeral song is the exclusive family property of Kweenu, a Raven chief of the Kitwinlkul tribe, on the Grease-trail between the Skeena and the Nass, in northern British Columbia. The ancestors of this family in the recent past migrated from the north. Their traditional dirges, of which the following is one, were used only at the death of chiefs, and during the incineration of the body on a pyre. The words are as follows:

The Raven drum now has come back. We can hear nothing but its large voice. It is like a great brightness.

The great voice of the Raven, the cawing Raven all covered with pearls, is ahead of me. We can hear nothing but its large voice. . . .

Professor Kiang said that this Indian song seemed similar to a Buddhist chant for funeral services, used among the nomads of Mongolia. I had not told him, at the moment, that it was a funeral song of a family of Indians whose home stands in the Canadian Rockies, on the Grease-trail, running southward.

His statement led me to look for other significant similarities between the mortuary rituals and songs of Asia and the northwest coast. How startling a turn my comparison would take if the resemblance were to change to identity in such things as ritual forms (in the use, for instance, of similar drums to mark the rhythm) or the appearance of Asiatic words—perhaps Chinese words—in the songs! Buddhism, though in eastern Asia typically Chinese, has travelled far to the north, among the primitive Siberian tribes. It is familiar among the present Siberian tribes of Kamchatka, close to Bering. Who

knows but that it might have been there early enough to cross the strait with the ancient Siberian ancestors of the present natives of the Canadian Rockies?

The next dirge we examined was one that belongs exclusively to a branch of the Eagle clan of the Kitwanga tribe, in northern British Columbia. This clan partook in the most recent invasion from the north, and has belonged to this district for less than two hundred years.

## II. The Dirge of the Eagles (Geetanrøet):

The words follow:

I looked up to the sky. Daylight came down early from the East.

This funeral chant reminded Professor Kiang "very much" of a Chinese ceremonial song he had heard coffin-carriers sing in the streets of Pekin. From Mongolia we had proceeded a step farther into China to find further similarities with Indian songs. But the next song brought us a real surprise. The very refrain was the same as that used in Chinese funeral songs.

## III. Second Dirge of the Eagles (Geetanrøet):

It runs:

Alas! alas! alas! alas! . . . (Hayu, hayu . . .). The chiefs mourn the last survivors of Geetanrøet. Alas! alas! . . .

Now that the great chief has died, it is as if the sun were eclipsed. Alas! alas! . . .

My heart is full of grief, because the burial boxes of the other chiefs (unlike ours) are quite empty. Alas! alas! alas! . . .

The words of the main section of this song were in a local dialect, and referred to a fairly recent tribal event. But, to the singer, the refrain *hayu, hayu, hayu*, was unintelligible, meaningless.

Not so to Professor Kiang, who was amazed. *Hayu* means "Alas!" in Chinese, and is exactly what dirge-singers

in China are accustomed to exclaim in frequent repetition. It forms an habitual part of familiar Buddhist rituals. The Indians of the northwest coast unawares were singing a Chinese religious refrain. This was a startling discovery.

Looking over a number of other songs, I find that the refrain *hayu*, wherever it appears, is used with the right context, *i.e.*, in songs of mourning over the death of a relative, and that, in every instance, it is employed by members of the Eagle and the Wolf clans, both of which were recent invaders from the far north.

The sing-song-like way of moaning suggested other striking resemblances in mortuary customs. While I was at the Arrandale cannery, on the Nass River, close to the Alaska border, during the fishing season of 1928, a tragedy brought grief to the natives stationed there. Several of them died of poisoning, after eating decayed salmon roe. Dirges broke out early one morning, and throughout the following days women could be heard moaning in the woods.

As soon as the news of the misfortune broke out in the summer village, old women began to wail pitifully. Crouching on the ground in front of their houses, they tore their hair and beat the ground with their foreheads. For once in their lives, those Indians cast restraint to the winds and gave vent to grief. Professional mourners, like those of ancient Greece, rent the air with their lament, and sprinkled ashes on their heads.

"Just as it would happen in China", Professor Kiang said after I had reported the occurrence to him. "There also mourners pound the ground with their foreheads, and are paid for it. Quite typical!"

From the dirges given above Professor Kiang and I passed on to others. One of the most striking, because of its strange melody, was Hano! Somehow it seemed familiar to Professor Kiang. "It sounds very much like a Buddhist chant in a funeral service", he declared. "This chant comes from



Hindu music." Another link in the long chain of origins: from Alaska, we pass on to Siberia, to China, to India.

Still another Indian dirge of northern British Columbia, that of Small-Raven of Kitwanga, "sounds like a night-watchman's song in Pekin", said Professor Kiang. "The watchman goes out and shouts: 'Be careful of your fire and your doors! Beware of thieves!'" Drum-beats accompany the night-calls. The rhythm of the Indian dirge also is marked by drum-beats.

#### IV. The Dirge of Small-Raven (Hlkwaqag):

Hohaleanagwah, I bemoan the small human-like Raven of my sorrowful heart . . .

The Raven here is the principal emblem of the singer's clan, which passes on to a new holder after the death of the head-chief. The song also includes the words:

I am left alone. Broken-hearted am I when I take his place, for I remember all my ancestors.

Other native songs from British Columbia likewise resemble Asiatic songs. For instance:

A lyric tune of the Yukon and the Northwest, often called a "love" or a "mountain" song, was "like a harvest song of China. Girls sing it while working in the fields and picking tea leaves".

Another, a lullaby of the Nass (that of Nampks) "resembles a Chinese shepherd song. It is very much like it".

A "peace song" of the Haidas and the Nass people, the words of which are in a foreign language not understood by the singers, is reminiscent of "a Chinese sacrificial song". It was learned by a Nass River Indian, the old singer's father, from Haida Indians on Queen Charlotte Island. The Nass people had fought the Haidas long before, and peace had been restored after prolonged enmity. Nine canoes of the Nass tribes went to Tlawag, on the island, and a feast was held. The Haida chief sang the peace-song during the ceremony. The

guests from the coast of the mainland stayed there for three weeks and learned some of the songs of their hosts. After that time the Haidas and Nass people intermarried. The learning of the "peace song" by the singer's father shows how songs often travel from tribe to tribe. Many Noss River songs are in foreign languages, mostly those of northern tribes.

A lyric melody of the uplands, the "Fireweed" song of the Skeena headwaters, resembles a "Chinese street-tune". Its first part sounds exotic, almost European, if heard among other Indian songs.

### V. The Fireweed Song.

The words are:

The Fireweed people will drink fermented juice with the Wolf and the Raven tribes. Why think you that we know not how to brew it? We walk about proudly, because we have made it for a long time.

Another song, a lullaby, reminds Professor Kiang of a Japanese lullaby, to the accompaniment of which Nipponese mothers gently sway the children wrapped upon their shoulders, as do Indian mothers also.

The use of the drum in the Indian songs is an important element to consider in tracing their origin. The Indian drum of Alaska and the Canadian Rockies consists of a tanned skin dried and stretched over only one side of a closed circular band of wood. It is the same instrument which the Koriak tribes of northeastern Siberia use in funeral rituals. Siberian drums, according to Jochelson, in *The Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, IV, are "covered on both sides with hide, like those found among the American Indians. . . . Together with drums covered on but one side" they "are used in Siberia only by the Buddhists" in "their divine services". Even in size the Siberian and Alaskan skin-drums are much alike. In northwestern America, the drums were used not only in "divine services" but

in rituals of incineration. For dead bodies, as in Siberia, were burnt on a pyre surrounded by dirge-singers and mourners.

In the light of these discoveries, a new field for fruitful investigations is disclosed. Theorists for many years have tried to explain the independent origin in America of cultural features known elsewhere. Primitive men were supposed to find within themselves the faculty of recreating the same processes over and over again wherever they might chance to be. For lack of historical records it was impossible to check the application of the theory to features that refused to reveal their origins to investigators, and hence many vague if not sentimental assumptions were made. But things may now take another turn, should the comparison of native songs on both sides of Bering prove that they go back to a common Asiatic source.

The new evidence under observation may turn out to be of an historical nature, should it be finally established that an early derivative form of Buddhism long prevailed, as now seems practically certain, in the mortuary rituals of the northwest coast Indians. Things like Buddhism and the Chinese mortuary rituals cannot be considered essential to human nature. They are a culture growth, largely accidental, like all other such growths. Besides, there is explicit evidence of the migrations from Asia of the people themselves.

Once this is generally taken into account, many other so-called independent creations of prehistoric America are likely to prove derivations. Professor Kiang is already working upon a series of striking similarities, if not identities, between Mexican and Chinese civilizations. His work may be the beginning of the end for native American "insularity" in culture.

A thorough analysis of northwestern American and Siberian songs and rituals is a necessary step in the right direction. It is fortunate that it is now being undertaken. Over a hun-



dred wax records of Siberian songs have been preserved, unpublished, for over thirty years at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. They were recorded for the Jesup Expedition to the Northwest Coast and Siberia, and their usefulness in the present investigation can hardly be exaggerated. I was startled, when I studied them early in January, 1933, with the definite evidence they yielded in a number of directions. What was only conjecture without them, now becomes something demonstrable. Unexpected relations, of a semi-historical nature, are brought out between groups or tribes on both sides of Bering—some of them widely removed from each other—such as we had not even thought of before. But that is another story, to be told at some other time.

## CANADIAN CRUSADERS

By B. M. CORRIGAN

THE appearance of a Fascist group in the province of Quebec, and the lack of sympathy shown by the Roman Catholic Church for many of its manifestations in Italy and Germany, have given fresh significance to a half-forgotten episode of Canadian history in the last century. It is an episode worthy of remembrance, too, because it was the first occasion on which Canadian soldiers fought in Europe, though they were without authorization from their government; and it established a precedent which many Catholics may have cause to remember if, at some future date, Church and political theory call upon conflicting loyalties. It is really the story of a modern crusade, undertaken with no thought of gain, and often at considerable personal sacrifice; and, though none of the crusaders died in battle, nine gave up their lives in a foreign land.

Early in 1860, alarmed by the growth of the Unionist forces, and fearing that the support of Napoleon III might not be sufficiently immediate in case of an invasion of the Marches, Monsignor Savoia de Mérode suggested to the Pope, Pius IX, that a Catholic army should be organized in defence of the Holy See. He recommended further that a relation of his, Cristofano de Lamoricière, the hero of the French campaign in Algiers, should be appointed as its leader. With De Mérode as Pro-Minister of War, and Lamoricière as commander-in-chief, an appeal was made throughout Europe for volunteers, and an army was quickly formed, while arms and money poured in. This army, called the Papal Zouaves, in memory of the African regiment of whom Lamoricière had been the first colonel, was composed to some extent of undisciplined adventurers and fugitives from justice. It proved unavailing against more seasoned troops, and by the end of

1860 the Papal States were reduced to Rome and its surrounding territory, the "Patrimony of St. Peter"; even that remnant of the temporal power depended on the protection of Napoleon III. In 1866 the French, in accordance with their agreement with Victor Emanuel, withdrew their troops, and in the following year a fresh drive to make Rome the national capital was initiated by the Italian government.

Among the recruits to the Papal army on which the temporal power based its sole hope of defence were two French-Canadians, Hugh Murray and Alfred LaRocque, who were both wounded at the battle of Mentana, which had resulted in a decisive victory for the reorganized Zouaves. On November 17th, 1867, Monsignor Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, recommended LaRocque to the prayers of his congregation, and added that the Pope had made an appeal to the faithful throughout the world for fresh recruits, citing the example of France, where both recruits and funds had been raised. A month later the bishop reminded his people in an encyclical letter of the dangerous position in which the Pontiff found himself and appealed to them to make some contribution towards his defence. Already measures had been discussed, and the bishop was able to make some practical suggestions. Each parish, he proposed, might provide one soldier, each town several. The 400,000 Catholics in the diocese of Montreal might each give thirty cents a year, which would make an annual total of about \$100,000. The battalion of Canadian Zouaves would not only be a striking proof of the piety of Western Catholics, but would eventually be of great use to Canada by providing her with trained soldiers.

It was the beginning of a movement perhaps unique in modern times. To Canadian Catholics in remote districts Papal Rome must have seemed almost as legendary and remote as Jerusalem to Europeans in the Middle Ages. There was no appeal to ambition or to desire for gain. Piety and a



taste for adventure were the only motives actuating those who answered this spiritual call to arms. A committee was formed in Montreal on December 19th, 1867, charged with directing the movement and organizing the detachment. It was decided at once that the Canadian soldiers should be no charge on the Pope, but that each should provide his own equipment and pay his own expenses if possible, and that funds should be raised to defray the costs of the poorer volunteers. It was estimated that about \$400 would be needed for each man for a year. The committee also undertook to arrange transportation for the soldiers. Volunteers were required to sign up for two years' service, and to hold certificates of morality and physical vigour, signed by their confessors and doctors. About 500 men volunteered for the first detachment, but owing to difficulties of transportation and finance only 135 were accepted.

At a committee meeting on February 1st, it was decided to provide the soldiers with a uniform as an aid to discipline and *esprit de corps*. The costume consisted of a gray tunic with wide gray trousers and dark blue collars and cuffs; white gaiters, a gray felt turban, a rolled blue blanket fastened to the wearer's back with yellow leather straps, which also served as braces; and a knapsack of white cloth. The material of the suit was light but strong, of Canadian manufacture, and the sewing was done by members of various religious communities. All was now ready and a letter was sent to the volunteers, summoning them to Montreal on February 15th, when their uniforms were distributed.

On February 18th a special service was held in the church of Notre Dame, which was impressively decorated for the occasion. The altar had been raised several feet, and was dazzling with gas-jets and coloured lamps. Above the statue of the Virgin, the Prince of Wales' crown shone, its feathers sketched in light. Other illuminations represented the Pope's

arms, with the tiara and keys. Flags, banners and flowers were everywhere. In the centre of the nave rose a trophy, on which in the place of honour was the flag of the first detachment, presented by the Abbé Rousselot, curé of Notre Dame. It had been designed by Napoléon Bourassa, and its motto, which had originally been written on a wall in his own blood by a Zouave mortally wounded in one of the last struggles with the Garibaldians, was *Aime Dieu et va ton chemin*. The congregation numbered 15,000, but the collection must have been rather disappointing, for though collection boxes were prominently displayed at all entrances only \$763 was taken in.

At 7 o'clock, preceded by the band of the Chasseurs Canadiens, playing *Refrains d'Italie*, the Zouaves marched in, four abreast, and took their places. Immediately afterwards the procession of clergy entered; two hundred priests had assembled from all parts of the province. When they too had been seated, the musical programme began, performed by a choir and orchestra of three hundred. The numbers chosen included such works as *Italiani in Algeri*, *Le Pape-Roi*, the overture to *Tancred*, a hymn of Pius IX, a *Marche de Mentana*, *Tu es Petrus*, and, as a finale, a *Grand March of Victory*, by Vico. After the fifth number the sermon, a scholarly outline of the Church's struggles against heresies and of the arguments in favour of the temporal power, was preached by the bishop, who was, however, compelled to cut his discourse short at the end of an hour, overcome by the heated atmosphere generated by the crowds and the gas lighting. The musical programme was continued, and when it was over the flag was blessed and presented by the Bishop of Montreal to the Zouaves, who, after they had taken their oath to bear it worthily, marched out of the church amid cheers for the Pope and for the valiant defenders of the Church.

The next day the detachment left from the Bonaventure station for New York, where they were to embark, arrange-

ments having been made with the General Transatlantic Company for transportation as far as Paris at the rate of \$40 per man. There were touching scenes as parents embraced their sons, and brothers took leave of brothers among an exulting crowd. Young men exhorted their mothers to remember that death in this holy cause would win a martyr's crown. Others promised to bring back enough laurels to make a bed, or urged their friends not to buy any new boots, but to wait for the skins of Garibaldian brigands, of which there would soon be a plentiful supply. The new crusaders were on their way, filled with enthusiasm and devotion, eager to show the Old World that the age of chivalry still survived in the New.

On March 3rd they disembarked at Le Havre, and the following day reached Paris, where they attracted much attention and comment as they marched from the Hôtel Fénelon to the Gare de Lyon. In France, as in the United States, there were admiring articles in the newspapers about the piety and self-abnegation of the Canadian recruits to the Church's cause, and it was generally felt how rare such a spirit had become in a world which had learned to set too high a value on material things.

At Lyons, their next stopping-place, where they had a wait of two hours and a half, they were received by Monseigneur de Charbonnel, former Bishop of Toronto, and by Father Bertrand, who had spent some time in Montreal. A dinner had been prepared for them in the hotel near the station, and the occasion inspired Laprade, the poet of Lyons, to write a poem whose title was the motto on the Zouaves' flag. On March 9th they reached Civita Vecchia from Marseilles, arriving in Rome the following day.

Their welcome in Rome was most impressive. Kanzler (the successor of Lamoricière), Colonel Allet, Lieutenant-Colonel Charette, a band of Zouaves, a throng of citizens, and, as a crowning glory, the King and Queen of Naples, all were



there to greet them. Led by their commander, Taillefer, they then marched to St. Peter's, and as they passed the Vatican a window opened and they had their first glimpse of the Pope, whose rights they had come so far to vindicate. It was an intoxicating moment, and, as one of them wrote home, they were unable to restrain their emotion.

This first detachment was followed by six others, four arriving during 1868, one in 1869, and the seventh in 1870. These detachments provided their own travelling expenses, but received the regular pay of the papal troops. Appeals which were made by the clergy of Quebec to their co-religionists in the other provinces of Canada and in the United States met apparently with no results. The last detachment of Canadians was forced to spend two weeks in Brittany, as there was danger that the revolutionary faction in Marseilles, which had already given earlier divisions an inhospitable reception, would not allow them to pass. Then, before they could make new arrangements for travel, news came that Rome had been captured and the papal troops disbanded.

The five detachments which reached Rome, however, and which amounted to 328 men, received a warm welcome. They were quartered in the monastery of St. Francis, and the uniforms of the Papal Zouaves soon replaced that in which they had left Canada. Club-rooms were rented for them in the Piazza Farnese, and the neighbouring church of St. Bridget was shortly transformed into a Canadian chapel, adorned with flowers sent by noble Roman ladies, and even by the sister of the Queen of Naples. The Pope, too, showed his Canadian defenders many special marks of favour. On their national feast-day, that of St. John the Baptist, he had them brought into the Lateran palace, where he pronounced his benediction on them and on their country.

Each detachment was granted an interview, and a member of the fourth detachment described vividly their tour

through the Vatican under the personal guidance of the Pope. After showing them the Stanze of Raphael and the art galleries, he led them out into the garden, where, under a little marble pavilion built by Pius IV, he gathered them around him and spoke to them of their country and of their devotion to the church, and gave them his blessing. Then he presented to each man an orange; a nosegay, containing among the more perishable blossoms a few immortelles; and a silver medal bearing his effigy, a most appropriate pastoral gift to these members of his far-flung flock. Then, walking through the gardens with them, he talked with the priests who had accompanied them about the new diocese of St. Hyacinthe, and sitting at last upon a bench he urged some of the soldiers to walk towards a gap in the hedge, saying that the view from that point was very fine. But as they hastened forward concealed pipes spouted forth a heavy spray of water, drenching them to the skin, and so alarming them that they took to their heels, while the Pope, laughing until the tears ran down his face, asked them how they expected to face the enemy's fire if they ran from water. The Zouaves felt that this was the crowning favour of the interview. Their Holy Father had played with them as though they were indeed his children, and they longed for an opportunity to shed their blood in his service.

Other, more formal, interviews were granted to several groups of the Canadian soldiers, and the impression made by the Pope was invariably remarkable: men came out from the audiences in tears and overcome by emotion.

There must, however, have been many disillusionments to set against such moments of enthusiasm. Rome was magnificent, but it was also a runner-up for Naples' title of the dirtiest city in Europe: malaria and other illnesses claimed nine victims among the new-comers. The foreign soldiers and their officers were cordially welcomed by the ecclesiastical authorities, but the Italian military men were cool towards

them. The troops were sharply divided into their different nationalities, and though the Canadians were on good terms with Dutch, English, French and Irish, they made few friends outside their own corps, and once off duty retired to the club-rooms where they could fraternize with their compatriots. And what was most trying of all, it seemed for some time that there was to be no chance of active service, and life in barracks was tiresome and over-disciplined. Unlike the Canadians, the soldiers from other countries had not been required to show a certificate of moral excellence, and few of them had had any military training. Consequently stringent rules, frequent punishments, and much drill were considered necessary by their chiefs, and only goodwill and constant remembrance of the sacredness of their cause could have made tolerable the two years before 1870. Poor food, long marches, fatigue duty, reviews, monotony, all were endured with cheerful fortitude. When the end did come at last there were no victor's laurels to carry back to the shores of the St. Lawrence: nor, happily enough, though it was probably a disappointment at the time, were there any martyrs' crowns.

On August 5th, 1870, the last of the French troops embarked for Marseilles, hastening to the defence of their own country against the Prussians, and the battle of Sedan in September sealed the fate of Rome as well as of Paris. The pontifical army, 13,157 strong, prepared to give battle, and until the last the Pope was convinced that an attack on Rome itself was impossible. Part of the Canadian Zouaves were stationed at Montefiascone, which was attacked by the Italian troops on September 10th. The garrison returned fire for two hours, and then, having thus formally registered its protest against the invasion of the Papal States, surrendered: there were no deaths, and only a couple of flesh wounds.

At Viterbo, too, elaborate preparations were made to hold the fortress, the Sacrament was received by the soldiers, and



precautions were even taken against possibly hostile civilians. But at the last moment, as the enemy were preparing to surround the town, Charette, saying that resistance would only be useless, declared that he intended to teach the enemy a lesson in strategy, and marched his men out by the Porta San Pietro, leading them back to Rome by a forced march which was the outstanding exploit of the ten-day campaign.

Meanwhile in Rome the Pope was faced with the impossibility of defending the walls of the city with 10,000 men against at least five times that number. On the other hand, he was unwilling to surrender the guns with which Christian charity had supplied him, and with them the temporal power upon which the entire Catholic episcopacy had declared that his authority was based. Finally he wrote to Kanzler, directing him to make only a show of resistance, and to open negotiations for peace as soon as a breach was made in the wall.

On the night of the 19th, detachments were stationed at the various gates of Rome, and around the bivouac fires excitement rose high. The headiness of approaching danger ran through the soldiers' veins. They joked and talked of the exploits to be performed on the morrow, of the brigands to be slain, and of the terror to be aroused in infidel hearts. They grew quiet, though, as the Pope made his rounds, giving them his blessing and smiling at them paternally: gazing at him with adoring eyes, they silently assured him of their loyalty and devotion, and of the joy it would give them to conquer or die in his service.

The next morning the first cannon was heard, and soon all the city gates, except those protected by the fortress of Sant'Angelo, were under fire. Kanzler, disregarding his orders, allowed the siege to last from 5.15 a.m. until 9.30 a.m., when, at an imperative command from the Pope, the white flag was raised. It was a great blow to the Canadian Zouaves: divided among the different groups of defenders they had been

fighting bravely, and had even entertained hopes of hand to hand combat, yet now, after three years of study, exercise, patience, and eagerness to defend their cause, they were forced to capitulate without the satisfaction of victory or the inevitability of defeat. None was killed or even seriously wounded, but even that, at the moment, was scarcely regarded as good fortune.

Nor were their humiliations yet at a close. Most of the papal troops had assembled in the Piazza San Pietro, where they passed the night, but some companies which received the order too late were surrounded by the national soldiers, disarmed and taken to prison. For the most part they were treated with respect by their captors, but some of the Garibaldians were too elated with their easy victory to be able to refrain from taunts and boastfulness.

The following day the Zouaves, led by Colonel Allet, marched out by the Porta San Pancrazio to the Villa Pamfili, where they were to lay down their arms. As they passed the Vatican the Pope heard the tramp of their feet and their repeated cry, "Let us see the Holy Father once more!" At once he hastened to the window, and, stretching out his arms, gave them a final blessing. Overcome with feeling, they were still for a moment, and then their shouts of *Viva Pio nono* arose. Their entrance into Rome and their departure, he had blessed both; and their hearts overflowed with love and regret as they recalled their first sight of him, the joyous confidence they had felt in the triumph of his cause, and the pride which had surged up in them at the share which they were to be permitted in his victory. Never, perhaps, had their devotion been so great as in this painful moment of farewell and renunciation. Then the Pope, for whom the strain was almost too much, was forced to retire, and the march of surrender continued.

By the terms of the capitulation, the Italian government had undertaken to give the foreign Zouaves transportation to

the frontiers of their own country. After a fourteen mile march to Ponte Galera, and a four hours wait, the prisoners were loaded into cattle-cars and baggage-cars and taken to Civita Vecchia, where they were sorted out according to nationality. The Canadians and English were sent to Livorno, where it was proposed to put them aboard boats and take them to the isle of Elba, which, for some perhaps excellent reason, the government seemed to regard as the frontier of both England and Canada.

The Canadian band was now reduced to 200, for 100 had had to return to Canada from France without reaching Italy, and 200 more had gone home after two years of service. The latter must have been envied by the prisoners of war, shut up in a dungeon, fed on bread and water, without money, and without the right to appeal to any government for aid. But in their plight the British consul came to their rescue, and persuaded the government of Florence, which had assumed responsibility for the repatriation of the prisoners, to allow all Zouaves who were British subjects to embark for England. The permission was given on the understanding that the Italian government was not to be put to any expense.

Eight days in jail; fourteen days on a small freight-boat, ill-clad, at the mercy of the equinoctial gales; three days of warm hospitality from English Catholics, headed by Lord Denbigh and the Marquis of Bute, at Liverpool: then, on October 19th, embarkation on the *Idaho* for New York, which the Canadians reached on November 5th, after all the rigours of Atlantic tempests; finally home, their own farms and offices, their own language, their own relatives and friends, praising them for their courage and endurance, consoling them for their lost cause.

It had been a great though sad adventure, and it was not without fruits. There must have been some disillusionment, a feeling that many of the sufferings and hardships which they



had undergone had been caused by ecclesiastical politics, but a personal love and loyalty for the Pope, a closer sense of kinship with their French stock and at the same time a heightened consciousness of their identity as Canadians, must have resulted from the expedition to Rome. And perhaps in some scores of homes in Quebec to-day there is still treasured both as relic and heirloom, a brittle handful of *immortelles* given by a Pope, some seventy years ago, to a defender of the faith.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### THE FEDERAL ELECTION

BY B. K. SANDWELL

The party in power in a country with fixed election dates, like the United States, has to do what it can to guide events so as to produce a favourable situation for itself at the moment when it has to go to the electors. The party in power in a country under the British system can, if it does not put off too long, select a moment when events, guided or not, have produced a favourable situation. It would seem as though this advantage, added to the control of the election machinery and of the public purse, would make it unfairly difficult to oust the party in power; and the long-lived ministries of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier—both of whom made the most dexterous use of the power of dissolution—do indeed suggest that there is truth in this theory. But since 1911 things have been different, and no party in power at the dissolution of Parliament has ever been given a succeeding Parliament in which it could maintain itself without radical change of character. The Conservative party in 1917 gave way to a "National" coalition, and the Liberal party in 1925, while it continued to be the largest in the House, could not hold the Progressive support which was necessary in order to avoid defeat. The other four elections since 1911 all resulted in a complete change of government. Apparently in a prolonged era of general dissatisfaction with the state of the world it requires something more than the power of dissolution to save an existing government from the manifestation of the public wrath.

It is habitual for Oppositions to claim that the power of dissolution has been unfairly used, and the fact is that nobody really expects a government to use it impartially, and if a government ever did, its supporters would feel that they were

being unfairly treated themselves. But no government since Confederation has ever used it with quite so much audacity as Mr. King's on this occasion. To open a session of Parliament in the afternoon and dissolve it in the evening of the same day is distinctly unusual; and it is even more so when the preceding session was a purely formal one and transacted no business other than to accept the state of war and confer on the government the necessary special powers for its prosecution—most of which it had already taken under the War Measures Act surviving from the last war. The country has now been fighting in a major war for six months, and no word of discussion of what the government has done in that war has been heard in Parliament or has been possible in Parliament; and the country is now to vote on the question what party is to have the management of its war effort for the rest of the war, without ever having had an accounting, in a responsible place, by the government which has been managing the war for those six months. It is within the convention but certainly not within the spirit of the parliamentary system; for it ignores completely one of the most important functions of the modern parliament, that of shedding the light by which the electors are to be guided in their choice of the next batch of their representatives. Upon what must inevitably be for most of us the main issue of this election, namely the adequacy or otherwise of the government's energy and efficiency in the prosecution of the war, not a ray of clear and authentic light has been shed since the war began; for the broadcasts and election speeches of government supporters and government critics are neither of them evidence until the parties have threshed out their respective claims, by question and answer, by examination and cross-examination, in the only place where that is possible, on the floor of the House of Commons. In the absence of light it was to be expected that the campaign would develop, as it has, a tremendous amount of heat.



It is argued in defence of the January 25 dissolution that it was necessary to hold the elections before April on account of the strong probability of a vigorous spring offensive in the theatre of war, and that the Opposition refused to support legislation reducing the two-month term now required for the campaign. But these considerations must have been known for many weeks, and the proper way to deal with them was to summon Parliament long before the 25th. The only consideration which was not available until almost at the moment of dissolution was one upon which Mr. King has, probably for that reason, laid a good deal of stress, namely the very bitter character of the criticism to which the government's war effort was evidently going to be subjected, as shown by the tone of the speeches on the one afternoon for which Parliament sat, and by the resolution of the Ontario Legislature. It was Mr. King's argument that criticism of this kind if uttered in Parliament would have a more detrimental effect upon the national unity in war effort, and afford more encouragement to the nation's enemies, than if confined to the hustings, where a considerable measure of irresponsibility is expected and allowed for. In effect he announced that one of his reasons for dissolving Parliament was that he could not trust it, with an election in the offing, to discuss the nation's war effort without lending aid and comfort to the enemy. This is of course the standard argument for the suppression in war time of any democratic process that happens to be awkward for the government, and it is no trouble at all to imagine what Mr. King would have said if Mr. Bennett had been in power and had done the same thing.

The motives leading to a given course of political action are always difficult to analyse, even when the action is, as in this case, the work of a single man and not a group. We do not know what military knowledge Mr. King possesses that impels him to regard a pre-April election as necessary, nor do

we know when he obtained it. There are no indications that he had reached that conclusion before January 25, but that does not prove that he had not reached it—though if he had he should surely not have allowed Parliament to assemble for nothing. It is unsafe to assume that his motive was purely that of political advantage; and yet the assumption is so easy to make and so difficult to rebut that it may readily lose him more political advantage than the timing of the election can gain him. If the voters once get the idea that Mr. King dissolved Parliament because he was afraid to have it discuss his war efforts before the elections, he is doomed.

Mr. King's future conduct of the war, if left in power, is obviously best judged by his past conduct of it, about which Parliament has been unable to obtain any information. This does not prove that it has been bad, it merely makes it easier for his opponents to deny that it has been good. Dr. Manion's future conduct of it, if he should be returned to power, is obviously a totally unknown quantity. He promises, if put in power, to form a "National" government. The phrase is devoid of any definite meaning, and up to the moment of writing the candidates nominated in support of Dr. Manion have all been faithful Conservatives. The thing to which the term "National Government" has in the past been applied in parliaments under the British system is a coalition, or a near-coalition, of the two leading parties or a major part of them, for the purpose of enacting legislation which is violently unpopular with a portion of the electorate and which neither party would therefore undertake alone. It was resorted to for conscription in Canada in 1917, and for financial reconstruction in Great Britain in 1931; and it has been advocated in Canada for years as the only way of securing effective railway reform. It became necessary in Great Britain early in the last war as a means of dealing with the output-restricting practices of the trade unions.

So far Dr. Manion has given no indication of the purposes to which he would apply his proposed coalition. There has been no great complaint about labour practices, and he himself is opposed to conscription. If there were any purpose, connected with the efficient prosecution of the war, which could only be attained by coalition, it would seem probable that at least some prominent men of other parties would be exhibiting a willingness to coalesce; but up to the time of writing no important Liberal and no important Socialist has expressed a desire to co-operate with Dr. Manion for any purpose whatever. In effect therefore the "National" Conservatives appear to be all dressed up for coalition and to have nowhere to go to coalesce, not to add having no particular purpose to coalesce about. Mr. King and his ministers are of course just as free as Dr. Manion to coalesce at any time and for any purpose that they may consider necessary, except that most of them are barred by explicit pledges from supporting conscription.

The election is being fought on vague charges, countered by equally vague replies, of lack of energy and efficiency in the government's conduct of the war. There are no parliamentary records to which reference can be made. Some four-score questions filed for the order paper by Opposition critics did not even get into the Proceedings, to say nothing of getting answered. War-time elections are never pleasant, but this one gives promise of being the most unpleasant on record. And a session of Parliament, even a short one, would have straightened out a great deal that is now being exploited on the hustings by personal abuse and innuendo, and enabled the electors to go to the polls with some confidence that they knew the facts of the case which they were judging.



## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

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Frances Winwar (Mrs. Grebanier), author of *Romantic Rebels* and *Poor Splendid Wings*, is a clever fashioner of what her publishers call "panorama biography". Her books, despite some careless writing, are lively and human in tone, but not of great worth in criticism or scholarship. They have a hard, brilliant surface, but only stereoscopic depth, and they assume a knowledge of motives and cross-motives that no biographer can possess. Accuracy is frequently sacrificed to dramatic moment or pattern. In the present volume Samuel Taylor Coleridge is presented in his social and intellectual relations with such men as Lamb, Southey, Poole, and especially Wordsworth; and with such women as Mary Evans, Sarah Fricker (whom he married), Dorothy Wordsworth and Sarah Hutchinson. He could never forget Mary, and her influence upon his love-life seems to have paralleled Harriet Grove's upon that of Shelley. Indeed, Coleridge's feeling for Dorothy Wordsworth and for Sarah Hutchinson must have been largely a sublimation of his unrealized love for Mary Evans. "Dorothy loved

him", writes Miss Winwar, but it would be truer to say that she devoted herself to both her brother William and the friend they had in common, and that the selfless sister in her prevented the romantic woman.

Too much is made of Coleridge's self-abasement before Wordsworth. He shared the Wordsworth-worship of Dorothy and of the quiet bride-to-be, Mary Hutchinson, but he tempered his admiration with level judgement and more than held his own in debate and dissertation. Wordsworth, said Leigh Hunt, a little maliciously, "was as sceptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding". It is rash, however, to assert, with Miss Winwar, that Wordsworth "killed Coleridge as a poet". The truth is, rather, that the time came when Coleridge's poetic faculty ceased to flower because, as another biographer—Mr. Hugh Fausset—has shown, he "lacked root in the physical actuality of fact". He could recognize, but not directly share, his brother-poet's prophetic experience of visible Nature as the garment of the Invisible, yet, in his own right, he had an even subtler instinct for symbolism. As he himself remarked, he was a Hamlet. He *knew*, but could less and less organize his knowledge into effective action. That was not Wordsworth's doing nor was it even his own. In any case, the quality of his best work attests him a great poet, whose *annus mirabilis* brought imperishable results.

Charles Armitage Brown's brief review of the life of Keats formed the substance of the lecture he delivered before the Plymouth Athenæum on December 27th, 1836, a little more than fourteen years after the poet's death. He had hoped to publish it in some periodical, but had to face many delays and difficulties. In 1841 George Keats, who had declined to release his rights in the posthumous poems that Brown desired to print, relented, but too late, since Brown was then about to emigrate to New Zealand. Brown, therefore, turned over his revised material to Richard Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), who published his *Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats*—the first real biography of the poet—in 1848. Twenty years earlier Leigh Hunt had commemorated Keats in *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* (1828), and thirty years later Charles Cowden Clarke incorporated his *Atlantic Monthly* article of January, 1861, in *Recollections of Writers* (1878). Joseph Severn also contributed a paper to the *Atlantic*, in 1863—*On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame*.

Milnes used not only Brown's memoir, but materials furnished him by other friends of Keats, organizing these with critical taste and skill into a work indispensable to all special students of the poet. The Brown manuscript became the property of Milnes's son, Lord Crewe, who gave such students ready access to it, and per-



mitted the present publication. Although it contains nothing unknown to successive editors and critics of Keats, the appearance of this memoir, with full notes and an Introduction, is convenient and desirable. It is less a biography in brief compass than a spirited defence of Keats's poetic character against the captious dispraise of certain contemporary reviewers, whose irresponsible cruelty (as Brown, Severn and others thought) was at least partly responsible for his untimely death. To-day this view is not widely held. Keats was made of sterner stuff. His last days were clouded with a doubt because of the ravages of a fatal disease, great loneliness of spirit (save for the presence of faithful Severn), and despair of love. As Brown flowered in Milnes, so Milnes in Colvin, whose biography of Keats (third edition) remains the most important and dependable of the Lives. Amy Lowell's *John Keats* is a monument to her patience and her industry, but, while often factually informative, is of much less value as a criticism of Keats's poetic intentions and processes. There are other useful Lives by Masson, W. M. Rossetti, H. Buxton Forman, Wolff, Hancock, Gothein, Erlande and B. Ifor Evans, varying, of course, in scope and worth; and many important editions and studies.

When Tom Moore was preparing his *Life of Byron* he wrote his friend Samuel Rogers that "Biography is like dot engraving, made up of little minute points, which must all be attended to, or the effect is lost". In his review of Moore's career, Professor Jones seems to be of the same opinion. His treatment is knowledgeable and, for the most part, self-consistent. At times, to enliven the style, he indulges in something like flippancy, but his goodwill usually carries and covers such passages. His account of the famous duel between Moore and Francis Jeffrey is one of the best things in the book, having accuracy in the tale told and gusto in the telling. There are well considered critical summaries of the *Irish Melodies*, although their purely prosodic achievement is exaggerated. The *Melodies* have musical flow, to be sure, but their musical patterns are more obvious than subtle. *Lalla Rookh* also is well focused and the biographies of Sheridan and of Byron are equitably judged. Professor Jones, however, sometimes allows his personal liking for Moore's better melodies to temper unduly his critical judgement. The praise and dispraise tend to cancel each other. "It must be said that no special pleading can ever raise Moore to the standing of a great genius." That is the verdict of our time; but within the next hundred pages Professor Jones places him "on a plane with Shelley and Coleridge and Keats in technique", attributes Shelleyan quality to two of his lyrics (one of which has "cool, luscious beauty"), and speaks of the "impeccable writing", the "drive and intensity" of the *Fear Not* lyric.

Perhaps the most surprising remark in the book is this: "Beautiful as is *The Eve of St. Agnes*, no one can say exactly where



the events occurred, what is the occasion of the dramatic tension, or precisely what the story is." The author mixes his genres here, in deprecating the lack of narrative vigour in a romance whose pictorial colour and rich savour, as in *The Faerie Queene*, constitute its chief intention and its charm. *The Ancient Mariner*, to be sure, combines ethical allegory with an impressive panorama and the ingenuous tale-telling required even in a literary ballad, but is it worse because "no one can say exactly where the events occurred"?

Professor Jones sifts and illustrates Moore's Whig views, and traces with understanding the poet's relations with political patrons, critics, publishers, social groups, and fellow-writers like Hunt, Byron, Rogers, and Irving. Some of the comparisons of Moore's work with that of others, as we have seen, are inept, and the same thing is true in the references to Yeats on page 151 and to Dryden on pages 203-4. The author succeeds, however, in picturing Moore as a man gallant and gay, a fond husband to his Bessie, an often much tried father, a humorist and sentimentalist, industrious when he had to be, of generous instinct, honest intention, and acceptable though minor performance. The story proper (although adequate notes follow in an appendix) concludes with this rather melancholy comment:

To the grave of the Catholic buried in a Protestant churchyard, of the Irishman at rest in Wiltshire, of the genius once thought to be immortal and now no longer read, almost no one comes.

Dr. Gold's discussion of the Swift-Stella relationship is scholarly and competent, and arrives at fairly plausible conclusions. He has scrupulously considered the available testimony about the marriage, adding to it passages he has found in the Orrery Collection at Harvard, appearing in the transcripts of Mrs. White-way's letters to Orrery found in the latter's annotated copy of the *Remarks*. He deals first with the evidence for the actual marriage, which is almost conclusive, then with the acknowledgement of the marriage offered to Stella in 1726, and finally presents his own explanation of Swift's behaviour. He believes that a secret marriage between the Dean and Stella (Esther Johnson) was solemnized in 1716 by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher; and that Swift sincerely loved Stella—loved her, that is, with close sympathy and congeniality, but without what the world calls passion. This he could not feel for any woman, because he suffered, as Krafft-Ebing suggests, from *anaesthesia sexualis*, a cold aversion from passion. Certainly, the Dean's hypersensitive reticence and intense dislike of any display of religious emotionalism, referred to by Mr. R. W. Jackson in his little book on Swift, seem to support this theory, but Dr. Gold, despite his many witnesses, does not sufficiently consider the illegality of the ceremony under the canon law of the Church of Ire-

land, and the difficulty of reconciling this with the characters of both Swift and the Bishop—points made by Mr. T. P. C. Kirkpatrick in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* for June 19th, 1937, Swift and Stella never lived together, but Dr. Gold accepts as virtually proven Swift's offer of acknowledgement already mentioned, which Stella declined as coming too late. While the author does not solve this perhaps insoluble problem, he makes a good case, save for the points cited above.

Both William Shenstone (1714-63) and William Gilpin (1724-1804) were concerned with landscapes and gardens, but Gilpin had a wider and longer æsthetic reach than Shenstone in such matters. He found Shenstone's garden at The Leasowes, near Halesowen, Shropshire, "whimsical and amusing", but he disliked the streams in it and, says Mr. Humphreys, "thought it ridiculous to see the Naiads invited to bathe their limbs in the crystal floods, if the crystal floods themselves needed dredging". Shenstone was sentimental and artificial alike in his rural landscaping, his correspondence (edited last year by Miss Marjorie Williams) and his verse. Indeed, he himself speaks of the last as exhibiting "mock passion". He is best known as the author of *The Schoolmistress*, in which he handles the Spenserian stanza with some skill and vigour. Among his shorter works may be mentioned *Lines Written at an Inn*, *I Told My Nymph*, *The Landskip*, and *My Banks They Are Furnished with Bees* (especially the third and fifth stanzas) from *A Pastoral*. He wrote many other songs, together with odes and elegies. As Saintsbury remarks, he was "certainly a 'called', if he could not quite rise to be a 'chosen' poet". Mr. Humphreys understands his quality and assesses it fairly, particularly in the closing part—*Aurea Mediocritas*.

Dr. Templeman's book on Gilpin is more ambitious, but at times too prolix. Like Shenstone, Gilpin was an Oxford man. His later career, as biographer, schoolmaster at Cheam in Surrey, critic of prints, sketcher, student of æsthetics, Vicar of Boldre and social worker is treated in close detail. The core of the work is found in the three chapters dealing with Gilpin's interest in the 'picturesque'—a word first used early in the eighteenth century. These contributions are of real value to students of art. Gilpin's best known works are his illustrated 'picturesque' tours: *The Wye and South Wales*, *The Lakes*, *Forest Scenery*, *The West of England and the Isle of Wight* and *The Highlands*; together with *Three Essays: On Picturesque Beauty*, *On Picturesque Travel* and *On Sketching Landscape*.

The books on Tolstoi and Thoreau (*The Living Thoughts Library*) are biographical only in the sense that the short introductions and the well selected passages give the reader some knowledge of these men's essential thoughts and characters. Mr. Zweig knows his Tolstoi well, whatever the limitations of that striving



soul, as a great poet and prophet. Mr. Dreiser's essay on Thoreau, more conventional and less well written, is nevertheless perceptive and his selections could hardly be bettered. The Russian seer and the American, indeed, had not a little in common, and the influence of neither seems to wane.

G. H. C.

**LORD ELLENBOROUGH: A Biography of Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough, Governor-General of India.** By Albert H. Imlah. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1939. Harvard Historical Studies 43. Pp. xii+295. \$3.50.

This book is a revelation of the brilliant gifts of a little-known man who was a great Governor-General of India (1842-4) and one of the ablest administrators among nineteenth century statesmen. In reading about Ellenborough, one is inevitably reminded of another illustrious Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Both appeared as pompous and even arrogant figures, lovers of display and power, and slow to compromise with their own convictions; both had a strong love of language and a great command of words; and both, under the spell of Asia and the East, sometimes let words be their masters; both were impressed with the moral obligation which England bore to the Indian people, yet both were certain that the peace of India could be maintained only by British military strength; both were ardent reformers of Indian administration, and both returned from India under a cloud. With Curzon, as with Ellenborough, it might be said that failure, if failure it can be called, was due to their zeal for efficient government rather than to any lack of capacity or fundamental mistakes in policy. In some ways, both men were misfits in politics, for neither had the art of winning public approval for himself or his acts. Twenty years after his retirement from India, Lord Curzon wrote of the life of a Viceroy as "one not merely of service or of splendour, but of self-sacrifice and even suffering, not merely of honour and recognition, but sometimes of flagrant ingratitude and stark injustice". Although the iron never entered into his soul to the same extent, Lord Ellenborough might have penned the same words.

His governor-generalship came at a critical moment in Indian history, when British prestige was still shaken by the destruction of the army at Kabul in the first Afghan War. Without fear or favour, and ignoring the clamours of the ignorant and the spiteful, he restored the morale of the army with a few decisive strokes, and reorganized skilfully and effectively the working arrangements between native states and the paramount power. Although the *Cambridge History of India* deals with the first Afghan War and the much disputed annexation of Sind, Professor Imlah has been the first to deal with the period as a whole. From the historian's point of view, perhaps his most original contributions concern the question of Ellenborough's recall, an enigma which previous writ-



ers have been content to explain as due to his tactlessness. As a matter of fact, the explanation lay in England, and not in India, for the advent of steamboats in the late 1830's cut the time of communications from six months to six weeks, and by tightening control from home reduced the independence of the old autocratic governor. Moreover, Indian news had been too stale to attract the attention of more than a narrow circle of responsible officials, and the newspapers gave it little space. By Ellenborough's time, democracy, for good and evil, had begun to scrutinize the acts of government in India, with the consequence that party men, often with little knowledge, began to judge and to condemn. It was Ellenborough's misfortune to hold office during a period of transition and readjustment, at a time when India, thanks to steam navigation, was regarded less and less as a world apart, and more and more subject to control from Westminster.

Professor Imlah has written a scholarly and readable biography. He is scrupulously fair to his subject, being neither an iconoclast nor a hero-worshipper; yet, his study does not suffer in any way from the kind of academic objectivity which so frequently transforms a figure of emotions and impulses into a dull and anaemic ghost of the archives.

G. S. G.

**KILVERT'S DIARY, VOL. II.** Edited and introduced by William Plomer. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons Ltd. 1939. Pp. 448. \$3.75.

This is an altogether charming and delightful book. When the first volume appeared in the summer of 1938 the reviewer in the London Times Literary Supplement expressed the hope that Mr. Plomer would speedily supply further instalments of a notable diary. This he has now done with the promise of a third and final volume to follow. The second volume does nothing to discredit the judgement of another reviewer who hailed the first "a minor classic". If anything it has tended to shift the emphasis from "minor" to "classic".

The Rev. Francis Kilvert spent most of his life in clerical duties in Breconshire and the neighbouring counties of Radnorshire and Herefordshire—a region of singular beauty and charm. The first volume covers a period of eighteen months in 1870 and 1871 during which he was curate in Clyro to a lovable vicar named Venables. The present volume covers a longer period from August 1871 to May 1874 in which he removed from Clyro to Wiltshire and includes recordings of visits to London, St. David's, Bath, Bristol, Glastonbury and other places.

Kilvert's qualifications as a diarist were a simple, pure style free of all affectation, a love for the people gentle and simple that he met in his work, an unflagging interest in the affairs great and small which made up their lives, a spirit sensitive to beauty of the world and the human form, and an appreciation of the worth

of things near at hand. Thus qualified he has given us a vivid and authentic picture of rural England in the seventies of the last century. As we turn the pages it passes before us in panorama, its feasts and its tragedies, its games and its toil, its playing children and its greybeards, all done in a style that has "the power of conveying the physical qualities of everything he describes".

J. R. W.

A REGENCY CHAPTER. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 328. \$5.25.

There was something about the Spencer women peculiarly fascinating. Lady Spencer herself, whom men had always liked, could win praises from her fashionable grand-daughter; Lady Spencer's daughters were the famous 'Two Sisters', Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Henrietta, Lady Bessborough, who lived most of their lives in the thick of Whig politics, gossip and love affairs; and one of her grand-daughters was the incredible Caroline Lamb, lovely, unstable, and a fury.

Lady Bessborough, the subject of this book, whose career in society began before the French revolution and ended in the year of Napoleon's death, brings with her all the way a flavour of the eighteenth century. She was a wit; she was a beauty; she could tell a good story; she was incurably romantic. Wherever she went, in London, Paris, Naples, admirers crowded round her, and would insist on calling directly after breakfast in their anxiety not to miss one look or phrase. She had even to take a hint from the slightly shocking Madame Récamier and receive her guests in bed.

To look at her portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is to understand why her contemporaries fell for her, but the triumph and at the same time the tragedy of her power was to hold for fourteen years the love of a young man twelve years her junior. This was Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, rather a dull fellow, but extremely handsome. Miss Mayne reveals the progress and petering out of this affair with insight and sympathy. Poor Lady Bessborough! She could have had so many lovers, even 'Prinny' himself, but wanted only Granville, who nearly always fell short of what she hoped from him, and who in the end married her own niece and found himself at last as the perfect husband. But there were consolations even then, for when Sheridan, the most importunate of her suitors, had been angered by her teasing him, (she had held up her daughter's baby and asked him 'Had *he* any such pretty grandchild?'), he had crushed her hand at parting so fiercely that it was bruised and swollen and 'cut where the ring goes'. 'Confess', she writes to Granville, 'that the rarity of this makes it worth telling—people don't usually maim grandmothers for the sake of their *beaux yeux*. One may boast a little when it happens to one.'

Up to the very end when she was sixty, a great age for a woman then, she had her gallery: Talleyrand's box at all the thea-



tres in Paris, and at least four gallants to see her home from the opera.

This book is a delightful side-light on the backstage politics of early nineteenth century history, and gives credibility to that brilliant theatrical set, whose machinations and *amitiés amoureuses* had so soon to give place to Victoria, Albert and the latest fashion in prudery.

E. H.

**LAWYERS AND LAYMEN.** By Roy St. George Stubbs. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 197. \$2.50.

The romance and colour of Western Canadian life can best be portrayed in the delineation of some of the more remarkable men and women who have contributed to Western affairs. In this book the author, himself a lawyer, has chosen his biographical illustrations in the main from the legal fraternity, but, for good measure, he has included a pioneer wheat breeder and a newspaper man of unusual gifts and fame. It is doubtful whether in our generation or in that of our fathers such vivid personalities could have been collected anywhere in Canada except in the West. There is a freedom and unconventionality, a spaciousness and a humour, which are nurtured best under Western skies. Some of the names—Davin, Larcombe, Paddy Nolan and Bob Edwards—are household words. We are grateful for the setting in which they have been placed. There is a grace and charm, and a sense of proportion, which make of the book not a prosaic series of biographical sketches, but a vivid contribution to the distinctive quality of Western life.

R. C. W.

### POLITICAL SCIENCE

**CANADA, EUROPE AND HITLER.** By Watson Kirkconnell. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1939. Pp. viii + 214. \$1.50.

Queen's University helped to fashion the mind of Canada's leading authority on the Balkan and Baltic peoples in Europe or as immigrants in this country, viz., Professor Watson Kirkconnell of the University of Manitoba. Author of a score of books mainly in the field of comparative literature which have won him international academic recognition, Dr. Kirkconnell has just written a work of absorbing topical interest which every serious-minded Canadian should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest". In the realm of the "imponderables", this scholar's pen, wielded flashingly in *Canada, Europe and Hitler*, may prove mightier than many a forged sword as a contribution towards Canada's war effort.

Part One of the book, "Europe faces Hitler", covers ground some of which may not be unfamiliar to sundry students of af-



fairs. Nevertheless, Dr. Kirkconnell's analysis of the reasons why Britain is at war, his exposé of Hitler's spurious, dangerous policies of racialism and *Lebensraum*, his commentary on the eastward thrusts at Czechoslovakia, Poland and the Balkans and on the relationships of Russia, etc., are compact of pertinent details and statistics spiced with fresh, individual interpretations and personal reactions, based on his extensive travels. Some readers may cavil at the opinion that the Munich settlement rested on "grounds of tragic necessity". Others however will be grateful for the enlightenment on the Slovakian, Ukrainian and other problems; the chapter on the Ukrainian Question may be found specially illuminating.

It is however in the Second Part, "Canada faces Hitler", that Dr. Kirkconnell makes his signal contribution to Canadian understanding and policy. In a fascinating chapter of over 70 pages he deals with the "European-Canadians", some two and a half millions who are neither Anglo-Saxon or French. He reminds us that in Canada there are 550,000 Germans, 250,000 Ukrainians, 230,000 Scandinavians, 156,000 Jews, 150,000 Dutch, 136,000 Poles, 100,000 Italians, 60,000 Russians, etc. For several years past Professor Kirkconnell has read regularly, in fourteen languages, forty foreign-language newspapers published in the Dominion by these groups, and has here analysed their diverse opinions on recent international crises as well as their attitude towards Canada and their homelands. His conclusion is that these new Canadians are almost unanimous on the issue of supporting Canada against Hitlerian aggression: "The great majority of our Germans are loyal Canadians. The conscious nationalists among our Ukrainians, Poles, Czechs, Croats and Magyars have no sympathy to-day with Nazi expansion. Even some of our Communists of foreign stock tend to condemn not only the violence of Hitler but the predatory nationalism of Stalin." In his final chapter, on "A Policy for Canada", Dr. Kirkconnell pleads eloquently for a new world order based on the principle of federalism and a more resolute application of "Christian zeal and intelligence to the solution of our social and economic problems". Few can be more conscious of the bitter nationalist and racist antagonisms existent to-day than the author, yet he at least does not despair of the emergence of a wide, even of a world, federal state. "Into that pattern of a higher civilization based on domestic justice and playing an honourable part in the evolution of world federalism, our Canadian minority cultures could be fitted with greater ease and profit" than at present when dictators are stressing national sovereignty and living space. Whilst strongly denouncing the foreign subversive elements in our midst, Dr. Kirkconnell voices a moving appeal for a sympathetic understanding and benevolent tolerance towards the New Canadians who are true Canadians.

A. E. P.

**THE TREATY OF BREST-LITOVSK AND GERMANY'S EAST-ERN POLICY.** By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, No. 14. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1939. Ten cents. Pp. 32.

Like others in this excellent series, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's pamphlet is scholarly and at the same time very readable. With the exception of the Treaty of Versailles, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with Russia, (signed March 3rd, 1918,) had consequences, according to the author, more important than any other peace settlement since the Congress of Vienna. For the Bolsheviks, peace on the Eastern Front spelled salvation; Lenin had won a breathing-spell during which he could discipline his followers, eliminate the revolutionary bourgeois elements and organize Soviet power against the Whites. For Germany, the addition of large eastern territories meant the immobilization of a million men who might have just turned the scale in the West during April, 1918. Finally, the brutality of the Treaty stiffened Allied resistance, and impelled President Wilson to pledge the last man, the last gun and the last dollar in America to the cause of the democracies.

G. S. G.

**THE DUAL POLICY.** By Arthur Salter. Pp. 32.

**"LIVING-SPACE" AND POPULATION PROBLEMS.** By R. R. Kuczynski. Pp. 31.

**ENCIRCLEMENT.** By J. L. Brierly. Pp. 32.

**THE REFUGEE QUESTION.** By John Hope Simpson. Pp. 31. (Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, Nos. 11, 8, 12, 13). Toronto: Oxford University Press. August, 1939. 10 cents.

These pamphlets in the Oxford Series on World Affairs were published in August and in certain details were soon out-dated by the war, but they remain exceedingly useful introductions to problems that are still with us. It is now, indeed, more urgent than ever that public opinion be informed upon them.

Sir Arthur Salter summarizes a part of his book, *Security: Can We Retrieve It?* Readers will be interested in his account of the shift from appeasement to a policy combining resistance to aggression and the hope of building again a secure international order. They will be helped to constructive thinking by his discussion of the problem of a peace that shall secure the co-operative support of the best elements in Germany.

The pamphlets on "Living-Space" and "Encirclement" analyze the meaning of these highly-charged German slogans and discuss them in relation to economic and political realities. The futilities and fallacies of the doctrine of *Lebensraum* in its economic aspects are made clear and its essentially political character is emphasized. Encirclement is recognized as an essential means of check-mating



aggression but the author also stresses the importance of keeping its purpose essentially defensive.

No man has been more directly concerned with refugee problems in the post-war world than Sir John Hope Simpson. As the author, also, of a full-length study of the refugee question recently published under the auspices of the Royal Institutes of International Affairs, he speaks with special knowledge and authority in this summary account of the whole question since the Great War. He is led to the conclusion that "the essence of the problem is political, and private effort is impotent conclusively to deal with it. . . Unless governments are prepared to regard it as a major political disturbance, whose reactions affect the well-being of each civilized state and of the comity of civilized nations, no radical solution can be expected, and the private energy displayed will largely be wasted."

R. G. T.

### ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

**ECONOMIC FACTORS AFFECTING INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS POLICY IN THE WAR PERIOD.** By Sumner H. Slichter. Published by Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., New York, November, 1939. 32 pages. \$1.00.

Industrial relations have played an important part, at times a predominant one, in the social and political development of nations. The spirit that pervades relationships in industry is all important in the make-up of national spirit, especially when a country is at war.

How will the war affect industrial relations? What new problems are likely to arise as a result of changes in the business situation? What will be the extent of the war boom? What are the prospects for employment? Are prices and wages likely to advance as rapidly as they did in the Great War? Is there likely to be a shortage of skilled labour? Has industry a satisfactory training programme? What policies ought industrialists to adopt during the period of hostilities to facilitate the shift from war to peace conditions? These are some of the questions with which business men are concerned.

On the basis of an examination of the pertinent statistical data, Professor Slichter seeks answers to such questions as the above, in so far as American industry is concerned. Moreover, he indicates appropriate policies for handling war and post-war problems. Some of his more important conclusions may be briefly stated as follows:

1. The outbreak of war radically altered the business situation. It put a floor under prices, created expectations of price increases and induced the placing of record-breaking orders for many kinds of goods.



2. Britain and France have ample resources to purchase, in the United States, as much as they purchased during the World War. Their purchase of raw materials will be considerably less than in the World War, but their demand for finished products may be good.

3. The effect of the war upon the rate of domestic business activity cannot be estimated quantitatively, but it will be stimulating, especially if the war continues for several years.

4. The effect of the war upon residential construction is likely to be very different from the effect of the World War. So long as the United States remains noncombatant and there is no important rise in building costs, the improvement of business would stimulate residential construction.

5. While no large rise in the prices of most commodities is in prospect, there are numerous potential bottle necks. Shortage of skilled labour and railroad transportation seem to be the most serious of these. No large advance in the cost of living seems imminent. The items most vulnerable to price increases are woollens, leather goods, and shelter.

6. No such large and rapid increases in profits as occurred between 1914 and 1916 are to be expected.

7. If the war is prolonged, a substantial increase in the number of strikes may be expected.

8. Immediate peace would catch American business with swollen inventories. It would produce a mild recession.

9. The problems presented by a more remote peace are more difficult to predict. They would depend in considerable measure upon the effect of the war upon other nations. In general, the adjustment of the economy to peace will be facilitated if (1) the rise in prices during the war is moderate, (2) the war does not result in large permanent increases in costs, (3) there is not a substantial expansion of consumer credit during the war.

10. Business plans need to be based above everything else upon the fact that the war price level will not last. The temporary nature of the war demand makes it desirable to keep commitments at high prices as low as possible, and special reserves against inventory losses are indicated.

11. A great expansion in the training of skilled workers is urgently needed.

12. In increasing the compensation of labour, an effort should be made to introduce temporary wage increases in the form of cost-of-living bonuses rather than to make changes in permanent wage rates.

13. War is the time to prepare for peace. A substantial expansion of research activities on new products and new processes is therefore indicated.

14. The most promising cushion against a post-war slump is the development of cheap housing. The problem of post-war adjustment will be greatly aggravated if the war produces large and important increases in building costs.

Industrial Relations Counselors is to be congratulated upon the timeliness of the monograph and upon their ability to induce Professor Slichter to undertake the work. Business men, executives, particularly personnel managers and industrial relations managers, labour leaders, in fact all who are interested in industrial relations' policies will profit greatly from reading Professor Slichter's monograph.

J. C. C.

**ENGLISH FOLK: A BOOK OF CHARACTERS.** By Wallace Notestein, Sterling Professor of English History in Yale University. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 380. \$3.75.

**THE ENGLISHMAN'S FOOD: FIVE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH DIET.** By J. C. Drummond, Professor of Bio-Chemistry, University College, London, and Anne Wilbraham. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 574. \$3.75.

The inhabitants of England have attracted the curiosity of foreigners in every age. Since the Roman legions first intruded upon the privacy of their island, they have been under continuous observation. Yet for the twenty centuries following that rude, aboriginal hurt, they have not readily revealed themselves to those who peer into their world from the outside. Fifteen hundred years afterwards, they were still uneasy. A distinguished Venetian, as ardent in his note-taking as any modern sociologist, could then record of the Tudor English: "They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island, but to make themselves masters of it, and to usurp their goods." The contemporary English may not be quite so demonstrative in dislike, except when they are at war, and then as Froissart said of them, "there is not on earth a people more dangerous"; but among the ruling classes they are still exceedingly loth to admit humanity before strangers. It is a rare feat for an outsider to take them unawares. In this case it has been performed by a professor from Yale, armed with a special technique and an unusual capacity for understanding.

Among introverts self-revelation is sometimes to be discovered in diaries, and Professor Notestein, being an expert in English diaries and the editor of a monumental collection of them dealing with the history of parliament in the seventeenth century, has turned his intimate science from the anatomy of politics to that of character. He has chosen his men and women up and down the last four centuries, beginning with Frederick Bettesworth, the gardener, who died in 1905, and reaching back through a diversity of types and landscapes to the litigious Berkeleys, lords between



Cotswold and the wide Severn for nineteen generations before Notestein takes them up in the person of Henry, who married the young Katharine Howard in the reign of Queen Mary. There are all sorts of people in between, high, middling, and humble, mostly taken off their guard, as not knowing, how could they, poor souls, even when they kept diaries and posed a little, that they were destined to pass into literature. Some of them are recurrent types that walk in and out of English history for the last three hundred years, essential John Bulls, more apt through their generations to alter the cut of their clothes than their style of riding, their mode of life. Nicholas Assheton, the hunting squire, who rode the Yorkshire fells in the reign of James I, still meets his friends at the Cock and Pye for Masefield to paint the breathless pageant of *Reynard the Fox*. Such another was the good Catholic, Thomas Tyldesley, who almost a hundred years later, rode the same shire. As Notestein so surely observes: "he still rides over Exmoor and under Skiddaw, and is not quite lost among the city brokers at the meets in high Leicestershire." It is part of Professor Notestein's success that he knows his English ground. But he chooses others besides the fox-hunting gentry, withdrawing some from the deep obscurity of the north, original and ingenious people like Thomas Bewick who came from the border, from the lands of the Percy and the Douglas, to give wood-engraving in England a new start in the eighteenth century, or like Roger Lowe, the Lancashire Pepys, who managed a village general-shop and wrote his unusual diary in the reign of Charles II. The finds include others who have preserved themselves from the oblivion that overtakes nearly all the nameless common folk: Leonard Wheatcroft, the riming odd-jobber, walks gaily again over his Derbyshire moors, penurious but wise, to die at last, a character in his little world, in 1706; the yeoman, Adam Eyre, an officer in the parliamentary army, returns to his farm-house, high above the river Don in the Yorkshire hills, to write a chronicle of his restlessness. Alice Thornton, a near-contemporary of Leonard Wheatcroft, laborious in child-bearing, tenacious of faith, reveals the life of a small country-house in the vale of York through most of the Stuart upsets; Brilliana Lady Harley that of a courageous invalid, the heroine of a siege when her castle was beset by royalists in the civil wars between king and parliament.

Parson Woodforde and Coke of Norfolk, that famous farmer, are comfortable choices for the eighteenth century; for the nineteenth, Lucy Lyttleton, Gladstone's charming niece, who married the amiable young Frederick Cavendish, recalls "the social delights, the absorbing political life, and all the fun of the shooting season, lawn tennis, riding", enjoyed by Victoria's patricians, and ending for her at Phoenix Park. She faced her loss "with the stoicism and heroism of the old English stock from which she



came", qualities and origins shared by her nation, and their surety in difficult times. In showing us the fibre of these English characters, Professor Notestein has done a service to the cause of understanding among those who speak their language, a cause which survives even in war.

It is not an unusual practice among zoologists, I believe, to observe the feeding habits of their specimens. This has now been done for the English by a professor of bio-chemistry in the University of London and his skilled collaborator. The historians who assisted with their advice have been rewarded with results which may not previously have occurred to them, nor to others among their fellow social scientists. That an historic approach to the problem of the people's food will be of interest to many more than modern dietitians goes almost without saying, for as a discerning physiologist wrote at the beginning of the last century, *la destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent*. The economic historian especially will profit from this fresh examination of some of the familiar materials of his trade. The significance of the relations between diet and health, or between, shall we say, the rationing of the navy and the battle of Trafalgar, are matters normally beyond the scope of his statistics; yet they give a certain quantitative reality to many of his findings. Nor is it usual for him to devise such informing juxtapositions as peasants and proteins, rickets and lemons, the antiscorbutic value of herbs and fruits and the foundations of the British Empire. The industrial revolution may here be studied in terms of changed habits of feeding, defective diets and malnutrition, horrors caused by poverty, ignorance, and the prejudice against social control which characterizes that lamentable period. The notion that better housing and sanitation were the main reforms necessary to alleviate such miseries is shown to be inadequate, for so lately as the time of the Boer War, by far the most important cause of poor physique and ill-health in the towns was semi-starvation due to sheer poverty. "It is no exaggeration to say that the opening of the twentieth century saw malnutrition more rife in England than it had been since the great dearths of mediaeval and Tudor times." After this indictment, it is a relief to come to the authors' conclusion on the effects of the scientific and political advances made in the last generation and to have it on their authority that there is no problem of nutrition in England to-day. Yet there are some essential foods still beyond the reach of the poorest section of the community, and ignorance abounds in faulty dietary. A vast potential in the consumption of dairy produce, fruit and vegetables remains to be realized, and the present position makes it probable that the experts "will before long express the unanimous opinion that there is a national obligation to see that no child goes without these essential foods because its parents are too poor to buy them".

There is much to be said for the method of this book, and its authors are to be congratulated on their courage in breaking so effectively into the preserves of the historian and the sociologist. The social sciences would benefit greatly if more of their professors were to pull up the fences which keep their small-holdings in unfertilized isolation. But if I have given the impression that it is a book only for the sober improvers of the nation, let me say that it is also a book for the gourmand, and what general reader is proof against such amplitude of meadow, park and fish-pond, and such prose as this, taken (if my editor will allow it) from Smollett to describe the teeming gastronomy of a Georgian country-house:

At Brambleton Hall . . . I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beverage home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cider, which my own orchard affords; or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend: my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great measure, furnished from my own ground; my five-year-old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry from the barn door, that never knew confinement but when they were at roost; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks; and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken. My salads, roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection; the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my dessert is every day fresh-gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectareous tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs, that are destined for hams and bacon.

W. E. C. H.

**POPULATION, RACE AND EUGENICS.** By Morris Siegel. Published by the author, Barton St., Hamilton, Ont. 1939. Pp. 206. \$3.00.

For a century a few earnest eugenists have been concerned about the trend in civilized nations. They have held that like produces like inevitably, and so they have advocated measures to increase birth-rates among people whom they considered desirable and to decrease them among the worst. Along with this movement has gone the racial theory that some people or nations are superior to others and are in danger of being swamped out.



For various reasons these views have not received much attention in the democracies and recent work on the influence of heredity and environment has softened the basis for dogmatism in this field. Eugenics is shedding its cranks and its more intelligent followers are becoming reasonable. This has always been a subject for the specialist, but the public has not been well served in the past with readable, sensible presentations.

Dr. Siegel's book gives evidence of a slowly changing mind. He has read the more recent contributions and he has his own views on the race question. His attitude is fairly sound as he states it but the old feeling persists and has not been fully revised and integrated with the new. He repeats some of the old pleas for arbitrary action. He displays a simple faith in the efficacy of law in controlling private conduct.

In general, however, one's attitude towards this book should be that of approval, although it is regrettable that its style and the use of words are on so low a level. The book reads in part like an indifferent translation from a foreign language.

R. O. E.

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

**CHURCH AND STATE.** By Luigi Sturzo. Geoffrey Bles, 21s.

**SPIRITUAL VALUES AND WORLD AFFAIRS.** By A. E. Zimmermann. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

**THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.** By T. S. Eliot. Faber and Faber. 5s.

**THE CHURCH TO COME.** By Walter Lüthi. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

**THE GOSPEL AND THE CHURCH.** By C. E. Raven. Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

**THE DIVINE SCHEME.** By R. L. Ashcroft. Longmans, 3s. 6d.

**PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AND THE HISTORIC FAITH.** By Victor Murray. Epworth Press. 6s.

**TOWARDS SPIRITUAL MATURITY.** By Mildred Cable and Francesca French. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

"The novelty of Christianity from the sociological standpoint, as compared with other religions, lay in breaking down all imperative relationship between religion and the family, clan, nation or empire, giving it a personal basis in conscience. . . God must be served before men. Another innovation, logically linked to the first, was the universality of the 'Good News', addressed to all peoples and all classes, Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, rich or poor, master or slave. . . Finally, there was the constitution of the Church, a single, visible religious society, extraneous to political or domestic institutions, autonomous and independent, founded on



definite beliefs reputed as truths, indeed as truth itself. The effects of such an event in the sociological field . . . could not be other than revolutionary." Such is the theme of Don Sturzo's masterly and philosophical historical sketch of the relations of Church and State.

A relatively short section takes the story down to the beginning of the fourteenth century; Part II, called 'the Church and the Modern State' covers the period from the Middle Ages to the French Revolution; the third and last part comes down to the beginning of the year 1939: it deals with the secular State and the Church. Such a subject treated by an ecclesiastical specialist might be dull and formal, but Don Sturzo is a man of practical affairs as well as versed in Canon and Civil Law, in philosophy and divinity; we are given, therefore, a cross section of European history by one who is both philosopher and historian. Not the least interesting part is the last hundred pages dealing with the story from 1914 to the present day. It is with this sort of background that we may hope most profitably to approach the problems of the post-war world.

Few men have such intimate knowledge of recent world affairs as Sir Alfred Zimmern, who is Professor of International Relations in the University of Oxford. His new book comprises the lectures which he gave shortly before this war. He caustically criticizes the Protestant tendency of recent years to identify the League of Nations with the Kingdom of God, he gravely doubts whether on balance the enthusiastic but ill-instructed intrusion of the Christian churches into the field of international politics has not done more harm than good, and he trounces the pacifists; but the whole burden and intention of the book is constructive; a great tribute is paid to Lord Lugard's work in Africa, it is pointed out that the field of investment and international finance is almost virgin soil for Christian ethics, and the author summons the Christian Church to its vital and immediate duty. Much that is said may well be controversial, but this is a most 'live' book which deserves the attention alike of ministers and laymen. Almost simultaneously Professor Zimmern issued an anthology from the writings of those who have influenced the political thought of the modern world; it is called *Modern Political Doctrines* and gives excerpts from such various writers as Burke and Nietzsche, G. Sorel and Masaryk, Hitler and Lenin, Sun Yat Sen and Pope Pius XI, Carlyle and Elihu Root. The two books together should be of the greatest value in the clarification of our thought.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, the poet, has published three lectures delivered early in 1939 at the invitation of the Master and Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The shock of the international crisis of September 1938 raised acutely in Mr. Eliot's mind this ques-

tion: 'Was our society, which had always been so assured of its superiority and rectitude, so confident of its unexamined premises, assembled round anything more permanent than a congeries of banks, insurance companies and industries, and had it any beliefs more essential than a belief in compound interest and the maintenance of dividends?' He writes, therefore, to indicate the difference between a Christian society and such a neutral society as that in which we are now living. A Christian society is not the same thing as a Church. 'For the great majority of the people . . . religion must be primarily a matter of behaviour and habit, and be integrated with its social life, with its business and its pleasures.' It is therefore vitally necessary that the nation's education be fundamentally religious; 'a nation's system of education is much more important than its system of government', for we have to picture 'not a society of saints, but of ordinary men, of men whose Christianity is communal before being individual'. Mr. Eliot deserves particular attention where he pleads for a national Church.

Walter Lüthi is a Swiss pastor, a preacher of extraordinary power and passion; his book, *The Church to Come*, is an exposition of the Book of Daniel. It is a book for those who read sermons and emphatically for those who cannot normally read sermons. Written not long before the outbreak of war it presents the task and calling of the Church in the tremendous setting of this present world-upheaval.

Canon Raven of Cambridge has once again written a book hard to criticize. The rôle of scholar-prophet is hard to sustain, for the prophecy is apt to bias the scholarship, and the scholarship, where its findings are disputed, is apt to prejudice the prophecy. Here, then, is a book that is very readable and very well worth reading; it is at once a passionate plea that the Church repudiate alien elements in her tradition and a most interesting sketch of ecclesiastical history and thought. The fellowship of one heart and mind rather than 'test-creeds or hierarchies or cultus' should be the differentiating characteristic of the Christian Church. The ascetic rejection of nature under the influence of Oriental converts and Gnostic movements; the rejection of history under Hellenistic influence and the Platonism of Alexandria; 'the Latin passion for law and constitution-making, involving the rigid institutionalizing of the Church—these three elements led increasingly to the loss of that first radiance of Christianity which shines in the pages of the New Testament. The theme is developed with power and learning and the attractiveness of a very Christian heart; and the fundamental contentions of the book seem sadly true, though the historical balance of the presentation seems to me a little upset by the preacher's urgency. Perhaps the writer's Liberal theology is not quite adequate to his evangelical faith.



Mr. Ashcroft's *The Divine Scheme* is written by a layman for laymen and more particularly for boys of about eighteen. The writer, who is a greatly honoured housemaster at one of the old English Public Schools, found that boys who had been confirmed before they were old enough to understand the Christian faith both needed and desired some systematic instruction in it; he therefore prepared the lectures which are here substantially reproduced. There is no watering down of the 'offence' or paradox of the Gospel; the whole is suffused by a burning and wondering faith, and we have, therefore, a book which, though slight, is of very great value both for those for whom it was written and for those who would learn how to put these high matters intelligibly and simply and yet faithfully to the young.

Mr. A. V. Murray, who is Professor of Education at Hull, has written a rare book which it is hard to criticize or appraise; it is in no sense a technical book about theology or religion or psychology, but it is full of deep insights and ripe wisdom; there is a universal quality about it partly because it is so personal; there are a few notes and paragraphs which show with how sure a tread the author walks in difficult country, but there is no parade of learning; indeed much of the charm of the book lies in its broad humanity and deliverance from technical jargon. 'The proper literary form for doctrine is not logic but poetry'; 'and is not all religion really playing with fire?'; 'faith is really heavenly love on its entirely human side'. The book is about the religious life and religious experience and about the Bible and history and about Christian doctrine, and all this without rambling and without loss of literary quality; it is a book for those who cannot read theology because it is generally so badly written.

Both Romanism and Anglicanism have in recent years added notably to the treasury of literature on the religious life, but the great tradition of the Reformed churches in this matter has been sadly overlooked. This is partly because that tradition rested upon a use of the Bible which has not been adapted to the new outlook on the sacred Scriptures. Miss Mildred Cable and Miss Francesca French must be known all over the world for their intrepid journeys and their Christian zeal. Their wanderings through Asia have been epic, their experiences like those recorded in the Acts of the Apostles; no one can know better than they how to keep the fires burning upon the altar when deprived most of the ordinary means of grace. *Towards Spiritual Maturity* is, as they say, 'a definite attempt to help those who are asking for constructive, methodical assistance in the early stages of the Christian life'. Such will accept anything from these authors with an expectation that will not be disappointed.

N. M.



**LETTER FROM HEAVEN, On the Observance of the Lord's Day.**

By Robert Priebisch. Basil Blackwell: Oxford. 1936. Pp. xxiii+37.

This small volume, published in honour of the memory of Robert Priebisch, for thirty-three years a Professor in connection with the University of London, includes a memoir and a bibliography of Priebisch's writings, in addition to the first part of his treatise on the so-called *Himmelsbrief* or *Sunday Epistle* a curious document claiming to be a letter written by Jesus Christ on the observance of the Lord's Day, and sent down from heaven; a treatise found among Professor Priebisch's papers at his death in 1935.

Priebisch was a Bohemian who, when about thirty years of age, came to England to inspect and catalogue German mediaeval manuscripts in public and private collections, as a result of which he became an acknowledged authority on German palaeography and was appointed to a position first on the staff of the University of Liverpool and then of the University College of London as Professor of German. His eminence in palaeography and in mediaeval manuscripts won for him wide recognition; and it was due to him chiefly that the German School of University College won fame in the universities of Great Britain.

The conclusion of Professor Priebisch's learned study of the *Himmelsbrief* is that it originated in Spain towards the end of the sixth century, and that the aim of its anonymous author was to inculcate a most rigid Lord's Day Observance, thus indicating the Judaistic spirit of the age in which it was written. The present issue, however, deals only with Redaction I, the oldest form of the letter, the publication of subsequent Redactions being promised later.

J. M. S.

**FICTION**

**BROKEN PLEDGES.** By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 264. \$2.00.

**THE CITY OF GOLD.** By Francis Brett Young. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 888. \$2.50.

**HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY.** By Richard Llewellyn. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 651. \$2.50.

**WASTE HERITAGE.** By Irene Baird. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 329. \$2.50.

**NAPOLÉON TREMBLAY.** By Angus Graham. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 336. \$2.50.

It will be impossible to do justice to this group of excellent novels, more than one of which deserves a detailed analysis, without taking up too much space; but one may express the pleasure it has been to read them.

*Broken Pledges*, on the jacket of which appears the claim, "The first novel about the present war", is not the best of the group. It shows, quite naturally, signs of having been written in haste, and reads like an instalment of a continued story, which one hopes may be the case. It is in any case a sequel to *This Nettle, Danger*, and the same group of characters appear and continue their discussions and reflections on the state of England, and on opinion in the United States, with personal histories thrown in. Beginning after the Munich Pact, the story goes on to the fall of Warsaw, providing always an interesting and acceptable commentary on current events, and showing the strength of British unity. An important character is again the American newspaper correspondent, John Barton, who shows an increasing sympathy with the British point of view, and promises American aid "before the end". Is this, perhaps, wishful thinking, perhaps a reasonable faith? Some of the radio voices which we hear in Canada from over the border tend to make one forget the best side of American character.

*The City of Gold* is also a continuation of a former novel, *They Seek a Country*. The vast background of South Africa in the troubled days when diamonds were first found on the Witwatersrand, the strife between Boer and Briton, which led to Jameson's ill-judged raid, and the well-imagined family and connections of the same John Grafton, who escaped to a life of freedom in the former novel,—all these strands of fact and fancy combine, in a story which is never dull in its nearly nine hundred pages. The race difficulties of the land are fairly and sympathetically dealt with. The characterization is good, Janse and his mother, Lisbet Grafton, being particularly attractive. But perhaps the most real value of such a book is the wealth of detail about the country scattered of such a book is the wealth of detail about the country, scattered as largesse by an author who evidently loves that land. We could not gain that kind of knowledge from a book of fact alone.

*How Green was my Valley*, a first novel of astonishing quality, seems to contain the very quintessence of the soul of Wales. The Welsh idiom, the Welsh way of living and of doing things, the Welsh love of music, the Welsh religion, ardent in feeling but strong in discipline, in short, the whole life of the Welsh miner as he once was, finds very beautiful expression here. As the story goes on we feel a strong nostalgia creeping in, for the whole system is changing, old things have passed away; still, how green *was* the Valley! Yet there is no defeatism, since there is, somehow, a strong sustaining faith that the former beauty of life is not lost. The book reads like an autobiography, being told by Huw Morgan as his own life. In the family of the Morgans, consisting of a dominating but lovable father, a strong and loyal mother, and several sons and daughters with varied ways of meeting life, is displayed a whole pageant of Welsh character, realistically conceived,



but expressed with an old style delicacy and verbal distinction. Evidently Taliesin's prophecy still holds good, and "wild Wales" is still Welsh. Perhaps also, the land which has had such a fiery soul can survive economic difficulty until all things become new.

*Waste Heritage* and *Napoléon Tremblay* are worthy contributions to the ever-growing body of Canadian fiction, all the more welcome in that they are a complete contrast to each other in temper and approach. *Waste Heritage* (a well-chosen title) has been compared to *The Grapes of Wrath*, but though it is of the same genre, it does not in any way depend on that work for inspiration or interest. The scene is the Pacific Coast of Canada, and one hopes that the ironical allusion involved in calling the two main cities Gath and Aschelon is not wasted on a generation that knows not the Bible. It always calls forth admiration when a writer can turn with mastery from one style to another. Irene Baird, in her novel *John* of two years ago, showed an idealistic vein, full of the love of fine character and natural beauty. She now shows her versatility in fitting her style and language to a darker theme, that of the unemployed transient youths, who travelled for so many years East and West in our great land and found no rest for the soles of their feet. Matt Striker (is this another subtle touch?) may be called the hero, but he is a wasted passibility, an unused asset. Though he snatches at love and shows unselfish kindness in the sordid struggle of life, it does not avail him much. When the book was written, a European war was said to be the only hope of these boys. Would that Mrs. Baird, who has diagnosed the disease so well (or anyone else), could show us a permanent cure for it. She has however given us a very well-constructed and powerful book.

The last volume, *Napoléon Tremblay*, brings an atmosphere quite different from that of the other four, an air compounded of humour, commonsense, and freedom from despair. The humour of character, not the same thing as irony, cynicism, or satire, seems to proceed from a serene mind that knows no self-pity and therefore can be objective about other people. Napoléon is a Canadian from the Lower St. Lawrence, who meets all the difficulties of hard work, poverty, an impossible wife and exploiting relatives, by an unflinching willingness, good-heartedness, simplicity, and capability in work, which finally brings him to a position of satisfaction with life. The author (who writes under a pseudonym), knows the Lower St. Lawrence, and the types of French Canadians which he has chosen to portray, and while he has no illusions he also has great appreciation for their fine qualities. The writing is very competent, with clear, neat sentences and no plethora of adjectives. We could do with some more books like this in these anxious days, books which would combine knowledge, original outlook, and new fields of interest into a good story.

E. H. W.



## ESSAYS AND LITERATURE

MIXED COMPANY. By J. C. Robertson. Toronto. J. M. Dent and Sons, 1939. Pp. viii+200. \$2.25.

Whether or not Canada has produced a type in literature and art, she has certainly produced a type in scholarship, especially among the literary departments of her universities. Those who have read Classics or English will recall two distinct strains among their teachers: the Oxonians, and the native sons. Such urbanity and poise as Canadian culture may have derives in very large measure from the former. The latter have their own marked qualities. Many of them came from the soil, went through our own educational system and then afiel for higher study (generally to the United States or Germany), and returned to our universities still Canadian in outlook. There was something of the spirit of pioneer times about them. Seriousness was the dominant quality—seriousness, plainness of thought, a touch of the Puritan, a knowledge and love of the Bible, a vigorous nonconformity.

Professor Robertson, for many years head of the department of Greek in Victoria College, was one of these. No one in this country has won more affection and respect as a teacher. The clarity, order, and seriousness that were in his lectures are evident also in this book of essays. The writer found most pleasure in the pieces on "Plato and Job" and "Christ and Greek Thought". In these some fundamental contrasts between the Greek and Hebraic traditions are set out with great force. A question arose whether in the essay "Plato's Ban upon Poetry" sufficient distinction was made between Plato's views (1) on poetry as an item in a primary school curriculum, (2) on the fashionable cult of the reciter or rhapsode (akin both to the journalist and the preacher of modern times), (3) on the real nature of artistic inspiration. Other essays include an agreeable comparison of Plato and William Morris, a character sketch, and a prophetic discussion of secondary education in Ontario.

H. L. T.

THE MEANING OF GOETHE'S "FAUST". By R. D. Miller. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd. 1939. Pp. vi+146. 6s.

LETTERS OF ANNA JAMESON TO OTTILIE VON GOETHE. Edited by G. H. Needler. Toronto: The Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. xxviii+247. \$4.50.

HÖLDERLIN. By Ronald Peacock. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. 1939. Pp. x+175. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Miller attempts to read *Faust* in terms of a modified form of Schopenhauer's philosophy. "Will" and 'nature' and 'life' are synonymous terms: the world of will is simply the whole of nature (including man as a part of it), and all forms of life are through and through will" (p. 38). This sentence clearly repeats one of Schopenhauer's basic tenets. The other, that the world is also

"idea", is omitted from Mr. Miller's system so that, as a consequence, the term "will" itself suffers a change of meaning. For while Schopenhauer maintains that will is wholly evil, Mr. Miller asserts that will, and life, are both good and bad. Will is good at its source as the divine will of the Creator, and in the individual as the cause of endeavour. On the other hand, however, will is bad because individuality, which is the very condition of existence, creates conflict, pitches will against will, and thus is responsible for all the evils of the world.

Applying his philosophy to the tragedy of *Faust*, Mr. Miller points to the evils of Care, Conflict, Discontent, and Malice, which are illustrated in its action. The divinity of will, however, is brought out no less clearly. The archangels in the Prologue glorify nature; and the Lord stresses that activity, no matter what its object may be, is good. The dilemma of the individual, and of Faust in particular, is that he is faced with the alternative of "a life without the suffering but also without the joy of activity, and a life with the joy but also with the suffering of activity" (p. 79). Mr. Miller insists, then, that for Goethe the evil and tragic sides of life were not simply an accident, but of its very essence. If one tries to do more good one will also work more evil; if one would win greater happiness one must be prepared also to bear deeper sorrow. Thus the drama of *Faust* does not relate the fall, regeneration, and final redemption of its hero. It is morally indifferent, concerned not with the problem of goodness, but with the conditions of existence. In this conclusion the author agrees with Santayana, Büchner, Böhm, and other more recent critics of *Faust*.

Mr. Miller differs in identifying existence with will. This conception would seem to be wholly foreign to Goethe's thought. The first three chapters often do violence to Goethe's text but may, as a whole, be considered an adequate description of his purpose. The last three chapters, however, are a *tour de force* little related to the text or to the meaning of the drama. Homunculus' quest for a real existence is described as going Back to Nature, to a "low degree of will". In the next chapter the author even fails to make clear what he means by "the Hellenistic ideal of harmonized will", how "harmonized will" is possible within his philosophic system, or where it is ever shown as an ideal in the drama. Both Homunculus and Helena become symbols of futility in his hands. Finally, "Will Redeemed", a discussion of the Epilogue in Heaven, merely reaffirms that Universal Will is at one with itself and that after death man is again fused with that will; also that there is a place in God's world both for creatures with a high degree of will (Faust) and for others with a low degree of will (Gretchen). Both striving (self-realization) and love (self-denial) are valuable. Point could be given to these assertions by adding Nietzsche's precept: "One virtue is better than many".



The philologist, the lover of words and of the text, will object that many passages of the drama are cruelly, and sometimes arbitrarily, misread. The author himself is repeatedly struck by the inconsistency of the text and his reading. In such cases he usually claims that Goethe blundered. Mr. Miller's very virtues of clear logic and keen reasoning prove, in the end, his enemies.

Anna Jameson (1794-1860), an Irishwoman and an author of considerable reputation in her day, came to Weimar in 1833, a year after Goethe's death. Here she met Ottilie, Goethe's daughter-in-law, and became her intimate friend. Mrs. Jameson's letters to Ottilie, more than two hundred in number and extending over the whole period from their first acquaintance until the former's death, have been preserved at the *Goethe und Schiller Archiv* at Weimar, where Professor Needler found them. He has now edited them for the first time. The letters make intensely interesting reading not only as the records of a rarely beautiful human relationship but also because of the literary interests shared by the two women. Many of the literary celebrities of the time in both England and Germany were known to Mrs. Jameson, who comments on them with intelligence and good nature, if not always with sufficient information. Canadian readers will be particularly interested in the letters written from Toronto, where Mrs. Jameson spent ten months in 1836-37. Her husband, from whom she became estranged, was Attorney-General of Upper Canada and later head of the court of Chancery at Toronto. Her estimate of Toronto society is not exactly flattering and probably coloured by her own unfortunate situation, but she does give striking pictures of pioneer life and some beautiful evocations of Canadian scenery. Her work, *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* (3 vols., 1838), is thus supplemented by these letters. The power and vivacity of her writing is, perhaps, best illustrated by her account of an Atlantic crossing aboard the good ship *Ontario*. It took thirty-four days and involved discomforts and hardships such as the modern traveller hardly imagines. Professor Needler has earned thanks and congratulations. The editorial job is well-nigh perfect.

"Amongst German poets Hölderlin is the one whose name can be uttered only in the tone of veneration, for in none was there to such a degree radiant purity. . . His life, his spirit, his work, do not evoke primarily admiration and wonder; they chasten and silence. . . He was devoted to an ideal of goodness and beauty; and his enthusiasm for them, for perfection in all its forms, is one of his most distinguishing qualities. . . His modesty is the fitting counterpart to his enthusiasm for high things. It is allied to a piety which embraced all creation. . . Since those qualities were associated with an acute sensitiveness to discord and barbarity in life, he was a man who suffered in an extreme degree. . . For what distinguishes Hölderlin is the particular fervour, the pressing re-



ligious need, which made him so imperatively desirous of the so torturing to him. . . . The longing for the ideal in Hölderlin should not be allowed to obscure the heroism that was a constituent of that ideal. . . . None were attached to him as disciples: his influence begins almost a century after he ceased to produce. . . . Possibly no tragic poet ever invented a greater irony than that which inheres in Hölderlin's fate; for his increasing withdrawal into himself was in large measure due to his very longing for a community. . . . But though he was a poet for a people and lacked one, though his odes and hymns which celebrated the gods of a people found none to sing them, the strange result is that the solitariness which resulted has only sharpened the profile of the seer."

The reviewer has copied these sentences from Professor Peacock's book because he knew no more fitting way of paying tribute to his understanding and power of expression. It is peculiarly satisfying and right that the first English biographer of Hölderlin should have been so congenial. He approached his task in the same spirit of *heilige Nüchternheit*, sacred soberness, which permeates all Hölderlin's utterances. His book will live. There will be no controversy, as there should not be where Hölderlin is concerned, who quietly withdrew from what he could not approve. Repetitions there are, and, for this reason, the book is perhaps longer than it need have been. But even this complaint is hardly valid when it is remembered how long Hölderlin's genius remained misunderstood, and that the author insists his simple nobility shall at last be recognized.

H. H.

CANDLE IN THE DARK. By Irwin Edman. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 88. \$1.35.

This is a little book, but it deals with great things. There is a sense of frustration and futility, not only among the people of combatant countries, but the world over. What is left of the things in which we have believed? What will be left when the fight is over? We hope against hope, but there are doubts which will not down. Irwin Edman provides the candle which picks out the darkness.

There are no soft words here. The facts are faced, and they give little room for easy optimism. It is another world to-day than that which charmed us in the mellow light of *Philosopher's Holiday*. The thunderclouds hover, and the lightning strikes. Edman faces the lowering skies, and sees them as they are. He remembers that there have been dark skies before to-day. It is no strange phenomenon in the skies. But there are some gleams of light. It is not so much that they are harbingers of better things, as that the better things are still with us. In the present, rather than in the future, we must live. There is still a little candle in the dark.

To those who do not long for a Utopia, but look for some resting place, however unpretentious, at the end of a weary day, this book will bring strength and courage. It treats, with unerring skill, of the things that are true.

R. C. W.

ESCAPE WITH ME! (An Oriental Sketch-Book). By Osbert Sitwell. Toronto: Messrs. Macmillan and Company, Limited. Pp. 334. \$4.00.

It is a pleasure to review a book on the Far East which has avowedly been written for entertainment and with no thought of instruction in mind. The record is impressionist throughout. The reader may play the rôle of a leisurely observer of Oriental life and surroundings, picking up at random bits of local colour the integrated result of which will be a function of his own predilections rather than those of the author. This is freedom indeed.

The contents of the book fall, rather naturally, into three parts. There is an entertaining preface followed by two chapters descriptive of his passage out, by French Line, to Saigon and his first impressions of Indo-China. There follow four chapters on the architectural remains of the defunct Cambodian civilization which thrived from the sixth to the thirteenth centuries. This naturally centres round Angkor. The latter part, comprising half the book, is a sketch of Peking (pre-First-World-War and hence Peking and not the fatuous Peiping).

The writing in the first chapters of the book is good but holds a promise not quite fulfilled in some of the later chapters where the temptation to indulge in archaeological information gets the better of the author. But of this he is consciously repentant and the reader is recompensed by a delightful reconstruction of the spirit and surroundings of Angkor Wat. Many readers will be interested in the excerpts from the writings of Chou Ta-Kuan, both for its intimate description of thirteenth century Cambodian life in the grand manner and its unconscious reflection of the Chinese attitude of mind toward those outside the Middle Kingdom.

From the tropical atmosphere of Cochin-China one is wafted without interruption to the colder radiance of Peking and the author's temporary residence in Kan Yu Hutung. It is a credit to the author's sense of artistry that he avoids any chance of anticlimax by omitting all details of his journey from Angkor to the Northern Capital. Once established with his staff of servants in Peking he has leisure to look about and record his impressions. With unbiased mind he portrays the variety of life about him—the streets, the markets, the pageantry of the great main thoroughfares, the quiet of the little hutungs; the silk-gowned dilettante flying his piping pigeons by day or sitting of an evening in the open square admiring his pet birds. The fairs, the gardens, the theatres, the restaurants all have a place on his spacious screen.



The temporary resident of Peking has a great advantage as an observer since to him every phase of life and activity stands out in bold relief. The older resident sees a much rubbed and weathered stone. Curiosity is dulled and the story he has to tell may be more truthful in interpretation but it may lack the scintillating qualities of that of the transient chronicler. This circumstance, together with a pleasing style and the absence of any thesis to which descriptions and impressions might be sacrificed makes the real charm of the book. As an Oriental sketch book the atmosphere is not so well sustained as in the writings of Ernest Bramah, for example, but there are parts which have considerable merit in this respect. The author has, in large measure, justified his claim to writing for entertainment.

H. W. H.

LIVING IN BLOOMSBURY. By Thomas Burke. London: Allen and Unwin. Pp. 361. 10s. 6.

This is a work that stimulates, as good conversation stimulates. Here is a causerie on men, books and places. Here are good stories, one leading to another; good comment and an implicit sense that life in London is *real* life. As the pages turn we note new stories (or rather, stories whose want of notoriety is a credit to them): A charming American girl is introduced: then comes a discussion of "the typical Englishman", who turns out to be not Anthony Eden but Arthur Kipps—by H. G. Wells. Then, embarked on Literature, we have a quite satisfactory criticism of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, and their just and chief damnation, which is that young writers of the Left Wing can be Joycean and Steinish as well without too much trouble. Real prodigality of invention, however, such as that shown by Dickens, is altogether beyond them.

Thomas Burke then tells us of London shops: not the "Emporia" for the tourist and the provincial lady, but the lovely shops in little, out o' the way, courts. Mosheh Oved's jewel shop in Museum Street, queer places in the Minories, Chinese shops with rubbish-filled fronts and a wealth of silks behind them.

Then cookery recipes: what you may and may not order in high class restaurants (as, "snails—yes, winkles—no: bath chaps—yes, pig's trotters—no"). Then back to books again, and their writers: Whyte Melville discoursing of hunting and poetry, Arnold Bennett endlessly concerned about the Right clothes and the Right hotels—and calling himself a model for authors.

Odd things seen: "one midnight in Torrington Square, turning a darkish corner, I came upon a man practising cadenzas upon a muted saxophone". Music and books and wine and boxing, and the "good" feeling of winter in London. Pleasant company; the



unnamed American girl, "the only American I know who doesn't want to Go Places" (with a film operator for contrast who, having from 2:30 to 4 p.m. free, resolved to "do" the whole of London in a taxi).

There is a great variety of pleasures in this book. London is a friendly town, uncritical, unhurt by criticism. Thomas Burke flows on like London's River "though gentle yet not dull", and the impression his book makes can best be described by quoting his visitor's impression of mild sight-seeing.

"Well it's been a very quiet day but the time's gone quite quickly, and I haven't been bored at all."

E. C. K.

### EDUCATION

**GUIDANCE FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL: A STUDY OF QUEBEC SECONDARY SCHOOLS.** By E. C. Webster. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1939 (to be obtained from Social Research Offices, McGill University, \$1.75; paper covers, \$1.25).

This is a psychological analysis of the relation of the pupil to the school system, at once showing the need of academic and vocational guidance and showing that guidance must have little value in the present system. Dr. Webster has restricted his study to Quebec, but the reader will find a situation only too similar to that in the rest of Canada, wherever the curriculum is dominated by matriculation necessities. The study is actually less of guidance itself than of the situation in which guidance must function, and the reliability of individual diagnosis necessary for guidance is not very convincingly shown by the results reported in the book. But diagnosis is steadily being improved, and Webster has no trouble showing that competent guidance could do much in a more satisfactory system.

"... The problems are more urgent ... than has generally been realized. They are problems which concern pupils, teachers, parents and employers. An enlightened public opinion should not be hard to seek from these sources. If it can be generated to support the co-operative efforts of education specialists and the school authorities, a new secondary school organization can be built up within which pupils will be guided and trained to take their places more securely and successfully in the life of the community."

This is both a programme and a hope, for both of which Webster provides a sound factual basis.

D. H.

## SCIENCE

SIR JOHN CUNNINGHAM McLENNAN, A MEMOIR. By H. H. Langton, with a chapter on his Scientific work by E. F. Burton. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. \$2.50.

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE IN CANADA. Edited by H. M. Tory. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$2.50.

The Statute of Westminster is not the only indication that Canada has emerged from youth to full manhood. Politically we are as yet just a little too conscious that we are a free and independent nation, and it is a relief to turn to fields which show in other ways our growth in stature. These two volumes, each printed and published in Toronto, deal, one indirectly, the other directly, with the development of science in Canada. They show in unmistakable fashion that in the things of the mind we have left far behind colonial status.

*Sir John Cunningham McLennan, A Memoir* is much more than the story of a great Canadian. It is an excellent illustration of the view that one method of historical approach is through a study of the lives of the outstanding men of a period. McLennan was extremely active in the pioneer work which must be done before any great project is realized, and not a little of the interest of this book is to be found in the story of the part which he played in the creation of such achievements as the National Research Laboratory. His former students know with what skill and charm he could present a scientific case before such an unscientific body as a committee of the House of Commons and the Senate, and the author of this memoir is to be congratulated on the way in which he has revealed to the general public something of the tremendous energy, driving power, and personal magnetism of J. C. McLennan.

But this book is much more than the account of a man's accomplishments and of the honours which came to him. Like all good biographies, it is a revelation of the human influences behind the life of a man who had his enemies as well as his friends. On July 15, 1935, McLennan was knighted at Buckingham Palace, and this is what he wrote on that same day. "Outside there were throngs of relatives of the recipients of knighthoods waiting for them, but no one for me, and I recalled how Mother, Elsie, and the rest of you would have loved to have been there. I then went to a florist and got about five dozen carnations and took them to the hospital . . ." This quotation reveals better than any analysis the important part which sentiment played in the life of a man who sometimes moved heaven and earth to achieve aims which he considered worth fighting for.

The book, which is a credit to the University of Toronto Press, has some excellent half-tone illustrations, notable among them a

charming photograph of McLennan's mother. The writer of this review, a former student of Professor McLennan, welcomes this book and congratulates Mr. Langton on the skill with which he has revealed an outstanding personality and Professor Burton on his admirable estimate of McLennan's scientific work.

When the American Association for the Advancement of Science met in Ottawa in 1938 a number of Canadian scientists were asked to read papers on the status of the various sciences in Canada. *A History of Science in Canada* is the outcome of that meeting. It contains chapters on geology, chemistry, botany, zoology, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and physics, written by F. D. Adams, W. Lash Miller, Frère Marie-Victorin, J. R. Dymond, Léo E. Pariseau, J. J. Heagerty, W. E. Harper, S. Beatty, and A. N. Shaw. Although there is no continuity to carry the reader from chapter to chapter, the book is much more than a mere statement of technical advances. In discussing geology, for example, F. D. Adams tells us something about the mapping of Canada, and of the part played in this subject by such men as Dawson, Logan, and Lyell.

In the chapters dealing with the descriptive sciences, as well as those discussing medicine during both the French and the British Régime, there is a wealth of historical material. One encounters such striking personalities as that of Michel Sarrazin, the Father of Canadian Biology, of whom the historian Charlevoix wrote: "It is surprising to find a man of such universal merit residing in a colony." Indeed, if this volume does no more than indicate one or two suitable subjects for future biographers—perchance future writers of fiction—it has done a valuable service. Unfortunately much of it is somewhat "dry" reading, with all too few flashes to stimulate the imagination. The book, however, is an important contribution to Canadian records of scientific achievement and one which, in time, will be followed by more extended accounts of individual subjects, possibly along the lines of the McLennan Memoir.

J. K. R.

### MUSIC

NEW WORLD BALLADS. By John Murray Gibbon. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pp. xv+177. \$2.50.

In *New World Ballads* Mr. Gibbon has wedded folk-music of the old world to verse of the new. Following the example of Thomas Moore in *Melodies of Ireland*, he celebrates the figures of Canadian history, its scenery, its human types—*voyageur*, trapper, prairie settler—its legends and its seasons in ballads of his own making, set to folk-songs of European and French-Canadian origin.

The choice of tunes is excellent, and includes melodies of all the races which make up the Canadian people. If this book succeeds



in increasing the use and knowledge among Canadian youth organizations of such fine tunes as "Fhir a Bhata", "The Carman's Whistle", and "A la claire Fontaine", it will have done a useful service to music in Canada.

The ballad, originally a narrative song with dance, is essentially independent of instrumental accompaniment. The inclusion of such songs as Carl Loewe's "Der Erlkönig" and Schubert's "Das Rosenband" (divorced from their original words), in which instrumental interludes and an instrumental harmonic basis are integral parts of the plan, does not seem to be justified in terms of the general scheme.

There are illustrations in colour and line, and a short introduction to each group of songs. Some minor misprints have crept into the musical text. The book is convenient in size and attractive in arrangement, and one hopes it will have a wide use for education and recreation.

F. LL. H.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Scribners. Pp. 450. \$3.75.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is a man of great gifts and high reputation in world affairs. A review of his life work could not fail to be stimulating. He has made it something more. He has incorporated into it much of the story of educational progress in the United States in the last half century, and much as well of the fortunes of the Republican party, in whose counsels he has participated so actively, during that period. Dr. Butler is remarkable in several ways—in the width and catholicity of his friendships, in the undeviating adherence to Columbia University and the work which he had so early set out to do, and in the number and variety of tempting offers which were made to him, only to be refused. It has been the good fortune of few men to maintain a first rank position in the educational world unimpaired while participating actively in the framing of the policies of a political party. That it has been possible is a tribute to the ability of the man, and the wisdom of his decision to refuse political office and political honours. In the wider field of world affairs, in which party issues are of little consequence, Dr. Butler will tell the story of his work in a volume which has yet to be written.

Parts of the book, and these more particularly in the sections which deal with political issues, had already appeared as articles in current magazines. There is for this reason less homogeneity of treatment here than in the earlier part of the book, which deals with school and university education, and with the problems arising therefrom.

The most significant part of the story is the contribution which Dr. Butler made, while still a junior member of the staff, not only to the problems of the department of Philosophy in which he served, but to the wider responsibilities of the University as a whole. Out of it came Teachers' College, and the inevitable selection by the Trustees of Dr. Butler to succeed Dr. Seth Low and the presidency of the University. What he has done through Columbia University for education, and particularly in stimulating universities and university men to play their part in affairs, the world knows and understands.

These have been well filled years across which Dr. Butler looks. He has given us a record which was made possible only by unusual ability and a clear conception of the part which he was fitted to play.

R. C. W.

CONFESSIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER. By Laura Goodman Salverson. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 523. \$2.50.

Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, author of *The Viking Heart* and several other novels, has now enriched Canadian literature with an autobiography of unusual interest. It reveals much that is good for the born Canadian to ponder over, (especially the Canadian who is several generations away from the pioneer ancestor), Canada being a very varied country and the face it shows to some being unrecognizable to others. Mrs. Salverson's parents came from Iceland, not in the big migration of 1875, but in 1887 when the prairies had barely recovered from the bad times and the war of 1885.

The Goodman family felt keenly the pinch of poverty, the lack of intellectual contacts in this new land, and the loss of the old life in Iceland, where their progenitors had been landed proprietors and men of learning. It is surprising that Icelanders should have felt so foreign in Winnipeg, where now their third and fourth generation descendants are so highly respected and successful. It is good for us also to realize that in the Winnipeg of the nineties, where a group of young and jolly people of moderate wealth had such a happy social life, there was another side to the picture. The life of the immigrant was not necessarily one of boundless opportunity as represented in the publications spread abroad in the old countries. Mrs. Salverson's descriptions of her relatives, her early recollections of life in Minnesota and Winnipeg (where she was born in 1890), her education, her removals across the United States border and back again, her various experiences as a wage-earner, and finally her success with her first novel, make good reading. One is glad to learn that various well-known Westerners encouraged her through the initial difficulties of authorship,



which having surmounted, she has gone on her own steam. And one is glad that she has chosen Canada as her home, in spite of the reserves in her admiration.

The incidents of her moving story show a courageous, clear-sighted personality, and high ideals of the writer's art. She holds to the faith that material values are secondary, that spiritual ideals are important in art, and that "out of the heart are the issues of life". She did not speak English until she was ten, but writes with ease and spirit in a style which suits her, though it could be pruned and restrained with advantage. Altogether this notable book may be considered a counterpart, from the woman's point of view, of Frederick Philip Grove's *Discovery of America*. Like Grove, Mrs. Salverson has an unbending quality which prevents her from doing homage to the purely temporary gods and fetishes of the day.

E. H. W.

#### CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

**RECIPROCITY, 1911: A STUDY IN CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS.** By L. Ethan Ellis. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1939. (For the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: Series on the Relations of Canada and the United States, edited by James T. Shotwell). Pp. xii+207. \$2.75.

**ALL RIGHT, MR. ROOSEVELT.** By Stephen Leacock; and **CANADA AND UNITED STATES NEUTRALITY.** By B. K. Sandwell. (Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, Nos. C.1 and C.2). Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1939. Pp. 40 and 34. 10 cents.

Canadian-American reciprocity, as it now exists, is decidedly different from the reciprocity that was turned down in 1911. Today's reciprocity agreement was widely welcomed in Canada as a means of lowering somewhat the highly restrictive levels of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. When it was negotiated in 1935 the United States had already comfortably recognized Canada's recently acquired international status by exchanging legations between Washington and Ottawa and in other ways. In its renewed form, moreover, it is interlocked with trade agreements between the United States and Great Britain and other parts of the Commonwealth. Thus, neither economically nor politically does it carry the unfortunate implications that were associated with the proposals of 1911 and that had so much to do with the failure of that earlier attempt to establish reciprocity in North America.

Distant as the reciprocity episode of 1910-1911 may now seem, it still has significance for an understanding of Canadian-American relations, and it well deserved a volume to itself in the growing series of studies of these relations that is appearing under Dr.



Shotwell's editorship. Professor Ellis traces the background of American initiative in the matter and follows carefully the negotiations through which initial discussion of certain details of tariff difficulties between the two governments was broadened and a reciprocity agreement was arrived at which was to be implemented by concurrent legislation. The difficulties that confronted President Taft in securing Congressional approval are described at length, and the methods by which, with Democratic support and in the face of considerable Republican opposition, the measure was eventually forced through. The success of the Conservative opposition in Canada in postponing parliamentary action on the question and then in defeating the Laurier government at the polls also receives extensive treatment.

The author has done a workmanlike job with the materials that were available to him. For his story of the negotiations he has made good use of the Taft and Knox papers and other confidential materials in the Library of Congress and the Department of State at Washington. In studying the fate of the agreement in both countries he has relied also upon the published records of both governments, upon a wide use of newspapers, and upon a generous array of books, pamphlets and periodicals. The omission from the bibliography of Dr. Skelton's *Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* seems a curious slip, although articles by Dr. Skelton published in 1911 are cited. One wishes that the time had come when such confidential Canadian materials as the Laurier papers and the papers of Sir Robert Borden could have been made available to Mr. Ellis, but meanwhile it was a genuine and important service to the understanding of Canadian-American relations to publish this volume as it stands. It throws much interesting light on the negotiation of the agreement and on its fate in both countries.

The author points out that Taft's success with the agreement in the United States was a Pyrrhic victory: it helped to break the Republican party; and some of the methods used there in advocating reciprocity helped to insure its defeat in Canada. The maladroit statements as to reciprocity's probable effect on Canada's destiny, that were made by Mr. Taft himself and by the democrat Champ Clark whose alliance he secured, are properly given notice, but if the author errs in interpretation it is perhaps in according them somewhat less significance than they deserve. He is so struck by the elaborateness of organized and interested propaganda in the Canadian election campaign, that he tends to dismiss the "loyalty cry" as essentially artificial and aside from the real issues at stake. He suggests repeatedly that the economic aspects of reciprocity in the narrower sense were the real issue and that other issues were drawn in by interested groups. Without question such groups were active, but in fact both for these groups and for Canada generally

the importance of the reciprocity issue lay not so much in its details as in the economic and even more the political trends that were involved in it, involved on the admission of American leaders themselves.

Transportation, at any rate, while in a sense a special interest, was not an interest divorced from the general interest of the community. Not merely railway stockholders, but large elements of the Canadian public, had a genuine interest in safeguarding the vast national investment in east-west transportation facilities whose establishment had been in progress for many years and with which a very considerable part of the Canadian economy was already tied. Here was a national rather than a special interest. Moreover, the assumption that, because there is elaborate propaganda in relation to a public question, the public decision must therefore be considered to have been determined by the propaganda is an assumption that is not always valid, no matter how popular it may have become in certain quarters at the present time. Propaganda flourishes and bears fruit best where it falls on receptive soil. The attitudes that prove receptive to propaganda may really determine a public decision rather than the propaganda, however intensive it may be, that is shaped to appeal to these attitudes.

The Oxford University Press is happily supplementing its series of "Pamphlets on World Affairs" by a Canadian series, of which the first two numbers appropriately deal with Canadian-American relations. With casual and persuasive good humour Mr. Leacock emphasizes Canadian determination to maintain goodwill and understanding across our boundary whatever divergencies of national policy there may be between Canada and the United States. His inconsequential air should disarm the most propagandized American skeptic of any distrust of Canadian intentions, and remind many a Canadian reader that he who would be let live must be willing to let live. Mr. Sandwell applies his gifts of crisp and pungent analysis to current Canadian and American policies towards the war, taking special pains to make clear how the interest of the United States is served rather than jeopardized by Canada's active membership in the British Commonwealth.

R. G. T.

## FAREWELL

### THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN.

It is with sincere regret that we record the passing of *The Canadian Bookman*. It says its valedictory in the issue of October-November, 1939, Vol. XXI, No. 4. For twenty-two years its issues have offered a library of native literary criticism, a running record of artistic and literary events in Canada of major importance, a portrait gallery of artists and men of letters found nowhere else

in our Dominion, an expanding anthology of poetry and *belles lettres*. So its aims and achievements are stated in an open letter to subscribers in this, its last number. With a word of thanks we set down the names of those who have so unselfishly carried on the work of its publication amid increasing financial difficulties. They are: Lorne Pierce, President; Howe Martyn, Editor; Advisory Board, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Mgr. Camille Roy, T. W. L. MacDermott, C. W. Jeffreys, Maurice Hébert, Miss Mazo de la Roche, Duncan Campbell Scott,—a formidable array of figures familiar to the literary and artistic world.

We share with the Editor in the hope that *The Canadian Bookman* may be revived under adequate endowment, which seems to be essential for publications of this scope and character. Let him console himself by reflecting that his is not the only literary magazine in Canada which has had to founder through lack of public support in the flood of popular demand. Not the excellence of its contents, not even its vivid, changeful, prismatic cover could ensure it a place in the bookstalls of our hotels and railway stations.

A. M.



# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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SUMMER : 1940

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## NORTH AMERICA AND THE WAR

BY REGINALD G. TROTTER

CANADA and the United States are North American nations, but with a difference. In recent years the community life and interests that they share as close neighbours on the same continent has been much stressed, but once again a major crisis reminds us that community is not to be confused with identity. In Canada's recent election, whatever the diversity of local appeals, the leaders of the major parties when presenting their cases to a national audience vied with one another in claiming, each for himself and for his party, that only under their leadership could be secured the most united, most vigorous and most effective contribution by Canada to winning the war. In the United States, by contrast, the current political campaign has thus far largely centred on competition among aspirants for the presidency as to which of them is most determined and best able to keep his country neutral. Here are revealed fundamental differences between the national outlooks of these two nations, which it is mere idle and wishful thinking to deny.

It is no use suggesting that matters ought to be otherwise. Nothing could be more futile than to expect the United States

to model its policy upon Canada's. Indeed, Canadians have no more right to tell the United States what its policy in relation to the war ought to be than Americans have to give orders to Canada. But that is not to say that Canadians can afford to be indifferent to American attitudes and policy. We must do our best to understand them, however difficult that may be, and then must shape our own thinking and conduct with full awareness of our neighbour's position but with self-respecting independence of view and cool decision on our own part.

Explanations of divergence are not far to seek. There is first the never-to-be-forgotten fact that the national experiment of the American people had its inception in a violent political disruption from the old world. Having by such means foresworn an old connection and ancient traditions as the basis of political stability and the focus of national self-respect, Americans soon came to think of their liberties and their national existence as inseparable from and even identified with the completeness of their independence from any old-world connection. This attitude was accentuated by their early fears for their national survival in the era of European and South American revolution, which coincided with their first half-century of national existence. Hence their firm tradition of abstention from "entangling alliances"—a tradition with which they were quite in line in the aloof and qualified character of their brief belligerent "association" with the "allies" in 1917-1918, and in their repudiation of responsible relationships with European powers when the American signature was hardly dry on the peace treaties they had helped to draft.

Canadian nationhood, by contrast, could not possibly have reached fruition except within the protecting bounds of the British connection. It is not merely that during the long period of aggressive expansion by the United States the British soldier, the British engineer, the British taxpayer guarded the independence of British North America on this continent. The

developing British polity at home and the character of British policy abroad also furthered the building of a Canadian nation. Although sometimes British authority applied the brakes on constitutional progress, British policy at most crucial moments gave it invaluable aid. This was most striking when responsible government was finally introduced, on imperial instructions, in the teeth of violent resistance from privileged colonial groups reluctant to surrender power to the reforming majority; again when British influence supported the consummation of Confederation and speeded the extension of the new dominion to the Pacific in a time of international crisis in North America; and most recently when Britain supported Canada's claims to international recognition after the last war despite objections particularly from the United States. When the League of Nations was founded it was not for Canada something to keep out of because it would involve external entanglements, but something rather in which to seek membership as a means of securing standing among the nations. Traditionally, then, by Canadians, overseas connections have not been deemed basically inconsistent with national existence and liberty, but rather the condition making possible their survival and growth.

Historical forces thus have done much to create deep differences in the popular attitudes of these North American nations and in the official relationships that each of them has with Great Britain and with other members of the British Empire-Commonwealth. The consequent differences have without question played a part in determining the present divergence of policy, but other and present-day facts also are involved. So absorbed are most Americans in the internal activities of their own country that they are hardly aware of any personal economic interest in anything outside its boundaries. By contrast Canada's economic dependence upon trans-oceanic trade is relatively so great as to produce in many Canadians a daily consciousness of interdependence with the



world outside North America. One of the strongest practical bonds of union among Canada's diverse sections is the degree of their common dependence upon markets outside this continent and the resulting necessity of trans-continental systems of finance, commerce and transportation to serve this common need. This importance of external relationships rises not only from the character of Canada's resources but also from its geographical position, for Canada lies nearest of all the Americas to the other continents in the north temperate zone. Most strikingly does it reach far out into the Atlantic towards the centres of western European life.

In view of such divergence, both in traditional attitudes and in present position and interests, Canadians may well be glad that opinion generally in the United States is as sympathetic as it is with the allied cause. It is fortunate that the months prior to the war saw the cementing of an unprecedented economic and cultural *entente* between the United States and the British peoples. Since the war began there has been a fortunate measure of diplomatic complaisance at Washington over belligerent interference by the allies with the ordinary activities of United States citizens, though doubtless the gentler American attitude than in 1914-17 has owed something to the fact that more strenuous objections from Washington about such matters could have been aptly met by citing the policies of the United States itself after it became a belligerent in 1917. We may be glad, too, of the degree of economic co-operation that has been forthcoming since the repeal of the embargo on airplanes and other armaments, glad of the extent to which the economic interest of the United States has run with the war-needs of ourselves and our allies.

One may suggest also that there is reason to be glad of the limitations of the "cash and carry" policy. If new allied debts were to be permitted there is no reason to suppose that after the war the United States would deem it any more advan-

tageous or possible than it has done since the last war to adopt tariff policies such as would make possible the repayment of these debts. (The exceptional position of Finland among America's European debtors proves the rule, for Finland was the only one of them the nature of whose trade with the United States was such as to provide a balance to cover the debt charges.) The existence of new debts after this war and their non-payment, forced by American tariff policy, might be expected to draw forth again American charges of false dealing and arouse among the peoples who were thus made the butt of American criticism resentments even deeper than in the earlier case. If the time comes when the allies no longer have resources available for the purchase from the United States of essential supplies, and when Congress is under pressure by American producers of such supplies, and of other commodities, demanding that their foreign markets be kept active by making American funds available for foreign purchases, it is devoutly to be hoped that the American government will find some way of meeting the necessities of American producers, and aiding allied war-consumption, by some device less certain to create post-war animosities. If the health of the American economy requires exports for which it is not economically possible to admit sufficient foreign goods in payment, a problem arises which the United States might well seek to solve in ways not certain to create bad blood. The signs are not auspicious. The present move for cessation of foreign silver purchases and the growing criticism of the gold-purchase policy are in the direction of the limitation of foreign purchasing power in the United States, by the abandonment of such provision for its expansion as now exists of a sort that may be deemed innocuous to the American economy.

While some grounds for satisfaction at American policy in relation to the war are widely recognized in Canada, undoubtedly many Canadians have been rather disappointed that

the United States has seen fit to pursue a policy of neutrality. They have been reluctant to admit that American resistance to the idea of entry into the war is deep-seated as well as almost unanimous. There has been a tendency to suppose that an accumulation of aggressive campaigns by Germany would lead the United States to join voluntarily in the crusade against German aggression. Thoroughly consistent with the course of events since the war began, however, was the reported rejection by the American government, after the invasion of the Low Countries, of Argentina's mild suggestion that neutrality be abandoned in favour of the less ambiguous status of "non-belligerency".

The determination of the American people to stay out of the war has bolstered itself and been bolstered in various ways. One basic assumption, which the Washington administration had questioned during its advocacy of neutrality revision last summer, but which the president himself endorsed as soon as war broke out, has been that the United States shared no responsibility for the failure of security and the breakdown of international order. Even the highly respectable and consciously disinterested Foreign Policy Association begged that whole question by entitling a popular pamphlet, "The Peace that Failed: How Europe Sowed the Seeds of War". The text of the pamphlet mentions the United States a few times honestly enough in detail, but a reader relying upon it for his picture of international developments since the last war could form no conception of the disastrous significance of American political and economic policies, and at times the lack of them, in assisting at the failure of the last peace. The assumption that Europe's shortcomings are the all-sufficient cause of the world's difficulties needed no demonstration for most Americans, so well does it fit their long-accepted convictions of the innate superiority of America over Europe.

Propagandists for isolation, prior to the war and in its early stages, made widest and most effective use of the con-



tention that only false and subtle alien propaganda caused the entry of the country into war in 1917. From this premise they argued that to keep out of the present war Americans had merely to close their minds to all arguments and any evidence that might tend, by appeal to their sympathies or their interests, to develop a "war psychosis". Neutrality legislation that would keep American ships and other property and American citizens out of danger's way was intended to prevent such incidents as might arouse a feeling for war. It was denied that any genuine and important national interest could possibly be at stake.

In reply to the self-respecting and well-substantiated view here and there maintained, that entry in 1917 was really caused, not by sentiment or humanitarian sympathy or by solicitude for any sort of special interest, but by the conviction that without American assistance Britain and France, the first line of America's defence, were in serious danger of defeat and thus American vital interest was in jeopardy, propagandists for isolation entered a general denial, and they also insisted that this time, at any rate, the survival of Anglo-French power was not a vital interest of the United States. That country was alleged not to need an allied victory, because any victor in the present struggle would be too weakened and demoralized by war to threaten American security before there would be time to put defences in order. Such arguments have had a natural appeal to those already long convinced, however naively, of American immunity or at least of the pre-eminence of American ability for quick and adequate mobilization of resources sufficient to insure national security against any kind of external danger.

As the war progressed there was soon noticeable a hardening of the public attitude towards the allies. American neutrality legislation plus allied sea-power were keeping American persons and property out of the way of much interference

by German action, but there were numerous instances of allied interference that gave occasion for inconvenience and irritation. Moreover, the German case was so widely assumed to be bad that it was deemed hardly worth spending time to criticize it. The growing American criticism of allied conduct of the war was without doubt attributable in large part to the genuine sympathy with the allied cause that made many Americans care deeply about the success and about the rightness of that cause at every point. But it was not only allied war policies that became the target of growing criticism; that was also directed increasingly at the character of the allied nations and at their institutions; and there was more insistence that the war was merely a conflict of rival imperialisms between which there was really little to choose. This was only to be expected. How otherwise was a satisfactory reconciliation to be found between the almost universal desire to see Hitler beaten and the equal determination to leave the bitter task to others? Criticism of the allies provided a quasi-justification for not standing by their side.

As in other countries, American views of national policy have been based on conceptions of national interest. The substitution of cash and carry sale for the embargo on export of planes and munitions to belligerents was made partly for its indirect advantage to the United States through strengthening the allies, partly to forestall too rapid expansion of competitive industries in Canada and elsewhere, and partly in order that American plants might through this export trade find means of expansion. It was months later, seven months indeed after the war began, before army and navy authorities reached decision on the release to the allies of advanced models of aircraft, and then only because they found this necessary if the allies were to finance the expansion of military aircraft production in the United States. However badly the war may at any stage seem to be going for the allies, the test for the

American people of any policy proposed by their leaders will be their view of their own national interest. The circumstances of an election year accentuate this fact; they do not alter the fundamental situation.

If the unexpected should happen and the United States were voluntarily to enter the war, it would not be to save the allies for the allies' sake, but because that course was believed necessary to save the United States. The position of the allies would need to have become so exceedingly critical in order to induce that belief, that it is doubtful if there would then be time for American entrance to count appreciably in a material sense, and that being so, any "moral effect" would be negligible. The allied necessity would be for large and immediate material aid; but it is not improbable that the pressure for vast immediate expansion of home defences might mean, for a decisive interval, the curtailment rather than the increase of the delivery of vital supplies to the allies. For Canada the entrance of the United States into the war would at once entail at least one serious problem. It is on the cards that Washington would immediately put into effect the principle of the draft. That example would greatly strengthen the hands of those Canadians who oppose the decision to work out our problem of enlistment without resort to conscription for service overseas. Certain it is that for a variety of reasons Canadians can find more profitable topics of consideration and lines of effort than "getting the United States into the war."

A good many Canadians have been saying that at any rate we shall need the participation of the United States in the making of the peace settlement. Hope has been expressed that by entering the war, even very close to the end, the United States may acquire a share in determining the terms upon which fighting shall stop, as well as a rôle of partnership with the allies in arranging the post-war settlement and establishing a new international order — all this on the assumption that



Germany will be defeated — an assumption which, however uncertain it may be, will be granted for the sake of argument in the remainder of this discussion.

Many Americans are deeply interested in the sort of peace that may follow the war and are already giving much study to some at least of the questions that may be involved. It is too readily assumed, in the United States and elsewhere, that American views about the peace will deserve special support because of their origin. How unrealistic an attitude. Of course such views will deserve attention, but that is a different **thing from acceptance**. The fact is that it is highly unlikely, whether at the end of the war the United States is a belligerent or is still an onlooker, that predominant American opinion will be ready to face the actualities of the post-war situation. The very elements which before the war most bitterly condemned the allies for so long pursuing a policy of appeasement, will be loudest in their condemnation of any peace terms that are not essentially a return to that policy. Those elements will argue that a great nation must not be humiliated, and any settlement that leaves Germany with a sense of humiliation will be condemned out of court as vindictive. But defeat in itself would be for the Germans humiliation; the restoration of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, even with reduced territories and status, would be for them an unforgivable dismemberment of Germany.

The first aim in the peace as in the war must be the establishment of security. Of course we would all like to see a free system of collective security; but the chance to work towards that can only come, if ever, within a system in which there is first provided reasonable security for those who will have preserved for the world some chance to continue striving for a freer order, by defeating the forces which would destroy free institutions utterly and for ever. Those who framed the covenant of the League of Nations knew that it would be a long

time at best before the League could itself provide security; so in order to establish the prior conditions essential if that great experiment was to have a chance of being worked out successfully, they drew up the dual guarantee of France's eastern frontier by the United States and Great Britain. The prompt voiding of this guarantee by the American Senate left no possibility for the success of the League as a means of security even if that organization itself had not been made ineffective for such purpose when it was repudiated by the nation whose president had sponsored it and whose continued support had been taken for granted as essential when the institutions of the League had been designed.

If the history of the last twenty years holds any lessons to be remembered at the next peace making, one is surely this, that any people which wishes its ideas about the peace to carry weight must find means of convincing those nations which have borne the brunt of the fight that it will afterwards give effective support to the maintenance of the peace it wishes to share in moulding. Lacking such assurance, those who have stood up to the foe must do the best they can under the circumstances to establish security themselves. It is conceivable that they may even find themselves driven by hard necessity to take some leaves out of the policy of the victorious North at the close of the American Civil War, though it is to be hoped that, however drastic their "reconstruction" of Europe may have to be in political terms, it will not be determined by vindictiveness as was so much in that American policy of seventy-five years ago.

At any rate, to sacrifice security in terms of power for the sake of a quick Utopia whose advocates fail to show that they will not cancel their support as soon as their blueprints have been accepted would be to sacrifice any hope of survival of liberal institutions in the world. Another such attack as they face to-day must not be invited by disorganized unprepared-

ness. To be specific, if Americans fail to convince us that they will supply their full share of effective sanctions in support of any system they advocate, we must apply the lesson of the last peace and decline to accept at American suggestion any scheme that requires the participation of the United States for its success. To do otherwise is to invite a repetition of the failure that followed 1919. And it has to be admitted as altogether likely that, whether the United States comes into the war or not, it will still cling to its traditions and again refuse to assume responsible commitments for international security once a settlement has been drawn up. Indeed, it is to be expected that whatever kind of peace is made, and whether or not the United States has had a share in moulding it, it will be generally condemned by American opinion. Such condemnation will again be necessary as a justification of isolationism.

For Canada the lesson of all this is surely obvious. Our part in the war and in the post-war settlement can not appropriately be modelled on the opinions and the policies of the United States. Those Canadians who think that they should be are ignoring not only present necessities but the deep divergencies in the histories and in the conscious interests of these two countries. Canada has not become a nation by deferring to American wishes. The milestones of our national growth mark continued determination to pursue our own free way in the northern half of this continent. Americans were disappointed when Confederation checkmated their dreams of "manifest destiny" to the northward; and by no means did they welcome the enlargement of our "dominion status" that came after the last war. But they accepted Confederation, and when they came to understand that "dominion status" was a reality they accepted that as well. They may be puzzled that our Canadian outlook and the more flexible character of our political institutions have brought us, sooner than they have reached it, to the realization that for the free countries security



is indivisible, but they will accept that difference, too, and continue to be our good neighbours to their own advantage.

If this war be won it is hard to see how security can afterwards be maintained without solid assurance of support to the maritime powers of western Europe from North America, from this base which the Atlantic has made relatively so much more immune than they from momentary and overwhelming destruction. It is equally hard to see that such assurance can be given, in our day at least, by the United States. Memories of last autumn's long Congressional debate before the arms embargo was repealed are enough to suggest that in another emergency even supplies might be cut off by the United States, or at least their delivery so long delayed as to render futile any reliance upon that country's material support.

Responsibility then falls on Canada. It has been accepted for the present; it must be shouldered also, in unmistakable fashion, for the future, if in the long run any security is to be established for the international system upon whose survival our own depends. Americans, as they come better to appreciate our rôle, and its significance for their own security, which rests in the long run upon the same basic factors as ours, will come to acquiesce as they have done after each of the earlier steps of our growth as a nation. More than ever Canada will find it her special responsibility to mediate between the United States and the Anglo-French group of nations, between whom, as in the last few years, she can do much to build a genuine *entente* in economic relations, and to promote community of outlook in cultural matters and understanding and sympathy in the realm of political ideas and policies.

To achieve this destiny we must abandon the habit, too prevalent recently, of looking to Washington for our cue. Canada must be ready in its relations beyond this continent not to follow Washington but to take its own lead. We have accepted that logic by our independent entrance into the war.

Having done so it is high time that we realized that this war can not be won by emphasizing the principle of limited liability, and that sharing responsibilities in a precarious world involves some commitments. Repudiation of these principles by the United States is not an example for Canada to follow; rather it makes the need all the more urgent that those who are in the war shall see it through with full determination and face the future with open eyes.

## BEDROOM

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

This is the place where living does not come,  
Where the equipment of the day is never brought.  
Neatness may have its way here. This high room  
Will stand reminding us what sun has taught—  
The best of life may still be sleep. Draw  
The pale sheet over the solemn rectangle,  
See that the curtains keep the window's law.  
Let nothing be askew or dangle.  
So that one coming in from the distress  
Of day will watch receding the last beams  
Of living; with but one duty, to undress,  
And cope with the faint necessities of dreams.

## CANADIAN CANOE

BY HOWE MARTYN

IN times of peace the boats-to-hire sheds and wharfs along the Isis, Oxford's esoteric name for the English Thames, provide the undergraduates with Canadian canoes as well as peculiarly English punts. The exotic and the stolid domestic craft mingle under the willows and flowering may, together pass the swimming hole called *Parson's Pleasure*, and both shed the glow of white flannels and the thin sound-waves of portable gramophones. With paddler reclining on cushions at the bottom, fondling the water with a double-paddle, the canoe floats unnaturally idle on the foreign calm of English luxury streams. It has been transported far from the scene and life of the North American woods Indians who created it.

The Canadian canoe was a product of the environment of the indigenous woods Indians, the ragged forests and rock-walled lakes of Canada. It differed from the gouged or burned log dug-out that elsewhere among primitive peoples served as water transportation and was named canoe, perhaps because big enough timber did not grow in such a bitter climate. The Indians used solid wood, their slow-grown tough cedar, only for a frame — three long shallow arcs, gunwales and keel, joined in a point at each end, sprung apart amidships by thwarts and ribs. A fabric on this frame, watertight, made it a boat. Broad sheets of thin, light, flexible and easily-cut bark from the paper or silver birch, joined and caulked with pine gums, served the Indians. The woven fabrics waterproofed with paint that European civilization brought to the canoe involved no change in principle, save that ribbing had to be heavier to guard the fabric against booted feet. The birch-bark canoe was as fragile as it was light, but the Indians were shod in baggy rawhide moccasins. Their craft was loaded while buoyed up in the water, strengthened by hydraulic pressure;



and it was at once so unstable and so responsive that, cast off from shore, it neither allowed nor required moving about in it. After the Hawaiian surf-board and the Eskimo kayak the canoe is the closest thing to an amphibian metamorphosis that man has known. As in bicycling and light plane flying, it is necessary to have reflexes to the motions of the canoe that seem to make it an extension of one's own body, living in the buoyancy, the currents, waves and surface winds of the water.

Overland trails for the Indians involved crossing a slag-rough terrain, exposed mother-rock split and sharpened by centuries of frost, in the Precambrian geological formation that was the largest part of their territory. In Canada the forests were prevented by the cold from growing high enough to clear themselves of underbrush, and the predominant wood—resinous and coniferous—decayed very slowly, cluttering the ground, clogging the drainage and forming muskeg swamps in every rocky basin. Furthermore, the Indians lacked occasion for roads, either goods to transport or animals domesticated to carry them. Hunting, their livelihood, took them to the rivers and lakes, where the animals came to water and were most exposed. The canoe served this environment, even to the extent that, light and pointed, it would scrape through reeds and over shallows close to shore, giving the hunter cover. It floated silently, with no wake from its pointed stern, drifting in the slightest current, propelled by single-bladed paddles which the Indians knew how to manipulate without even the splash and drip of smooth wood lifted from water.

The nomadic requirements of hunters are less, as their tribes are small. The Indian bands scattered to match the profusion of small lakes—the most conspicuous feature of Canadian topography. Water is worked into the rock of the Canadian North like cloisonné. Rarely in the pattern is it open water for more than a mile on two coördinates. Local cartographers have repeatedly used the name *Finger Lake*.

The canoe was not designed for crossing open water and encountering wind. It was not rigged for sail. Narrow for its length, it ships water in small seas, and at the same time, having no keel and exposing a large part of its area above water, it drifts off course in a contrary breeze. The tattered lakes which bore the canoe are held together often by mere threads, ravelled into rapids or even waterfalls by the abrasive rock of the country. A filament of green water no more than a yard wide enables experienced paddlers to shoot rapids in a canoe. The passage of rapids in the contrary direction can be made by portage of such light craft. The silhouette of the canoe is more familiar than that of any other boat, because seen more frequently out of water, being shouldered across a portage.

The vagaries of lake and stream in Canada have nevertheless their underlying tendencies. Three low watersheds drain respectively towards the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, towards Hudson Bay, and towards the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Ocean. Thus the routes had only to be sought to chain the local waterways into great continent-spanning highways for the canoe.

Leaving the ships of France at Montreal, the explorer Champlain penetrated the Laurentian Highlands, the southern exposure of the vast Canadian Shield, advancing up the Ottawa River with a fleet of Indian canoes. He crossed to Lake Nipissing, then paddled down the French River to Georgian Bay, with its Thirty Thousand Islands lying like a shattered pane of glass on a blue floor. By portaging every few miles his party was able to continue along the Kawartha Lakes, to Rice Lake farther south in Ontario, and through its outlet, the Trent River, to Lake Ontario, which Champlain was the first white man to see.

Europeans were lured towards the Canadian interior by furs. They first established their trading-posts and the In-

dians came in their only conveyance. The canoe proved an adequate vehicle for commerce, because of its lightness, in transporting furs and the single gun or iron axe or pot the Indians were glad to take in exchange.

The fur trade introduced commerce and commercial transportation to Canada, but utilized the indigenous canoe. The scattered hunters moved their furs and boats from distant cup-size lakes in a flow like that of the water itself, collecting in groups on the tributaries and then in great flotillas on the swelling rivers down to tidewater. The contours of the country were revealed to the imagination of Europeans by these traffic lines.

Competition followed profits in the eighteenth century fur trade, in spite of the monopolies of Mercantilist economics then prevailing. There was competition between the nationals of France and England. The French device was to move towards the source of supply, both in space and in ways of living. To offset competition from the English colonies to the south they advanced their *entrepôt* from Montreal as far as Michilimackinac, where the Ottawa River and Lake Nipissing canoe-highway connected with Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron and the multitude of lakes and rivers in their drainage basins. Likewise the French adopted the canoe as their own, guiding its cargoes down the Ottawa to Montreal with the paddles of their own *voyageurs*, thrusting it upstream to carry their own *coureurs du bois*—French youth in fringed and beaded Indian leather or young men bred of Indian squaws—to the actual hunting grounds.

The *Canadiens* have a folklore derived from this period when their ancestors became native to the country. The paddle-songs of the *voyageurs* are authentic and sincere because true expressions of men living, making home, in this environment. *Alouette* and others of these songs evince their vitality along



with the contemporary folk music, 'popular' songs, in the repertoire of the English-speaking youth who paddle the canoes of the summer resorts in the North to-day. They have been cast in literary form by the French-Canadian scholarship of Marius Barbeau, and some of them have been rendered into rhyming dialect English that preserves their folk-feeling by a Scots doctor of Quebec, the late W. H. Drummond.

After the English conquest of Canada the French tradition still continued. Using sea-going English ships, the Hudson's Bay Company had previously broken into the sub-Arctic regions of Canada as far as the mouths of the rivers flowing northeast out of the Canadian Shield to Hudson Bay. Now on the St. Lawrence Scottish partners joined with the local French experts, in the Nor'West Company, and sent their canoemen farther and farther up the portage and river routes for their furs. The Nor'Westers at their peak had more than a thousand canoemen in their own employ. Their most famous partner and greatest explorer, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, travelled, mostly by canoe, across the continent to discover the tremendous river that bears his name, and continued downstream to the Arctic Ocean, reached in 1789.

The geographical limits of the Canadian canoe may be said to have been reached when Mackenzie arrived at sea again in the Arctic, completing the mapping of the country all the way from the St. Lawrence and Atlantic tidewater, in the realistic terms of man's intimate experience on canoe routes. In effect, the fur trade and the social importance of the canoe as its most intimate accompaniment arrived at their climax at the same time. The peak was already passed, and decline was signified when the Nor'West Company of Montreal and the Hudson's Bay Company of London were amalgamated in 1821. Thereafter, to reduce costs, the fur canoe traffic on the long southern route was ended and shipments were directed towards Hudson Bay and the English ocean ships.

Conservation of natural resources has never been a conspicuous policy in Canada. The beaver and other fur-bearers were followed to their remotest haunts and very nearly eliminated as a source of wealth. In a succeeding period the same kind of over-extended single-track economy arose from the wheat fields of the prairie West, causing to-day's drought problem. Exploitation of the spruce forests of the rocky sub-Arctic, without reforestation, characterized and created another cycle, the end of which is marked by the present excessive plant and over-capitalization problems of the Canadian pulp and paper industry. The newest phase, mining the Canadian Shield of its gold, copper, nickel and radium, is obviously the dissipation of an irreplaceable capital of natural resources.

Seeking wood for pulp and paper, Canadian industry found itself back, after the open prairies interlude, in the geophysical hurly-burly of the fur men's North. It became worth the great labour involved to dynamite the boulders out of rapids and build wharfs on the uneven shore so as to bring up boats, or to build roads or to run narrow-gauge rails, in order to transport essential quantities of men and supplies and heavy machinery to mills and hydro-electric developments and lumbermen's base-camps. But for passage beyond the fringe of the forest the North still required the canoe. Even the owners of million-acre tracts, on tours of inspection of their wealth, must come down to the general level of the water, seated between the thwarts with no more service and attendance than a paddler bow and stern, no more diversion than fishing along the way. Their boundaries, surveys, estimates of timber stands, had all to be calculated by the same direct, almost tactual procedure.

The lumber and pulpwood industries in the Canadian environment created the technique of fire-ranging. Since about 1925 spotting of outbreaks of fire, as well as mapping, has been done quickly and scientifically from aeroplanes. But this tech-

nological advance may be regretted on account of unique circumstances associated formerly with fire-ranging. The danger period of fires is three months in the summer, coinciding nicely with vacations from Canadian universities. Youth and lack of continuity were no disadvantages. There was real work to be done, of commercial value, and small cash income above expenses to be earned. It was outdoor life twenty-four hours a day, full of vigorous exercise without strain, as healthful as could be found. Vast areas had to be closely watched, giving employment on a considerable scale. Beyond all this, there was extraordinary experience to be gained, in uninterrupted, isolated months in the wilderness practically spent in a canoe.

The fire-ranger got his scale map, marking his hundred miles or so of connected lake and river, before he left his university city, and then bought a pair of paddles to his taste and assembled his gear. Capacious packsack. Blankets and moisture-proof ground-sheet, or sleeping-bag like a real explorer. Fly-bar. Cooking utensil combination set of pail, coffee-pot, stew-pans and frying-pans. Grid for cooking over a double row of stones with fire between, ring and hook for suspending pots from sticks over round fires. Waterproof box for matches, short-handled axe and hunting knife in sheath, flashlight, fishing line and trolling spoon. Canvas and stick of tar for repairing tears in canoe fabric. Wool shirts to the taste in gaudy lumberjack colours, and a waterproof. There might be a "pup tent", just high and wide enough to crawl into at night: but an inverted canoe would provide shelter against a downpour of rain.

Frequently the fire-ranger was on his own without meeting another person for days, or even weeks, between his visit to the depot to report and take on supplies. The routine of his job was only to look after himself and keep alert and moving. He had to get his own meals. He stowed in his canoe flour, oatmeal, bacon in the piece, tinned butter, powdered milk, coffee,



jam, sugar, hard-tack, desiccated fruits, potatoes and onions, and a small quantity of the heavy and bulky luxury of canned goods. From these materials, supplemented by fish caught on the way and blueberries gathered from the low shrubbery that grows wild apparently on bare rock in the North, food to captivate healthy outdoor appetites can be prepared. The man sleeping in the open is wakened early by the sun. He at once kindles his fire and puts on water in a pot to boil. Then he washes, and perhaps takes a plunge in the river or lake, although this snow and spring water flowing over bare rock is as cold as it is clear and inviting. Then throw a handful of oatmeal on the boiling water poured from the deep pot into a pan, and a handful of coffee on the water in the pot. Cut strips of bacon and set them skittering on the hot frying-pan, and perhaps chop up some cold boiled potatoes left over from last evening's meal which, fried in the bacon fat and washed down with coffee scalding hot in a tin cup, satisfactorily complete preparations for a day in a canoe.

Short northern summers are hot. Skies are clear and the air dry. Very soon the deadwood under the spruce, cinnamon-brown dead needles and barked dead gray spiked and knotted branches, is tinder, the fire hazard that requires such careful supervision. The ranger's own breakfast fire has to be stamped out and then sluiced with pails of water. White mists formed in cool night air cover the morning waters through which the canoe glides. The paddler looks up from the water to the shadowed uncouth shapes of the rocks and patchy forest. Then the sun brightens the woods, restores the colour and glint of quartz, and reaching down to the water burns the mist as a match-flame a cobweb. The ranger would set the direction of his canoe, drain the water from his paddle and rest it in the bow, shift forward from his caned-thwart seat to kneel on the bottom, strip to the waist, and rub his skin with unguents to repel the mosquitoes and blackflies that plague the North.

Heat haze over glassy water occurs on the thousands of lakes in the broad noon hours. A canoe paddled well and steadily still seems motionless while the rest of substance shimmers as if viewed by a kidney-spotted eye. A breeze steadies the rock, but breaks up the water into points of light. In August there is a smell of wood-smoke in the haze. There is always an outbreak of fire somewhere in the forest. Within fifty miles the smoke will burnish the sky to rich shades of bronze and orange. The frying sound of grasshoppers on the rocks is so soporific that it seems to intensify the silence. With a twist of the blade the drowsy paddler may swing his canoe to shore on a shelf of rock, leaving it securely aground by the withdrawal of his weight from the stern, and stretch himself for a luxurious nap in a mossy hollow. Or he may keep awake by stripping and diving from the top of a steep rock-face into the clear water. It is so clear and cool, so smooth on the naked body, that it seems to have no density at all. He plunges deep without fear of weeds, floats totally submerged like a water-logged timber. If he continue to push on through the midday heat he will be fretted to wakefulness by thirst. Only hot drinks are to be had on a canoe trip, where there is no ice, no coolers, not even a farm's deep well. A pail weighted with a stone can be sunk on two strings, one to pull off the lid, and so water can be brought from the depths of a lake, but it is not cold to taste.

Except for a week in full summer the burning heat lifts quickly as the sun gets low. The air and the temperature are so pleasant, likewise the motion of the canoe, the easy work of paddling in a clear passage, the freedom and variety of the scenery, that the paddler often continues his progress into the long northern summer twilight. The farther north, the later night comes; but a narrowing of the water-course, strengthening of the current, decisively terminate a day's journey. Shadows on the rocks and curving waters of a rapids would

make passage in a canoe, depending on colour of water and exact position of foam, eddies and projections, impossible. The canoe is run up on a narrow beach if possible, near clear rock rising to a small hill. It is desirable to bed high up where there will be a night breeze to blow off the mosquitoes. With luck there may be a six-foot patch of level moss on the rock to soften it, but not too deep or it will be wet. Alternatively, tips of perfumed cedar boughs must be broken off and carried by the armful to the chosen spot and there arranged like shingles, stems under, for a mattress or 'brush bed'. It will be very comfortable if uniformly thick and arranged over hollows spaced for hips and shoulders. This can be prepared while the campfire is burning to a good bed of coals and water is boiling. The steps up the hill, and landmarks like trees that will persist through the change of colours from green to night-black have to be noted while there is still daylight. Even with a flashlight it is possible to get lost in a few steps after dark on this uneven ground.

A party—fire-rangers working in pairs or any others on a canoe trip—will yarn and smoke over the campfire in a content rarely to be found in modern conditions of life. Supposed ozone in the air from the coniferous forests was formerly credited with this as well as physical benefits. More likely the canoe occasions exercise without excessive exertion or fatigue or any form of nervous strain.

Adopting this life and the canoe that is fundamental to it, the only artists that have painted anything distinctively Canadian and at the same time internationally recognized began their work at the southern edge of the Canadian Shield. And in their single generation with canoe and brush and oils they surveyed the country to the same Arctic limit of the fur traders. These painters were *The Group of Seven*. The cradle of the school was Go Home Bay, an early summer resort on the rocky islanded shore of Georgian Bay in Lake Huron. The short-



lived leader of the group was Tom Thomson, painter of such subjects as *The Jack Pine* and *The West Wind*, who camped, paddled and sketched in complete solitude every available summer month in the North. Thomson was drowned, apparently capsized while entangled in his fishing-line, in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, Northern Ontario. The vitality derived by painting from this Group's inspiration has carried it to greater maturity than any other art in Canada.

The exposed rock surface of so much of Canada, cutting the jagged outlines of the lakes and laying the steps down which the rivers tumble, owes its colour to frequent mineralization. It is geologically ancient rock, marbled as well as gnarled, and some of these veins are ores. Gold, copper, nickel and many other metals have been found commercially available, although highly specialized techniques of excavation, extraction and transportation have had to be developed. The apparently haphazard occurrence of mineral wealth is small but numerous deposits at many points in northern Canada suggests that a prospector may find gold almost anywhere on the Precambrian Shield. Already there are mines within the Arctic Circle. Adaptation of the aeroplane to serve mining in this environment has given Canada the largest air freight industry in the world. To the student of material cultures there can be few more dramatic sights than the aeroplanes that take off from the railhead in Canada. They take off on pontoons as soon as the summer break-up of ice on the lake landing-fields occurs, heading north, with canoes strapped to the wings. The canoes are a normal part of a northern plane's freight, along with rock-sampling tools and dynamite, and the grubstake, and the prospector and his mate. The plane hops hundreds of miles north, finding a virgin field almost anywhere, provided it is North. But thereafter the close inspection of the rock for mineral traces is made by canoe. In the current phase of economic life in Canada mining is the most significant factor,

providing almost the only addition to national income in recent years and an item in the balance of payments of crucial importance. The horse and wagon imported to the southern agricultural areas has become obsolete. The railways are in arrears for interest and dividends. But the indigenous canoe is no romantic survival: it is again integral to Canadian life.

To the individual tourist a holiday is a romantic interlude, not to be too seriously evaluated for fear of spoiling it. But to the business-man, the economist and even the statesman, as well as the social historian, modern popular leisure and travel are of phenomenal importance. The ingredients of a holiday in Canada are idleness, water and a canoe. Of course there are guidebook attractions, too—natural wonders like the Rocky Mountains and social differences like the French colonial survival in Quebec. But a surprising part of the proportionately immense holiday activity in Canada is in the former Indian hunting-grounds, the country of the *voyageurs* and *coureurs du bois*, the second-growth timber lands thrown into discard by the wood-pulpers or by fire, the neighbourhood of the mines.

Idleness, water and a canoe in this country are sufficient for family holidays in a flimsy cottage, for supervised tent-camps for boys and girls, for youths' canoe trips, and for sportsmen's fishing. The first quality of this new life in Canada is freedom. Clothing is scanty and meals are simple. Shelter, being temporary, is slight enough to make no maintenance demands. The ground itself slopes and erupts at all angles, defiant of superficial discipline. It suddenly opens a vista of lake and headland, or closes in a narrow intimate bay or gully. Water is another release. Steep rock-walled lakes and rivers accept the swimmer instantly without wading on retreating beaches. Islands and other shores are always within easy swimming distance. And there is the waiting canoe, to be picked up from shore by the paddler as often as not in bathing-suit and bare feet, or to be entered directly from the water

once the swimmer learns to distribute his weight with reference to the empty canoe's volatile centre of gravity. The canoe is ready to be paddled swiftly to an immediate objective, or steadily and without labour for miles-long trips along the margin of broader lakes and through narrow connecting passages. Or it can drift in shallow bays as idly as a vacationing school-girl on an August day swooning over a love-story. The ordinary canoe can carry four passengers, safer than one; it can carry a trunk, or a week's food supplies, or blueberry-pickers returning from the islands, or the fisherman's haul, or choice weathered pine-knots for the ideal open fire. At the close of the season the canoe can be inverted on a sedan roof and carried to the city to hibernate in a cellar.

"The Precambrian Shield dominates the history as it dominates the landscape of Canada. It has set the terms and moulded the forms of Canadian life." So Innis, in his *Economic History of Canada*. Domination is not the mode of the canoe. In its red and green painted canvas, replacing the dust-coloured birch-bark, in its playful action on the water, there is a frivolous appearance. For the pleasure of life in the harsh Canadian environment this is not regrettable. And inherently the canoe is and continues to be as functional as a ladle in the moulding action of the Precambrian Shield environment on the forms of life in Canada.



## ON A FARM LANDSCAPE BY CAZIN

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Who shaped its clutching muscles, gabled thews?  
No man. Out of old Earth this troll was born,  
Squat, sprawling, by hard birth-throes overworn,  
A moody thing, complexioned with the hues  
Of rock and clay. From its own place it views  
Acres of fruitful tilth at eve and morn,  
Where scents of meadowsweet and wild hawthorn  
And honeysuckle play among the dews.

Now laden clouds invade the summer sky,  
Another and another, dark with rains,  
And heavily hang, prelusive, poised on high,  
While through the murk light-radiating lanes  
Steep in unearthly beauty the fields below  
And set the melancholy grange aglow.

## DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY

BY H. N. FIELDHOUSE

FOR the past fifteen years there has been no more fertile topic of political discussion than that of the conflict which is supposed to exist between dictatorship and democracy. It is a conflict with which we collide at every turn. If the question be one of domestic or social policy, or if it be one of foreign policy, we are sure to be invited to contrast the way in which such things are done in the dictatorships with the way in which they are done in the democracies. It is assumed without question that between the two forms of political society there is a deep and clear antagonism of principles and of aims. Is this assumption true?

Before we can answer that question, we must be sure of what we mean by democracy. In England and in Canada, we have an inveterate habit of using the term 'democratic' as though it meant 'liberal', or even 'parliamentary', and as though the three terms meant one and the same thing. In the light of our British experience, indeed, it is not unnatural that we should do so. Parliamentary government, in England, has not always been democratic, but the growth of parliament has, for a long time now, been generally associated with the growth of democracy, and democracy in the British countries has inherited from older régimes something of a liberal temper. It is not every nation, however, which has shared the British experience or which shares the British character, and, outside the British Commonwealth, it can by no means be taken for granted that a parliamentary government will be democratic or that a democracy will practise the virtues of liberalism.

Take the term 'parliamentary'. In our own history, the rule of one man, and especially of one soldier, has been associated with tyranny, and the rule of parliament with liberty. The question of whether a parliamentary régime will be lib-

eral or democratic, however, will obviously depend upon who elects the parliament and who is elected to it. A parliament is simply a piece of constitutional machinery. At one stage of a nation's history it may be substantially representative of the nation as a whole, and so be 'democratic'; but at another stage it may represent only the interests of a class or a section of a nation. It may be used to foster an ordered and constitutional freedom, and so be 'liberal', or it may be used to smother freedom. In one country, the electorate may be free and politically mature and so make parliament the instrument of broad and vigorous national policies: but in others, the electorate may be cowed or apathetic, and so make of parliamentary government a mere façade behind which the realities are corruption or fraud and force. There is no necessary connection whatsoever between parliamentary government and either liberalism or democracy.

More dangerous than the confusion which surrounds the word 'parliamentary', however, is our British habit of confusing 'democracy' and 'liberalism'. We repeatedly say 'democratic' when we mean 'liberal', and we persistently attribute to democracy, virtues which are not so much democratic, as liberal.

Liberalism—we are speaking, of course, of a liberal political philosophy and of liberal political principles, not of political parties which are labelled 'Liberal', and which may be, and not infrequently are, quite remarkably illiberal—liberalism is the product of a cultivated, tolerant and urbane society. It is a spiritual quality which is acquired by degrees as a man enters into the conscious possession of his own personality through a life of discipline and moral progress. It cannot be practised by men in a temper, and it cannot be acquired by men in a hurry. It is not a form of government, but an attitude of mind.

Democracy, on the other hand, is simply a matter of numbers. It means government by the mass of the people as a



whole, and its criterion is not spiritual but numerical. If the mass of the people is enlightened and tolerant, if its political instinct is highly developed, a democratic régime is likely to be liberal. If, as has frequently happened, the mass of the people is ignorant, bigoted or politically immature, a democratic régime is likely to be very illiberal. A crowd of white men lynching a negro in the southern U.S.A.; a crowd of football followers mobbing a referee in northern England; are both highly democratic, but nothing could be less liberal.

Or come nearer home, When the 'Padlock Law' was passed by the Legislature of Quebec, it was commonly denounced in other parts of Canada as being, among other things, anti-democratic. But it was passed by a convincing majority of the Legislature which had been undoubtedly and freely elected by a convincing majority of the population of the province. We might, if we chose, call the Law illiberal, reactionary and intolerant, but the one thing which we could not call it was anti-democratic. If we wished to say that the democracy of Quebec was ignorant and bigoted, or that it had chosen leaders who were ignorant and bigoted, that was another question. The fact that so many Canadians called the 'Padlock Law' anti-democratic, merely shows the degree to which they have been confusing democracy with liberalism.

This confusion between what is liberal and what is democratic has gravely misled us in our appraisal of some of the most deep and significant tendencies of our time. It has been the chief stumbling-block, for example, in the way of our understanding of Fascism and of Nazism, which are not parliamentary and yet are democratic, and are democratic without being liberal.

Now this is something which English-speaking liberals are almost congenitally disqualified from understanding. When the present writer came back to Canada from a visit to Germany in 1934, he was struck on his return by the strong desire

of cultivated, liberal Canadians to be assured that the German people were not really supporting Hitler. How to explain this desire?

It is not surprising, of course, that those elderly Englishmen and Canadians who were trained in the liberal tradition of the last century should be unhappy in the world of to-day and should be somewhat at a loss to understand it. They had always assumed that tyranny and torture and secret police were things which were gone with the past. Now they find these things coming at them out of the future. They had always assumed, moreover, that these things were the work of wicked reactionaries. They now find that these things are the work of the most modern revolutionaries. For Stalin is a much more modern figure than is either Sir Archibald Sinclair or Mr. Attlee, and Hitler and Mussolini are far more modern than are Mr. Mackenzie King and Mr. J. S. Woodsworth. It had always been the liberals' assumption that the future was to the humanitarians, and now it is only too apparent that it is just as likely to be to the brutalitarians. Worse still, they find that the brutalitarians come from the people. The great Anti-Liberals are not the Kings and the Priests: they are the Austrian house-painter, the son of the Italian blacksmith, and the son of the Georgian shoemaker.

The truth is that liberal-minded men in the English-speaking world have long been saying 'democratic' when they really meant 'liberal', and have been attributing to democracy qualities which do not belong to it but which are really the qualities of liberalism. When they say 'democratic', they think of a régime like-minded with themselves, a régime of free and liberty-loving men, granting to others the freedoms which they claim for themselves, and tolerant of all save the most final differences of opinion, as to the purposes of the state. These have not, in fact, been the virtues of democracy. They have been the virtues of liberal oligarchies, and wherever a

direct and thorough-paced democracy has had its way, these virtues have been destroyed. The only democracies in which tolerance and the liberty of the individual have been preserved, have been democracies such as that of England, where democracy is still tempered by considerable survivals of aristocracy, and where its effects are diluted, partly by representative government and partly by traditions derived from an older régime. It would be difficult to find a complete democracy in history—a democracy in which the masses have completely and directly governed themselves—which has not shown itself impatient and intolerant, and which has not ridden rough-shod over the liberties of minorities and of individuals.

This is a point upon which liberalism has never been able to give us any guidance. Its fundamental axiom is that if men are given freedom they will use it wisely and for liberal purposes: an axiom, by the way, which it is extremely difficult to reconcile with the Christian doctrine of original sin. Once men make an unwise or illiberal use of freedom, the liberal house collapses. Reject the liberal axiom that the voice of the people is necessarily the voice of God, and you enter at once into dark places where liberalism can throw no light.

For this is a matter in which liberals have never really had a creed. They have simply made an act of faith. In spite of every evidence to the contrary, they have been accustomed to attribute to democracy—to the people anywhere—virtues which it does not possess, with the result that when the people proceeds to behave in a way which is really popular, that is to say, in a way which may be very intolerant, they have no alternative save to fall back upon the pretence that the intolerance is not really the work of the people but only of a minority which is repressing the people. Confronted with mass movements such as Fascism and Nazism, for example, liberals are incapable of understanding them because their identification of democracy with their own liberalism forbids them to believe that an illiberal régime can be democratic.



Something of the gravity of this mistake becomes apparent when we realize that it is the whole tremendous portent of our time that there has reappeared, with Fascism and with Nazism, a thing with which the ancient world was thoroughly familiar, and which reappeared again with the French Revolution and Napoleon; a thing the tradition of which has never quite gone from the Continent, but of which the British peoples have no experience—the thing which we call mass democracy. It is the whole tremendous significance of the Fascist and Nazi dictatorships, not that they are opposed to democracy, but that they are democracy. Fascism and Nazism are opposed, not to democracy, but to liberalism, and the great issue of our time is not dictatorship *versus* democracy, but mass dictatorship-democracy *versus* the liberal state.

To the Englishman and the Canadian, brought up to identify democracy with parliamentary government and with his own brand of liberalism, this statement will sound like deliberate paradox, but it is the merest commonplace to the continental European. What is the historical fact which has emerged again in the modern dictatorships? It is the age-old alliance of the One and the Many against the Few. It rests on the assumption that once a state becomes too big to allow of all the citizens meeting to practise direct democracy in the marketplace, the nation must be governed by representatives, and that one popular and able son of the people may be much more genuinely representative of the masses than an assembly of six hundred cultivated deputies.

Now this is an assumption with which nearly every part of the world, except the British, is thoroughly familiar. The alliance of the One and the Many against the Few is not the exception in history: it is, much more nearly, the rule. The Roman Republic was governed by the upper classes, the patricians. When the Caesars overthrew the Republic and established their dictatorship, they based themselves on the 'plebs',

upon the Roman masses. The Greek world was studded with examples of the same phenomenon; one successful, and often able 'tyrant', destroying the political power of the classes in whom control had been traditional, by a demagogic appeal to the masses, and setting up his 'tyranny' upon the basis of their support. The French Revolution, classical in this respect, as in so much else, followed the same course. So long as it remained the work of the educated, reasonably well-to-do middle-class, it tried to be parliamentary and liberal. Once it passed into the hands of the masses, it was not long before it gave itself to Caesar, in the person of Bonaparte. So also, with the Russian Revolution. It began as the work of cultivated, devoted Russians whose intention was to westernize Russia and to give her liberal and parliamentary institutions. Once it passed from their hands into the hands of the Russian town masses, there was an end of liberalism and of parliaments, and the Revolution trod the familiar path by way of 'dictatorship of the proletariat' to the dictatorship of one man. It is more than half a century since Bulwer Lytton prophesied the outcome. Nineteenth century liberalism, he wrote, would end by producing "an Avenger who, uniting popular attributes with an anti-liberal philosophy, would seek to destroy all that is now understood by the enlightened name of liberalism".

That English and Canadian liberals should be blind to the democratic—not to say demagogic—character of dictatorship is due to the fact that, in general, they have always been inclined to say 'the people' when they meant the middle-classes. The parliamentary liberalism to which they are attached was never the work of the people. As developed in England and widely copied by the rest of the world in the nineteenth century, it was a business for educated men. Politically, it was derived from the rationalism of the eighteenth century, and it always kept something of the leisured and aristocratic flavour of the culture from which it sprang. Economically, it was the creed

of the industrial and commercial middle-class, a creed for men with a substantial degree of economic security. It is true that, under its oligarchic forms, it gave a maximum of freedom to the government, but while the masses accepted it and benefited from it, they had not made it. Mass-democracy is not educated, its economic security is still to seek, and it is not noticeably in love with freedom; and if the dictatorships of to-day are rough-hewn and rough-shod, it is because democracy itself is rough-hewn and rough-shod. The dictatorship of the house-painter and of the blacksmith's son may well express democracy's rather unpleasant personality more truly than do the polite parliamentary politics of the educated middle-class. It is significant that the first and oldest definition of the word 'liberal', given by the Oxford Dictionary, is "fit for a gentleman". It was a disillusioned Italian liberal, on the other hand, who remarked: "Nothing is less liberal than the people."

In approaching the study of the dictatorships, then, we have begun with a profound misunderstanding. When a democracy declines to practise the liberal virtues, and shows itself to be intolerant and illiberal, English-speaking liberals are driven to say that it is not a democracy. Hence our complete and dangerous failure to understand the nature of the present régimes in Germany and Italy. Hence, when we were at peace, the superficial explanations of Herr Hitler as the puppet of this or that Prince of Big Business; and hence, now that we are at war, the fiction that we are only fighting Hitler and not the German people.

The truth is, as we have suggested, that both Fascism and Nazism are thoroughly democratic, and that the things which liberals abhor in them are the democratic things. Both Fascism and Nazism arose as mass movements. The leaders of both movements are demagogues, men sprung from the people. Hitler is so much the demagogue that he might almost be called the lowest common denominator of the German character.



Mussolini was, from the first, the turbulent mob leader inclined, from his youth in the Romagna, to settle any issue by popular riot. The very virtues and vices of their régimes are the virtues and vices of democracy. Their brutalities are the brutalities of the masses, and their very vigour is democratic. The prejudices of the aristocrat are usually counter-balanced by his scepticism and often by his laziness, but those of the house-painter and the blacksmith's son have no counterpoise. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini is hampered by that sense of the resistance of things which is one of the fruits of education. Even their aggressive foreign policies are democratic. It is the custom of Left-wing writers to treat aggressive patriotism as a characteristic of wealthy or educated men. The truth is that the characteristic vice of the educated is scepticism, and of the wealthy, avarice. The ugly and aggressive aspects of patriotism have been a vice of democracy from the Athens of Cleon to the Red Caps (and bayonets) of Revolutionary France and the Red, Black, and Brown shirts of to-day.

We often speak as though Fascism and Nazism had seized power by force, but, given the condition of post-war Italy and post-war Germany, the marvel is not that they should have used force but that they used, and needed to use, so little. In that, they differed both from Russian Bolshevism and from Spanish Phalangism. Such large sections of the Russian people were opposed to Bolshevism, that the Bolsheviks had to fight long and hard to get control of Russia, and their success would have been impossible without foreign help. The brunt of their fighting was borne for them by their German and other mercenaries. General Franco, so often wrongly called Fascist, had to fight hard to get control of Spain, and he, too, relied to a considerable degree on foreign assistance. He seized power in Spain by a great deal of fighting and a little talking. The Fascists, on the other hand, both Hitler and Mussolini, gained power by a very little fighting and a great deal of talking,

carrying with them, by the arts of the demagogue, the majority of the masses in their respective countries.

Hitler came to power in Germany by constitutional means, and his position was confirmed by plebiscite. The last two German general elections, before he came to power, were those of July and November, 1932. In the July election, the National Socialists obtained nearly fourteen million votes, and in the November election nearly twelve million. In both elections, the next largest party, that of the Social Democrats, obtained less than eight million votes. Both elections, be it noticed, were held before Nazism was in power and before it was in a position to employ force or intimidation. When Hitler left the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations, and submitted his action to a plebiscite of the German people, 96.3 per cent of the total electorate voted, and 95.1 per cent of those voting supported Hitler's action. In the plebiscite held to confirm Hitler's assumption of the powers of President, on the death of Marshal Hindenburg, 95.6 per cent of the total electorate voted, and 89.9 per cent of those voting supported Hitler.

It is true, that once it was in the saddle, the régime used force against its opponents, but that does not detract from its popular origin. Not every German has approved every Nazi policy (in what country did every policy ever commend itself to every citizen?), and if Hitler should lead Germany into military defeat, she will get rid of his government as any fighting people has always got rid of a government which has led it to defeat, but of the fact that the Nazi régime has rested on national approval, and that Hitler was swept into power because he gave voice and effect to deep-seated German prejudices and instincts, there can be no doubt. Because we do not like National Socialism is no reason for assuming that the vast mass of Germans do not like it.

One of the most hostile American critics of Nazism has written: "What actually happened is unique in that dictatorship was accomplished by popular will. The German people have not had Mr. Hitler thrust upon them. He recommended himself to them and they bought him. More than fifty per cent of all Germans politically minded enough to exercise the right of suffrage—and nearly 89 per cent of them went to the polls—deliberately gave away all their civil rights, all their chances of popular control, all their opportunities for representation. The German people went over to autocracy in March, 1933, in a body, burning all their bridges behind them."

There is only one word in that passage with which we need quarrel, and that is the word unique. The spectacle of a people, at a certain juncture in its history, giving itself to one man, because in that moment of time he can embody or make articulate all those imponderable emotions with which the national mind is exercised—such a spectacle is very far from being unique, as the France which gave itself to Louis Napoleon can witness; and Fascism in Italy has been hardly less democratic in character than Nazism in Germany. It began with a handful of devoted patriots who banded themselves together to rescue Italy from the collapse of a degenerate parliamentarianism and from the effects of post-war disillusionment and defeatism. They found a leader in a man of the people, a stormy petrel whose tempestuous character, in any place or time, would have demanded large expression in terms of power. By a spontaneous revival of the national spirit—a revival half national, half demagogic—a revival born of exasperation that the greatest effort which the Italian nation had yet made should be thrown away by professional politicians and professional revolutionaries—the original Fascists and their leader were joined by thousands whose motives were as mixed as they were numerous. In the condition in which Italy then was, a condition in which, in Mussolini's expressive phrase, power lay



on the floor, they reached a point at which they must either accept destruction or seize the reins of government themselves. In taking over the government they had the active or passive connivance of the overwhelming mass of the Italians. There has been opposition to Mussolini, but it has not come from the Italian masses. It has come from those cultivated members of the Italian intelligentsia who were nurtured in the English parliamentary and liberal tradition of the last century.

Liberals in English-speaking countries, indeed, are prone to over-estimate the extent to which the masses are interested in political liberty. Liberalism, as we have said, was not only the creed of educated men. It was also the creed of men with some degree of economic security, and there are times and places at which a vote seems less important than a meal. The Mussolini who in his youth had led a mob to the town hall to prevent an increase in the price of milk, had his finger on the pulse of democracy when he declared in 1923: "What then is liberty? Does it exist? At bottom, it is a philosophico-moral category. There are liberties, but liberty has never existed. The people does not ask for liberty. In Messina, it wants houses: in the Basilicata it wants fresh water."

Liberty, it would seem, like 'parliamentary' and 'democratic', may mean different things in different places. It may mean personal liberty, the liberty of the individual, but it may also mean national liberty, the freedom of a people from foreign rule, and when a nation is struggling to win or to preserve its national liberty, or is recovering from national humiliation, it may sometimes be willing to sacrifice its personal liberties. Liberty, again, may mean political liberty, the freedom of the citizen as against oppression or privilege, but it may also mean economic liberty, freedom from poverty and from the threat of economic insecurity, and poor men may sometimes think little of personal and political liberty where these are not accompanied by economic liberty.

It is doubtful whether liberals are, even now, taking these things sufficiently into account: whether they are not still too ready to assume that, in all times and places, men mean the same thing by liberty. From Mazzini to Morley, liberalism was altogether too optimistic about the degree to which its own ideals were shared by the masses; altogether too sure that the masses will, in all times and places, make a wise and liberal use of freedom; altogether too sure that man is a rational and a liberal animal. We shall have to remember that humanity is very human, that genuine liberalism is the fine, and somewhat precarious fruit of a cultivated society, and that the liberal values are doubly in danger in an age in which industrialism has produced men in herds, and in which centralization is becoming increasingly necessary to direct the herds.

For that is the real issue which lies behind the superficial opposition of dictatorship *versus* democracy. We in our time are witnessing the end of the period which began with the Renaissance and which began to pass away with the French Revolution; that humanistic period in which men assumed that the aim of society was to make possible the development of the powers and the liberties of the individual. Industrial democracy has brought that period to a close, and is replacing individuals by classes, differentiation by standardization, and man by the mass. The supposed conflict between dictatorship and democracy is, then, as we have seen, no opposition at all. The two forms of polity are really two aspects of one and the same thing, the tyranny of the Many issuing in the tyranny of the One.

More far-reaching is the fact that the forces which have already given rise to the modern mass-dictatorship-democracies in Central Europe, are likely to threaten liberal, humanistic society in every country. For in an age in which everything else is mass produced, it is not easy to see how the political forms of society can also escape debasement to the mass level,

or where we can hope to preserve the liberal values. Democracy seems very unlikely to preserve them, since there are too many countries in which the democratic way is the way of Central Europe, the way of the Fascist; concentration of power in a Leader and liberation of passion in the Mob. Nor can we look for liberalism to anti-democratic Russia, or to the democratic, but illiberal, United States—to the Colossus of the East or the Colossus of the West — each alike concentrating upon social and material values, each alike sacrificing the individual to social efficiency. It may be that our best hope must lie with the peoples of Western Europe, and especially with England, where the temper and spirit of our laws has long fenced about the way of the man who would walk alone. It was in England that a conservative declared it to be the aim of policy “to elevate the masses, in character and in feeling, to that standard which conservatism seeks in aristocracy”. That may be a Utopian ideal, but it still remains true that in England, almost alone, the democratic masses have inherited something of the liberalism of the classes.

It may be that this is the most important single factor of our time. Many Canadians, and many Americans apparently, would wish to see Britain and France win this war because they are called democracies, and Germany is called a dictatorship. The present war, however, is not a conflict of democracy with dictatorship. The Central European dictatorships are democracies, and in so far as this war is an ideological conflict at all, it is a conflict between modern mass-democratic-dictatorships and those older communities which still, in some degree, “aim at preserving the general influence both on laws and on society, of the chief men or the best, whether in character, intelligence, property, or birth.”

It is a conflict, moreover, in which one cannot help feeling that the liberal states are fighting against the times. For it seems unlikely that the tendency to mass civilization and, there-



fore, to mass rule has yet worked itself out. It seems more probable that the near future will see it extended and intensified. In time, doubtless, the inborn tendency of men to differentiate themselves will appear again, and a new assertion of the individual will lead to a new flowering of the human spirit; but for the immediate future the prospect is bleak.

It is for this reason that more important, almost, than the question of whether the British Commonwealth should win this war, is the question of the impact of war upon its social structure and its political and social ideals. For whether we have war or peace, victory or defeat, the pressure of a mass-produced society upon our liberal ideals, and the tendency of mass democracy to produce mass dictatorship, will go on; and it may well be that while civilization is awaiting its new renaissance, the nations of Western Europe and of the British Commonwealth may survive as an asylum of a richer and older freedom, as communities in which democracy is still tempered by liberalism.

## A CHILD OF POLAND

BY DIANA SKALA

ARRAYED in a scarf of bright purple-red gauze which I had discovered in mother's room I paraded around in the orchard under the trees dreaming dreams. They were brighter and prouder and more delicate than the bit of gossamer lace I had thrown about my shoulders. My head was high, and my lips were smiling. Without thinking of anything I walked to the edge of the trees and into the backyard.

Near the barn the poppies, large petals clinging languorously to the breeze, flamed in passionate scarlet. I leaned over gracefully from the waist so as not to disarrange the scarf and put my nose into the centre of one of the open flowers. There was a sharp clucking sound near me. I lifted myself upright and looked about. My eyes met the fiery neck of the turkey-cock. I gazed fascinated at his brilliant colour. I put out my hand to touch him and received a sharp peck in return. "You should not do that, nice thing; I like you," I spoke soothingly, putting out my hand again but more timidly this time. I wondered why he kept on making that unpleasant noise in his throat. It made me feel uncomfortable. He jabbed forward with his beak. I drew back frightened, eyeing him uneasily, and wishing he would go away. But there he stood clucking away and rearing himself up over my head. I was afraid of his bigness. Thinking that perhaps he would go if I ignored him, I turned my back to show him that our conference was at an end. I pretended he wasn't there, and gave my attention to the poppies. I shook one of the pods to see if it was ripe enough. I took off its little coronet and poured the tasty seeds into my mouth. I glanced out from the corner of my eye. The turkey was regarding me silently. But as soon as I faced forwards he began that noise again and came charging down at

me. I uttered a little cry and ran away, the turkey after me, pecking and jabbing at the scarf about my shoulders.

My elders, who had evidently watched the whole thing from the window, found this highly amusing and were laughing uproariously. I cried to them to help me and take away the turkey. But they only laughed the more. The bird was right upon me and I was sobbing with fright. It seemed to me like a nightmare. Here were these grown-ups at the window laughing and doing nothing. I was terror-stricken and the idea that they did not consider this anything to be afraid of increased my bewilderment. Finally one of them at last called to me to throw away my scarf. I did not understand at first what was meant and held on to the delicate thing.

"Throw it away, throw it away!" they commanded.

Reluctantly, and without comprehending anything, I flipped it under the pear-trees. The turkey stopped chasing me and pounced upon it. I ran under the tree and took hold of it to pull it away.

"Leave it alone", they shouted to me from the window.

I turned away and from the gooseberry bushes watched the cock tear my pretty scarf to shreds. I wept bitterly and mother came out, scolding:

"What are you crying for, what? It's much better that he should tear the scarf than that he should hurt you, isn't it?"

I looked bewildered. If there were any danger of my being hurt why didn't they come to my aid sooner instead of laughing? But these were my elders, the autocratic gods of my world and theirs was the power and the glory.

"Stop crying at once, do you hear me?"

Mother gave me a little slap and pushed me into the house. Her awakened fear that perhaps I had been in danger expended itself now in a fit of anger on my head.

. . . . .



Grandmother was churning butter. I watched her sitting near the oven and with both hands working the pole up and down, up and down, in the grooved opening of the fitted cover of the churn. It seemed a complicated and marvellous machine to me. This dark wooden cylinder reaching to grandmother's knee was a mysterious, beneficent affair, turning our fresh milk into golden butter. Grandmother, seeing me gazing so intently, offered jocularly:

"Here, maybe you'd like to have a try at it."

I was delighted and put out my hand.

Grandma chuckled at my eagerness: "Better use both hands."

I took hold of the pole while she went to place a couple of stones to weigh down her newly made cheeses on the shelf. I pushed downwards and was surprised at the pressure I had to use; it had moved so easily and smoothly when Grandma worked it, seemingly without effort. I heard the "plop, plop" of the milk inside knocking against the walls of the churn. Shut up in this blind box, what was it doing there—that white milk, I wondered curiously? I could feel it heaving against my moveless pole, jerking it out of my hand by its imprisoned force. It slowed down and stopped altogether and I thought of it lying there in a still, gleaming pool, waiting for me to stir it and change it. Would it rather be butter than milk? Perhaps, because that way lay its release from the dark wooden box. Or was butter its paradisaical state? In that case I had better help it attain heavenly bliss! I tried to push my pole faster up and down and the milk inside plopped about willingly and seemed to strain for its salvation; but it was hard work.

"Here, let me have it," grandmother said coming up, "or we'll get our butter next year."

I relinquished it. Grandmother worked away for some time. After a while the "plop, plop" changed to a light "plusk,

plusk"—perhaps a cry of beatitude, for she lifted off the cover—the milk had become butter. She drained off the buttermilk and placed the mass of fresh, sweet butter in a dish. It did look ethereally happy piled up in a delicate smiling mound. Grandma covered it with two new cabbage-leaves and put it in the pantry. *Requiescat in pace!*

Outside, I explained the metamorphosis to Genia and told her that butter should be called "angel-milk".

"We are going to have some bread and angel-milk later", I said, just to get her used to the new word.

"You mean bread and butter", she insisted.

I felt very displeased at this.

"Children, here you are!" Grandma called from the steps and we received each a freshly buttered slice of wheaten bread.

"Isn't angel-milk delicious with black bread?" I asked airily.

"I like my bread and butter very much", answered Genia, licking her lips emphatically, a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

I walked off pretending not to hear.

. . . . .

Deeply exotic smells issued from the house. I tried to enter unobtrusively, for grandmother was busy making jams and preserves and at such times she was an arch-priestess burning incense before strange gods, and the house was a temple. She would resent any intrusion upon the sacred precincts. Gazing intently into a kettle of purple juice which she was stirring carefully, she was much too occupied to notice me. I made myself as small as possible and sat down demurely at the window. But I thought it dangerous to remain and looked for a chance to escape. As soon as I saw her go out into the hall for a minute, I made for the door. I glanced towards the stove and saw in one of the pots black plums dissolving ecstat-

ically in a lake of bubbling sugar. In the corridor grandma was just returning from the pantry. She stopped me:

"What were you doing there just now?" She gave me a stern, penetrating look.

"Nothing, I didn't touch anything", I said solemnly, expecting to be convicted because, when I was truly innocent, my face seemed charged with guilt to my elders, while at other times, my heavily sin-laden little soul would be acquitted summarily. It was a foretaste of the tender mercies of the blind-folded goddess balancing her stupid scales out in the world I was some day to meet.

But either she was convinced or, having more important things to do at the moment, she said nothing and I ran into the orchard surprised and glad to be let off so easily.

. . . . .

I helped mother carry the clothes to the pond. There she knelt down on the bank where a broad slab of stone jutted out conveniently into the water. It served as a crude wash-board. While she was occupied with the washing I wandered about the bank a few yards away watching the weeds swaying beneath the waves. How beautiful and gentle the water looked! Such cool and inviting green!

"Lovely One!" I whispered to it caressingly.

I noticed a yellow lily, and a greedy desire possessed me to get that flower. It seemed very near shore and I thought I could easily reach it. I lay down full length on the bank and stretched out my hand and with my willow switch I touched it and tried to coax it nearer. But it was strongly fastened and very slippery. If only I could use both hands I could easily get at it, I thought regretfully, but I dared not let go of the bank which supported me. I was loth to withdraw without my prize, after all that vain straining, but there was nothing else to be done. I pulled back my hand and body care-



fully, when suddenly "plop" and my head was in the water. With my arms I tried to catch hold of the bank behind me but it slipped away from my grip. There I lay, trapped, my body on the shore and drowning in the pond. I tried to shout "Mother!" but no voice came through. From the corner of my eye I saw mother washing the clothes and unaware of anything.

I felt myself divided into two separate selves. The physical part of me attenuated to a frozen wraith-like opaqueness; the other stolidly regarded the phenomenon.

Through the transparent clarity of the body, a door that had suddenly opened, my mind surprised out of fear gazed at the face of life.

And then fear came, a coldness that crept through my limbs. My soul lay helpless beneath a cruel, implacable power. Against its ironical smile I could do nothing. It was no use calling for help; I was fated to die. I resigned myself but still kept on whispering hopelessly into the water, "Mother, mother!" The waves gurgled and bubbled in my throat. I saw the lily now far away and aloof, smiling above me. How did I ever think it was near enough to reach? The water looked secret and evil. The blue sky inscrutable.

Mother turned and spoke to me and her lips moved, though I could not hear what she said. Now surely here was aid! I saw her turn back to her washing. My head felt numb, stupid, I waited for the final moment. I was choking. And then I saw mother again look in my direction and jump up and run to me. She took hold of my dress and pulled me out of the water. All this probably took no more than a few minutes, though to me it seemed centuries.

"Always you get into trouble", she scolded angrily, "just look at your dress!"

I stood there silent. I had tasted death. A sickening shudder passed through my body. I felt weak and dizzy. My

feet crumbled, unable to support me. Mother gazed at me more closely and took hold of my hand. I tottered along beside her.

I looked at the pond. It flowed along in smooth gentle ripples. Unconsciously I shivered. The sky showed a beautiful and innocent blue. The sun was warm. The fragrance of growing flowers and fruit touched by nostrils delicately as though to lure me away from my thoughts of mistrust. But I had seen beneath the surface. I was aware of the treacherous face of Nature. She was a velvet-pawed cat with cruel claws. Such cruel claws! My soul cried out numbly at the memory of their lacerating cruelty.

. . . . .

Behind the pond were the fields of Maciek, the peasant. Mother had warned us not to go near there. But since his house was at the other end of the field I did not think anyone could see me. I moved up to the fence, bending low to make my small self still less visible. The young carrots, their fronded leaves curving in lovely patterns glanced out golden from the earth, inviting the plucking. I could not resist the lure of their bulbs of colour like little lamps lit in the ground. I took hold of one of the green plumes above them and pulled. It came out easily, the soft earth still clinging to the tendrils of the roots. I washed the carrot in the pond and it issued forth glowing from its bath. I sniffed and sniffed it, and then with one bite it was in my mouth and on its crunching way to salvation. I became drunk with its perfume and freshness. I ran up, daring Maciek and his whole progeny of bloodthirsty heathens, and pulled up one and then another of the youngling carrots and ran down again with them to the pond. Oh, the lovely Earth! And the fragrance of growing things in the Earth!

## CANADIAN OPPORTUNITY

By FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL

YOU may remember that four years ago this summer the Olympic Games were held in Berlin. It was at a time when Nazism, possibly to hide its actual intentions, professed to be seeking the world's good opinion; so Germany—which meant Nazism then as much as it does now—made the occasion notable.

Never had an Olympic festival been endowed with so striking a setting. Never had such stadia, so large, so numerous, so varied and so permanent—they were built of solid stone and concrete—been created for a purely ephemeral gathering. A whole village was brought into being for the convenience of the visiting athletes and their trainers. It had stone cottages, a huge dining hall for meals in common, great lawns, running tracks, driveways through entrancing shrubbery, everything to make it beautiful and every device to keep it exclusive. The designers had even been at pains to meet the special requirements of the different nationalities. There were, for instance, outdoor steam baths for the Finns and warm swimming pools for the Japanese.

After the games, the village was turned over to the army for an officers' training centre and is so used now. The huge fields became Nazi assembly grounds, and the stadia were used for nationalistic pageants and sporting contests of a military tendency. But that is another story. The Germans waste nothing—not even the old cans and the tinfoil from cigarette wrappers.

These preparations were for the summer contests. At the preceding winter Olympics, held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the world attendance was not expected to be so large, but which were important nevertheless as part of the whole, the setting was not quite so elaborate. It was notable, however,



for one ingenious feature. Instead of having steel helmeted Schutzstäfel (the black-uniformed Elite Guard of the Hitler movement) or the brown-uniformed Nazi stormtroopers of ill repute, or police armed with truncheon, bayonet and revolver to direct traffic and guard the ski jumps and ice rinks, that duty was delegated to the Labour Corps. They gave Germany a peaceful aspect.

I should explain perhaps that, in preparation for military service, all German lads of eighteen or thereabouts are compelled to spend six months in the Labour Corps under discipline which is military in all but name. As a prelude to digging trenches, they drain swamp lands, build roads, reclaim waste lands. Their weapons temporarily are spades instead of rifles and they are taught to care for them just as tenderly as rifles. The spades shine like silver.

One of these grey-uniformed, red-cheeked lads stood at the door of Press Headquarters and brought his spade, instead of a rifle, to "Present Arms" when the more notable among us went in. Many of the visiting foreign journalists (this particular aggregation knew more about sports than international politics) took due note of this.

"Isn't Germany maligned?" they said. "There's nothing militaristic about these lads. Really, this Labour Corps is a very fine idea. Why don't we do something like it at home? It has such a good effect."

But it was merely another ebullition of the versatile and resourceful Dr. Goebbels, who misses no bets whatever. As German propaganda this particular device was most effective. I had many arguments about it and rarely succeeded in convincing anybody who didn't know Germany that it was just a trick.

Goebbels had a few more in his conjurer's bag. Preliminary to the summer Olympics the whole German landscape,

already close to being immaculate, had a grand clean-up. Every town and village along the main roads leading from the borders toward Berlin was ordered to spend a little money on fresh paint and window boxes—the citizens themselves, of course, supplying the paint, the boxes and the flowers. Any vacant lots that were not tidy already had to be made so immediately, under penalty. Road signs were furbished up and made plainly readable at a distance. On the days preceding the games Nazi stormtroopers, in relays, were stationed at cross-roads to direct incoming foreign motorists the right way and told to be nice about it. They were even provided, in advance, with leaflets giving simple directions in French and English, and made to learn them by heart.

In Berlin itself, Hitler and some of the more notable Nazi leaders made tours of the city, advising a quick improvement here and another there. Advice from a Nazi leader is a command; better set about obeying it speedily. Even the Foreign Office sent around a few polite suggestions to shabby legations that a little fresh paint and smartening up of their buildings to bring them into conformity with the surrounding structures on this important occasion would be greatly appreciated.

I remember that the American embassy was embarrassed and a little peevish over such an intimation. The United States owned, but had never fitted up or occupied, a huge and historic old mansion in the Pariserplatz, just inside the Brandenburg Gate. Soon after it was purchased, a fire had wrecked the interior and it stood there, vacant and dingy, awaiting the time when the Congress of the United States should get around to the notion that it is cheaper to occupy one's own property than to pay rent for half-a-dozen other buildings, and in consequence would appropriate enough money to fit this white elephant for use. In 1936 this had not been done, although it has since, and the embassy had to tell the Foreign Office that

regretfully it had no funds to make the old place look presentable.

But the crowning Goebbelsian manoeuvre took place about a week before the games. For several days, by order, every newspaper in the controlled press of Germany carried on its front page in black type a notice from the resourceful doctor. I don't remember its exact wording, but it was to this general effect:

Germany is about to receive a large number of foreigners, many of them of distinction, come to see the Olympics. The future of the Reich will depend in a great measure upon the impression they carry away. It is therefore the patriotic duty of every German, man and woman, to see to it that this impression shall be favourable. Let each remember in the forthcoming weeks the responsibility which will rest on his shoulders. Let no courtesy, no attempt to please and help the stranger be lacking. For the next few weeks every German will be a host to the new-comers. He will represent the Reich. Germans, let no one fail to live up to his obligation!

The Germans are a docile people, obedient to authority. In my own opinion, if left to themselves, the great majority of them would prefer to be decent, kind and neighbourly, although under propaganda influence and in the mass they are, as we know, quite different. Anyway, the effect of the Goebbels notice was close to magical. A foreigner—and by dress and bearing foreigners are easily distinguishable in Germany—couldn't stand on a street corner in Berlin, looking around as though he sought something or didn't know which way to go, without a German stepping up to him and courteously inquiring if there was anything he could do. Again and again I saw Germans, when the person accosted didn't understand, halt successive passers-by to ask if they spoke English or French and could find out what was puzzling this *Ausländer*.



Hackmen and taxi drivers asked only the minimum fare and gratefully accepted even a small tip, or didn't grumble—audibly, at any rate—if there was no tip at all. Restaurant menus were printed in at least three languages and waiters bustled, perspiring, to please. Never was there such a courteous, obliging city as Berlin in those days.

And the effect was as Goebbels had foreseen. Visiting foreigners, one and all, went away vowing that Germany was the ideal country. Never had they encountered such kindness and such courtesy. I well remember a very befuddled American whom I observed in a Berlin express office waiting to have a money order cashed and meantime, supporting himself against a convenient pillar, holding forth to the world.

"I'm from California", he proclaimed, in a voice that reflected how hard had been the preceding night. "Never been this country before. Never been Yurrip before. I wanna say there's nothing but lies been told about this country. I'm goin' home to tell truth. I'm goin' home to say all these foreign correspondents are liars; don't believe 'em! Don't read wha' they write. This Germany'sh fine country, kind people, hospitable people, don't want nothing. Give you everything you have. Give you their shirt. I'll tell 'em!"

If Goebbels had heard it the doctor might have pinned an Olympic medal on him. This was just what he wanted. In fact I am not at all sure that the propaganda-created impression thus created four years ago even yet has entirely faded out of some American minds, in spite of all that has happened since.

We know now, of course, that the Nazi leaders didn't care a tinker's dam about what the world thought of the new Germany they were creating. Their objective was quite different and wholly practical. What Germany needed in those days was devisen—foreign currency with which to pay for the raw materials out of which would come the armament she was then

in semi-secrecy busily manufacturing. The Olympics brought that currency to her.

Incidentally she wished also to lull the world into a false sense of security until she was ready to loose the horrors of totalitarian war upon her neighbours. She succeeded in that, too, and the world is now paying the price for the gullibility of its political leaders who took that siren song at the mellifluous value it seemed to have.

I have told this story here, however, not so much to point out how easily most of us were fooled, but for another purpose. Canada, in one respect, is in the same position now that Germany was on the eve of the Olympic in 1936. Canada needs foreign currency with which to pay for implements of warfare to meet the German menace to all the freedom that we hold dear. There are needed especially, United States dollars with which to buy aeroplanes and aeroplane supplies. As the *Toronto Globe and Mail* said a few days ago, "the flower of Canadian youth—the best we have—will man those planes if we can get them. They are waiting eagerly by thousands to do their part as they have done in the past. But we must have the planes, and Canada has not now the resources to build them. We shall do the best we can, but only the United States has the organization and the capacity for the mass production required." To get those aeroplanes under the present American law Canada has to pay cash. To do that it needs United States dollars.

The parallel does not end there. Canada, like Germany before the Olympics, is on the eve of a great tourist invasion. Thousands of residents of the United States, unable to take their customary holiday in Europe, are looking around for a new vacation field. Many of them will come to Canada, augmenting the many more who already have the habit of coming here. And these Americans are spenders. Every capital in Europe has been accustomed to wait eagerly for their coming

because of the money they leave behind. They can now bring here the dollars to send back in payment for their war supplies. They will get good value for their money, and it will also return to make their own land prosperous.

Figures of the tourist business indicate clearly how great is the opportunity thus opened. In a normal year American tourists have been bringing into Canada approximately \$300,000,000 annually. With Europe closed to tourist traffic this year, the government hopes to increase this by another hundred million dollars at least. A very real effort is being made in Ottawa to bring this to pass. The travel bureau which hitherto has been an orphan child tucked away in an attic in the West Block of the Parliament buildings has been extended and its advertising appropriation doubled. It will have the driving force of the Bank of Canada and the Foreign Exchange Control Board behind it.

But Canadians, individually can do as much to encourage tourists as can any government bureau if only enough of them put their energies into the effort. There are few who do not have friends in the United States. This is the right time to tell those friends about Canada's beauties and pleasures and invite them to cross the border, frankly revealing the reasons why they will be doubly welcome. The appeal of the Canadian dollar which costs them only ninety cents in United States currency will be strong. There is, moreover, a moral appeal of almost equal strength. In the United States almost everybody, man and woman, wants to see Hitler defeated. They do not want to enter the war perhaps, but short of that they are all willing to help.

Every United States dollar brought into Canada at this time is a dollar helping to beat Hitler. If spending it here gratifies the moral sense of the spender and at the same time gives him a pleasant holiday (and at a discount of ten per cent on his expenses into the bargain), the argument for a Canadian holiday becomes unanswerable.



A free people needs no Goebbels and does not have to regiment and control its press. It is merely necessary to point out how the individual can assist the war effort to have him make the effort. There is no reason why Canadians, in this emergency, should not take a leaf out of the Goebbels book of tricks, and if every Canadian remembers that he, too, will represent Canada and will regard himself as host to make life pleasant for the visitors this summer, the Dominion will be the better off for his aid. A contented tourist tells his friends about his happy holiday when he returns home, with the result that the friends often come too. And the tourist himself frequently returns.

The statistics show that the average American family motoring to Canada on a 48-hour permit spends \$21.34 while they are here; on a 60-day permit \$88.25. The spending of last year's 780,000 visitors who came in by railway averaged \$61 per person. New York State sent in 315,374 cars with an average of 2.8 passengers per car for visits exceeding 48 hours. Michigan sent in 269,419 cars; Pennsylvania 81,716; Maine 60,440; and every other state in the American union was represented. Even distant Texas sent more than ten thousand visitors.

Multiply their expenditures by the number of spenders and you run into big money. Canada needs that money all the more because it will be in the foreign currency she requires to pay for her war supplies. This is a great opportunity for Canadians to bring it in.

# GERMAN DOCUMENTS ON THE COMING OF THE WAR

BY E. J. KNAPTON

“NEVER did the ruler of a great state with such mendacity and reckless duplicity plunge it and all Europe into a catastrophe of unforeseeable dimensions as did Adolf Hitler on September 1. . . . Historians may legitimately dispute as to the relative responsibility of the various countries and their leaders for the catastrophe of 1914. No such dispute is possible for reasonable and well-informed persons in regard to the Second World War.”<sup>1</sup> This sober verdict on the immediate crisis of August, 1939, by a scholar whose writings on the War of 1914 have received world-wide recognition is impressive in its forthrightness. It is all the more impressive in that its author is distinguished for the caution and fairness of his judgements.

A careful assessment of the deeper causes of the present war must await the passing of time and the presentation of detailed evidence not yet available. Anyone who has compared the material in the multicoloured “books” issued by the warring nations in 1914 with that in the great documentary collections eventually published will hesitate to make a dogmatic estimate of the full significance of last year’s tragic events. Too much still remains uncertain. Yet the present British Blue Book, the French Yellow Book, and the German White Book have made it possible for students of contemporary events to reconstruct certain general aspects of recent diplomacy, even though the obvious *lacunae* in the evidence may be recognized. It is proposed here merely to consider the significance of certain official German statements recently released. While obviously but small parts of a vast panorama, they afford a clarification

<sup>1</sup> Sidney B. Fay, “How the War Came”, *Events*, Vol. VI, No. 34 (October, 1939), p. 241.

of Nazi policy with respect to eastern Europe which commands attention. Such attention is all the more necessary in the light of what seems to have been a considerable slowness on the part of the allied powers in recognizing the full extent of the German *Drang nach Osten*.

The agreement reached at Munich in September, 1938, can be regarded as a desperate attempt on the part of Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier to ensure the peace of Europe at a heavy cost. Not until the British Prime Minister's Birmingham speech on March 1th, 1939, two days after the annexation of all Bohemia and Moravia, was a new attitude made clear. "No greater mistake could be made," said Mr. Chamberlain, "than to suppose that, because it believes war to be a senseless and cruel thing, this nation has so lost its fibre that it will not take part to the utmost of its power in resisting such a challenge [i.e., that of continued German aggression] if it ever were made." This clear enunciation of the termination of the policy of appeasement, together with the steadily increasing evidence of Franco-British solidarity, led directly to a series of events which it is not proposed to discuss here in detail. The German documents under consideration arise from certain negotiations undertaken between France and Germany at the close of 1938 and will be seen to confirm the eastern aspirations of the author of *Mein Kampf*.

The starting-point lies in the thirty-fifth annual congress of the French Radical Socialist party, held at Marseilles from October 26th to 29th, 1938. Here Premier Daladier, Foreign Minister Bonnet, and M. Herriot admitted the collapse of the French system of alliances in eastern Europe and advocated a new start in French foreign policy. The congress accepted the new conception of France as a maritime, western European and colonial power, and M. Daladier envisaged direct agreements with Germany and Italy based on the "sole defence" of "national interests". In the light of this policy direct



negotiations were opened with Berlin, and in December, 1938, Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, came to Paris.

The outcome of the visit was the signing at Paris on December 6th of a vague Franco-German declaration, the text of which was immediately made public. The first article was a statement that both countries would seek to cultivate pacific and good neighbourly relations. The second recognized as definitive the frontier between the two countries. The third stipulated that "under the reservation of their special relations with third party powers" (an important reservation) the two countries would remain in contact and consult on any questions which might affect their relations. M. Bonnet and Herr von Ribbentrop were received, so it is reported, in stony silence by sceptical Paris crowds—an illustration, perhaps, of the way in which public sentiment may outrun the policy of ministers.

The first of the recent German statements, issued on January 16th, 1940, concerns itself with the conversation between M. Bonnet and Herr von Ribbentrop at the Quai d'Orsay on December 6th, 1938, based on stenographic notes taken by Herr Schmidt, who acted as interpreter. While it is not possible to check the accuracy of the German report, this fact seems of less importance when it is remembered that the point at issue is that of the interpretation which the German Foreign Office chose to put upon these documents. The German statement follows:

These notes prove that Herr von Ribbentrop distinctly gave M. Bonnet to understand that Germany regarded France's military alliance with Czechoslovakia and Poland as remains of the Versailles Treaty, which the Reich — having regained its strength — could no longer endure. Bonnet took special note of this viewpoint and accepted it for France by his reply that in these connections conditions had changed fundamentally since Munich. Bonnet did not contradict a statement by Reich Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop that Germany regarded Czechoslovakia [as] within its distinct sphere of influence. French Foreign Minister Bonnet, on the contrary,

indicated that France regarded the four-power guarantee to be granted Czechoslovakia under certain conditions as a tiresome reminder of the crumbled Franco-Czechoslovakian Alliance, to which no special importance was to be attached.

However accurate or inaccurate the reporting of M. Bonnet's remarks may be (and it is to be remembered that as one of the most active of the *Munichois* in the Daladier cabinet he was transferred to the post of Minister of Justice within two weeks of the outbreak of war), certain facts stand out with dramatic clearness. The Reich cannot "endure" France's military alliances with Czechoslovakia and Poland. Czechoslovakia is within Germany's "distinct sphere of influence"—an ominous phrase in view of Herr Hitler's statement to Mr. Chamberlain at Munich that he had no further territorial ambitions in Europe. Bonnet's observations that "conditions had changed fundamentally since Munich" and that no special importance was to be attached to the Franco-Czechoslovakian alliance are taken to mean a complete acquiescence in the German point of view, as is the somewhat negative statement in the report that "he did not contradict" what Herr von Ribbentrop said. Perhaps realizing the danger of such an interpretation, in a speech of January 26th, 1939, M. Bonnet reaffirmed France's interests in eastern Europe.

The German official statement seeks to undermine the significance of M. Bonnet's speech by presenting two telegrams sent to Berlin by Count Welczeck, the German ambassador at Paris. The first, of January 24th (two days before the speech was delivered!), declared that M. Bonnet considered the December agreement as by no means a meaningless formality and that he had the promotion of Franco-German relations very much at heart. Obviously this telegram contributes very little. The second, of February 13th, said that M. Bonnet had reassured the Count by observing that "often in foreign political debates in the Chamber things were said which obviously were meant for internal consumption and

were not meant to go beyond the borders". Such, at all events, is the summary of M. Bonnet's remarks as published by the German Library of Information in New York. But in the full statement issued at Berlin on January 16th, 1940, an important qualification appears. For M. Bonnet is reported as having reassured the German ambassador as above, "... and at the same time mentioning France's absolute adherence to her present policy in eastern Europe". However much one may deplore M. Bonnet's unreadiness to state precisely what France's eastern European policy was, he can hardly be said to have given Germany *carte blanche* to do as she pleased. The German statement seeks further to establish its position by quoting a remark of Robert Coulondre, the French ambassador at Berlin, to Herr von Ribbentrop to the effect that France "will undertake no policy in eastern Europe that will disturb Germany". The German inference here is clear. Whatever meaning the word "disturb" might have for the French ambassador, to Germany, obviously, "disturb" means to stand in the way of an expansionist policy which intends to brook no opposition.

The second German official statement, issued on January 18th, 1940, carries on the discussion to the events of the summer of 1939.

As proved [*sic*] a short time ago by the publication of documentary material on the visit of the German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop to Paris in December, 1938, preliminary conditions for a real and lasting relief of Franco-German tension appeared to have been established for the first time in many years during the winter of 1938 and 1939.

Germany, by renouncing a revision of her western frontier in writing, had finally excluded the possibility of German policy interfering with the sphere of French interest.

France, through Foreign Minister M. Bonnet, had declared that since the Munich conference her attitude toward eastern European questions had undergone a complete change. France had made it clear that in the future she would not disturb Germany's vital interests in central and eastern Europe.



Despite inner political resistance of various kinds, the French Government had managed to follow the course of this new realistic policy until March, 1939. It was only after March 17th, 1939 [the date of Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech], when Britain's encirclement policy became a political programme, that the promising beginning made toward a Franco-German understanding was destroyed with one blow.

Here again, as in the case of the German commentaries previously considered, the attitude of the Reich becomes crystal-clear. The dangers and inadequacies of M. Bonnet's stand may be recognized, as indeed they seem to have been recognized by Germany, in the phrase, "despite inner political resistance of various kinds". But the patent assumption of the German official statement is that France must agree to remain quiescent in the west and that Germany must be permitted to become as active as she chooses in the east. Any warning from Mr. Chamberlain that the affairs of central and eastern Europe concern the powers as a whole is merely an example of the encirclement policy of Perfidious Albion. Thus one can understand why so much of the *Furor Teutonicus* has blown against England rather than against France.

Events in Europe followed rapidly. On March 15th German troops began the occupation of Bohemia and Moravia. The Memel Territory was annexed by the Reich on March 22nd. On March 31st Mr. Chamberlain made his historic announcement in the House of Commons that Britain had assured Poland of its support in the case of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence, and that France took the same position. On April 28th Chancellor Hitler offered to "solve" the Polish question by accepting Danzig and a broad highway through the Corridor in return for a twenty-five-year non-aggression pact. On July 1st M. Bonnet wrote to Herr von Ribbentrop explaining that Article Three of the Franco-German declaration of December 6th, 1938, stipulated that both signatories would reserve "their special relations with third party powers", and that consequently the Franco-Polish

Treaty had lasting validity. To this statement Herr von Ribbentrop sent a personal reply on July 13th which, in view of the frank statement of German policy which it contains, merits extensive quotation. He wrote thus:

Concerning your remark about the reservation in Article Three of the German-French Declaration regarding special relations of France and Germany to third powers, it is by no means the case that this reservation embodied special relations between France and Poland. In negotiations which took place in Berlin and Paris, and at the time the German-French Declaration was signed, there was complete understanding to the effect that the reservation concerned the specific relationship and friendship of France to Britain and of Germany to Italy. [It may be observed that the stenographic reports mentioned above give no evidence of this.] In particular, we jointly established in our conversations of December 6th in Paris that consideration of our mutual vital interests was a preliminary condition for the future development of good relations between the Reich and France.

In so doing, I explicitly pointed to eastern Europe as a German sphere of interest and you—quite in contrast to the assertion in your letter—emphasized at that time that fundamental changes had taken place in France's attitude toward eastern Europe since the Munich conference. It is in direct contradiction to this attitude established by us in the beginning of December that France used the Fuehrer's generous suggestion to Poland for a settlement of the Danzig question and its somewhat peculiar Polish reaction as an inducement to enter new and stronger obligations with Poland against Germany.

At the end of your note, these obligations are set forth to the effect that France would immediately lend military assistance to Poland in the event that the *status quo* be changed regarding Danzig or in case of any military intervention in Poland.

Regarding this policy of the French Government, I must state the following:

Just as Germany never interfered with the vital French spheres of interest, Germany must reject most energetically once and for all time French interference in the Reich's vital interests. The forming of German relations with her eastern neighbour affects no French interests whatsoever, but is wholly a matter of German policy.

*The Reich therefore does not find itself in a position to discuss German-Polish negotiations with France, or even to*

*grant the French Government the right to assume an attitude on questions which are linked up with the future status of the German city of Danzig.*<sup>2</sup>

This flamboyant declaration was followed by a consideration of M. Bonnet's statement that France intended to keep every promise given to Poland. "Should this really be the intention of French policy," wrote Herr von Ribbentrop, "I must ask you to take note that such threats would only strengthen the Fuehrer in his determination to protect German interests with all the means at his disposal. The Fuehrer has always desired a French-German understanding, and has characterized as mad any war between states which have no conflict of vital interests." Herr von Ribbentrop pointed out that if France wanted war she would find Germany prepared. "In view of our pleasant personal relations", he concluded, "I regret that your letter forced me to make this reply. I do not wish to abandon hope that reason will prevail ultimately, and that the French people will realize where their real interests lie."

Comment on this document is almost needless. Herr von Ribbentrop took full advantage of M. Bonnet's oral remarks of the previous December to press an interpretation of the Franco-German declaration which it could not reasonably be expected to bear. Eastern Europe is exclusively an area of German vital interests. German negotiations with Poland cannot even be discussed with France. On the question of the future status of Danzig France is not even granted "the right to assume an attitude". Threats will be met with force. Equally as important, surely, as the unqualified pre-emption of eastern Europe as a German sphere of interest is the arrogant tenor of the whole letter.

<sup>2</sup> Italics not in the original. Compare this with the joint *communiqué* issued by Herr Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain on September 30th, 1938: "We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries . . ." Evidently Herr von Ribbentrop considered that France was excluded from such a formula.



The third of the German official statements, that of January 20th, 1940, concerns itself with two reports to Berlin from Dr. C. Brauer, German Chargé d’Affaires at Paris. Dated April 10th and April 22nd, 1939, they deal with purported remarks of the French Minister of Marine, César Campinchi. “The French Naval Minister Campinchi recently very frankly stated his views on the political situation to a trusted person who in turn informed me . . .”, runs the report of April 10th. In essence Campinchi’s remarks, which were supposed to be in accord with the opinions of other high officials, were that war between France and Germany was inevitable. England and France would not tolerate “a powerful German leadership” in the affairs of eastern and southeastern Europe. The western powers were ready for war, “not so much out of sympathy for the threatened people in the East, but because France wished to bring Germany’s extension to a standstill”. Campinchi was also reported as having said that “England had already done some ‘good work’ in the Italian Empire, especially in Abyssinia. He was in a position to say with assurance that England needed only to push on a war to bring Italy to complete collapse. In the Italian colonies, especially in Abyssinia, the natives were only waiting to have rifles placed in their hands”. When Germany was defeated, “a peace would be forced on her beside which the Versailles Treaty would be as nothing”.

Putting aside the question of the degree of credibility to be attached to the second-hand evidence of “a trusted person”, one may give these documents further consideration. Mr. Chamberlain had already on March 17th given clear warning of the serious consequences of further German aggression. Unofficial remarks of a minister not charged with the direction of foreign affairs can hardly be taken as a declaration of public policy, and under the growing stress of the times a certain exaggeration of language is easily to be understood. Certainly

Herr von Ribbentrop's language to M. Bonnet in July showed very little sign of restraint. One may well conclude that the importance attached by the Reich government to Campinchi's alleged remarks was essentially retrospective.

Further illumination, if any is needed, comes from the German official statement of January 25th, 1940. It contains a condemnation of the methods of Robert Coulondre, French ambassador at Berlin. "It will surprise no one who knew M. Coulondre," the statement reads, "that he was a typical representative of the Quai d'Orsay, and he remained true to the traditional French policies. It will surprise no one that *M. Coulondre did not possess the breadth of mind to appreciate the creative ideas of new European policy.*"<sup>3</sup> Another passage deals with M. Coulondre's willingness to have a Polish negotiator go to Berlin at the last desperate moment.

During the night of August 29th and August 30th, Coulondre telephoned to his Government that he agreed with the British Ambassador that Poland should appoint a negotiator to travel to Berlin in order "to prove her goodwill in the eyes of the world". Coulondre added, however, that a journey of Beck to Berlin would entail serious disadvantages since it could be interpreted as a moral success for Germany, and as a sign that Poland was inclined to yield.

Is it not inescapably implied that Germany thus makes her criticisms of the French ambassador's views because she anticipated "negotiations" which would begin with "a moral success" for her, and in which Poland would be "inclined to yield"? The path had already been trodden by Chancellor Schuschnigg and President Hacha.

In conclusion, it must be repeated that the documents here considered can do little more than throw passing gleams upon the increasingly tense drama of 1939. The story as a whole is far more complex. But even with this fragmentary material two points stand out with brilliant clarity. One is that

<sup>3</sup> Italics not in the original.

the German government, having chosen to publish these documents at this time, rests its case upon an assumption of unquestioned supremacy in eastern Europe. The other is that Herr von Ribbentrop, in full cognizance of the Hitler-Chamberlain *communiqué* of September 30th, 1938, which proclaimed the method of consultation as a means of dealing with matters of joint concern, was determined that Germany would accept war rather than submit the Polish question to honest negotiation.



## THIRD-CLASS MATTER

BY WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

HORACE in his *Ars Poetica* was courageous enough to blurt out what more than one unregenerate reader had in the course of nine intervening centuries already surmised; *bonus dormitat Homerus*. Yes, the good man had gone asleep on the job at times, and we shall not discuss his snoring. Sir Richard Livingstone, the president of Corpus, being at last, like Horace when he wrote his *Art of Poetry*, in a position rendered impregnable by a lifetime of achievement, displays a like hardihood in his inimitable *Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us*: "great tracts of Homer are dull; the action (at least in the *Iliad*) progresses very slowly; and we tire of hearing in how many different ways an ancient warrior could be killed." How refreshing is honesty, especially an honesty based on knowledge! How much better a case classicists would make for their classics in general if they could only be honest enough to give over proclaiming *ex cathedra* the sacrosanct beauty of passages which are better passed over with a yawn and a frank *non possumus*! Homer is a classic, to be sure, but sometimes only a third classic, and that observation is not just a bad pun.

A far worse mania than acute Homeritis is chronic Ciceronianism. The old man eloquent of the expiring Roman republic lost his republic but won an amazing name and fame which, unsatisfied with mere worship, demanded and obtained idolatry, and never more passionate idolatry than in the days of Europe's classical renaissance. Erasmus in his *Ciceronianus* of 1528 pointed out clay, not in the idol's feet to be sure, but in the feet of those who worshipped the idol; he was promptly voted no gentleman by the professors and remained subjected all his days to the *odium academicum*. But he need not have hesitated to criticize Cicero himself; Brutus, who knew of sev-

eral faults in the orator besides those that sometimes marred his eloquence, sixteen hundred years before had called Cicero's style *elumbis*, "out at the hip-joint", but of course he was Brutus and could say things. Montaigne, better placed socially than Erasmus and fortunate in having had the advance skirmish fought for him by that brilliant mind, dared the damnation of the academic gentlemen and said that Cicero's discourses "languish about his subjects and delay our expectation". Now put the cotton in your ears; we are going to fire the gun. Cicero's work is good Latin style, to be sure, but much of it is third-class matter. Why feign it to be otherwise? Cicero was quite frank about it with Atticus; no wonder Petrarch, being not a critic but a *dévot*, could wish that the letters of Cicero, especially those to Atticus, had not survived. A hero cannot look heroic in his shorts, especially when he has *proprio motu* divested himself of everything else. This for instance:

As for me, ye gods and little fishes, how I strutted my stuff before my new listener Pompey! Then if ever my rounded periods, my transitions, my pretty balanced constructions, my marshalled arguments came to me right off the bat. To cut a long story short: 'loud and sustained applause!' The general run of it was this: the great importance of the senatorial order, the excellent relations prevailing between it and the financial interests, the harmony prevailing in the country as a whole, high wages and low prices, peace, order, and good government. You know how loudly I can roar on topics like these!

Yes, old friend, we know, and having heard our own contemporaries bellow like bulls of Bashan on the like, we understand why so often your matter was third-class; it had to match shop-worn ideas. Every time I read you I think better of Demosthenes; when he got through speaking, even fourth century Athenians, those prototypic appeasers, declared for war against Philip of Macedon and his policy of *Lebensraum*. That result was achieved, not by rhetoric, but by the fact that Demosthenes was passionately sincere.

Those who have suffered me to impugn Homer and Cicero who after all were foreigners ("One a Greek and the other an Italian, my dear fellow! No stuff for honest British lads, eh, what?") may not be so keen to join me in the next adventure of my heresy. There is a good deal of rather commonplace turgidity and bombast in the work of Mr. Will Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. I am aware that he wrote under pressure, like an editorial writer on the staff of a great newspaper with the head-compositor holding the gun on him for copy, but an excuse and an exculpation are not quite the same thing. My colleague of many years, the late Professor E. K. Broadus, writes of Shakespeare's earlier work thus:

He was, just as we should expect, an imitator and experimenter. He imitated and echoed Marlowe over and over again. He imitated and borrowed from John Lyly. Whatever was popular at the moment, he tried his hand at. He bungled his plots, he bungled his characterization; he had to learn through failures and half-successes before he could make a plot develop swiftly and naturally.

I do not remember ever meeting any one who revered Shakespeare quite as much as Professor Broadus did, but he was an honest scholar as well as a frank and appreciative admirer, and when he felt that the matter or the manner was third-class, he never failed to say so, and in a manner not likely to be forgotten. Ben Jonson writes somewhere in his *Discoveries*:

I remember the players often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been: 'Would he had blotted out a thousand!'

There may be some professional jealousy here, no doubt there is, but Jonson is right; Shakespeare might, with profit to his reputation though with less illumination on his character and methods, have blotted out a thousand lines, and then some. The truth is, we begin to suspect, that first classes in literature are about as rare as in college examinations; the reasons, happily, are not quite the same.



If we should examine critically the works of our English poets generally, says Sir Richard Livingstone, whom could we exempt of the charge of slovenliness except John Milton and Alexander Pope? They succeeded in maintaining at least a first-class style even when the thought sank to third-rate mediocrity. A little too metallic in Pope, ringing deeper and truer notes in Milton, the style rarely falters; everything is done *salva dignitate*. That is why Bentley's egregious edition of the *Paradise Lost* with scores of emendations in the best classical manner is a garish impertinence; as textual errors could not possibly have developed in the elapsed time between Milton and Bentley under the circumstances of modern book-production, Bentley was really challenging the style and expression of the organ-mouth of England. Yet if Pope's style is first-class, some of his matter is quite flashy; he is the English Ovid, and such a description is not all praise. Nor could Milton as to material maintain in *Paradise Regained* the heights of *Paradise Lost*. As for Wordsworth, there is a good deal of the Excursion which could have been excised on several counts, or which might well be printed as prose, being often nothing more than that by any test. Tennyson produced, among many feeble lines, what is perhaps the worst line in all English poetry, though we must admit that the competition here is terrific, when in *Enoch Arden* he wrote:

"the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

If we can approve that line, we have a fortitude that will arm us against any shock. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* drone along too sometimes like summer bees, without suggestion often of any compensating honey at journey's end, and his study-plays should either have been more studied or less printed.

You will notice that I have spoken of classical writers throughout, whether Greek, Latin, or English; obviously

writers of a rank lower than that of the names I have mentioned would produce third-class matter as normal output, and there is no harm and much profit in pointing that out. In any event the important point is that we should preserve our judgement and our critical sense no less in dealing with classics, no matter in what language, than with other work of an inferior order. It is true that we must be humble and not bump-tious; *securus iudicat orbis terrarum*, "the judgement of the world is dependable". If the world has nominated a writer to be a classic, we had better defer to that judgement, yet not become so deferential as to deny ourselves the right of criticism. The world has pretty well fixed the place of Virgil, even if he stands somewhat less high to-day than two centuries ago, but we might all be advantaged by remembering that he himself thought so poorly of his *Aeneid* on his dying bed as to make testamentary disposition for its destruction. It is well that Augustus had both the literary sense and the princely authority to override this solemn and legally expressed wish; yet through the whole transaction we can see clearly that Virgil knew that there was much matter there below his best, and some of it is not hard to identify. It is no insolence on our part but a privilege and a duty for us who teach to draw distinctions for our students between first-class work and third-class, not only in their own efforts, but among the authors whom they study, and also within the work of the same author. For, despite the sneer so easily directed at the capable critic who is not himself a productive writer, there is in fact a critical sense which, like some fine instrument of scientific precision, registers defects in the work of an original artist, and professors often have it, though as original writers they leave but little impression on literary history. I like always in that connection to think of the beloved friend of Horace and Virgil, Quintilius Varus, the gentle but persistent critic to whom we owe in the Horace and the Virgil with whom we are familiar some unguessed amount. But Horace knew how much:

If aught Quintilius heard you read aloud,  
'Pray, my good friend, change this, change that,' he'd say;  
If you came back and said that, having tried  
Not once but twice and thrice, you could not make  
The passage better, this was his advice:  
To wipe the whole thing out, and to return  
To anvil-pounding all the ill-wrought verse.

Important to all of us who try to write, because it lets us see what Quintilius Varus knew so well, that much written and spoken language is inferior for sheer lack of care and industry on our part and often too through sheer laziness. Few men and women will ever be great or even near-great writers, but far more could be clear and effective writers than is now the case, and for failure in that respect we should excuse neither ourselves nor others. It is high time to demand once again a cultivation of style, for each according to his possibilities, with clarity as a minimum consideration for all. I fell in not long since in the course of a train journey with an interesting person who proved to be, when confidences had finally been exchanged, a professional re-writer. Learning that I was a professor he reduced me, though not of intention, to my proper level by telling me that he had just completed re-writing the annual report of an important faculty in a great university; this had involved the sharp editing in matters of common diction and construction of the contributions of twenty-three professors! *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Not many months ago I myself wrote an article with great care, and, having administered to it several heavily critical revisions, I got finally to think pretty well of it:

Seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

I found a publisher and in time procured a number of reprints, those touching testimonials of friendship and proud evidences of our personal industry. I took one down to the post-office, all stowed in its envelope, to ascertain the postal rate. The kindly, middle-aged clerk enquired: "What is the nature of



this piece of mail?" "Oh," I said, "it's not sealed; you might look at it and decide." He did so, and, after reading the title-page of the brochure, he hesitated not a split second. "That," he pontificated, "is third-class matter." I did not feel in a position to contradict him; he spoke as one having authority and not as those scribes among whom I pass my life. And after all he might truthfully enough have declared it perishable matter and denied it the mails altogether. So I purchased some of Mr. Postmaster-General Farley's latest philatelic offerings bearing the portraits of real men of letters and affixed Mr. Fenimore Cooper reflectively to my document. After all, I thought, even if my friend also discovers that this is third-class, perhaps he has a little grandson who collects stamps.

## ADVERTISING IN CANADA

BY ROBERT F. LEGGET

“**A**DVERTISEMENTS are now so numerous that they are very negligently perused, and it is, therefore, become necessary to gain attention by magnificence of promises, and by eloquence sometimes sublime and sometimes pathetick . . . The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement.” So might many a modern think as he surveys the ways and wiles of the modern advertising machine. That archaic rendering of pathetic, however, which must be retained if the quotation is to be correct, tells its own tale for the statement is that of no modern but rather an extract from a writing of Doctor Samuel Johnson which appeared in *The Idler* on 20th January, 1759. It is a social symptom of no little significance that the passage of the greater part of two centuries, bringing with them all that the industrial revolution has come to mean, should have altered not a whit the relevance of this comment by so shrewd an observer of the life of everyday. And almost daily the encroachment of the advertiser into the common round becomes more marked, assisted as it is by many of the inventions with which this age is blessed. The blue sky is befouled with calligraphic smoke; even the pleasant sounds of the street are apt to be drowned by the blatant cacophony of an itinerant loud speaker.

The significance of the quotations is further enhanced if thought be given to the fact that the first known public advertisement in Canada appeared on Monday, March 23, 1752, about seven years before Dr. Johnson wrote his comment. Citation of this date provides the opening words of a book which has just been published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press. *The Story of Advertising in Canada* is a well produced volume of almost four hundred pages, one hundred and twenty

of which are devoted to reproductions of Canadian advertisements, past and present. It is indeed interesting to see how similar in appearance are all the illustrations, when reproduced to a uniformly small scale, and this despite the much vaunted development of advertising technique. The authors, H. E. Stephenson and Carlton McNaught, are both advertising men having spent many years in the service of the oldest advertising agency in Canada, the only agency incidentally which is mentioned by name in the volume, and that repeatedly. It would be interesting to hear the comments of other advertising men upon this feature.

The book is profoundly disturbing, by reason of what it does not contain rather than because of its main content. It consists of two separate and distinct parts. There is a clearly written description of the development of advertising media, coupled with a concise account of the channels that are available to-day for the dissemination of advertising material in Canada. The second part is a series of thumb-nail sketches of the histories of many leading groups of the material conveniences which go so far to-day in making life comfortable and pleasant for all who have the money with which to buy them — clothes, packaged foods, automobiles, radios, phonographs and the like. By a judicious arrangement of chapters the two themes are so blended that they form a reasonably continuous narrative. No hint of criticism occurs throughout this broad review. The reader is left with the impression that advertising methods are near perfection and are socially desirable. Advertising is repeatedly referred to as a profession. Every advance in material well-being in the last fifty years that is mentioned in the book has been due, at least in large part, to advertising or so the authors would have their readers believe.

It is this completely uncritical attitude to one of western civilization's wasting sores that makes the book so distressing.



Symptomatic of this attitude is the failure of the authors to make any distinction between advertising and publicity, a distinction that is admittedly frequently neglected. Those who wish to castigate modern advertising may consequently be led to disregard the advantages of publicity in this complex modern world. Correspondingly, defenders of the advertising trade are prone to fall back upon the desirability of publicity as an excuse, if not indeed a justification for advertising. If publicity may be regarded as the dignified presentation of essential facts regarding events or materials, in appropriate places and at appropriate times, then it may properly be welcomed as a general convenience. All will be familiar with some well-known examples, ranging from the admirable compilations of essential particulars of specialized technical products such as steel shapes or drugs, to such an interesting feature as the notices of religious services now so regular a part of local newspapers published on Saturdays.

It must be admitted that no hard and fast rule can be drawn between publicity, as here defined, and the more restrained forms of advertising. But that there is a difference between judicious publicity and the general run of modern advertisements and advertising methods can not be denied. An illustration is provided by the protests aroused by a recent threat to substitute advertisements for the photographs of beautiful scenery which have become so well established a feature of British railway coaches. How pleasant an experience it is to sit drowsily looking at some well remembered or even unknown but enticing view will be known to many. Was not the heroine of Francis Brett Young's *Portrait of Clare* influenced to visit a resort in Torbay simply by looking at such a "railway photograph"? Few will quarrel with publicity of this type. But who would be content to spend the long hours of a railway journey faced by a lurid advertisement for some kind of hair lotion? Few indeed, if recent comments in the

English press are a true indication of public feelings. These comments have brought a reminder that the Great Western Railway Company, of England, discontinued bill-posting in their carriages in the year 1855!

A line of demarcation seems to be provided, at least in part, by advertising methods themselves. Much of the book already mentioned is devoted to a straightforward account of the development of advertising agencies and the way in which these organizations operate in handling, as is stated, over half of all advertising now placed in Canada. Starting in a small way, these agencies have now attained the status of big business. Their representatives solicit advertising "accounts", and explain, as do the authors, that they will take charge of all a client's advertising—preparing the necessary copy and arranging for its publication—for nothing. This miracle of modern business is explained, as the authors admit, by the fact that the fee obtained by the agency is paid by the advertising medium used, as a percentage of the cost of the advertisement. Truly a strange arrangement, becoming stranger still when it is found that the same percentage can in no possible way be obtained as a reduction in cost by the advertiser should he decide to prepare his own advertising or, as is more usual, his own publicity. Why business executives put up with this polite form of indirect coercion, which might be called by a less pleasant name in a neighbouring country, is something which it is hard for a layman to understand. If these agencies perform a useful service, one would imagine that they should be paid for it, directly, by those for whom it is performed instead of indirectly by the method described which penalizes all advertisers who do not use their services.

It requires no advertising expert to prepare a list of the properties of steel beams or the description of a new chemical compound. It probably does require the services of such a specialist to explain in a way which will persuade the public

that one type of toothpaste is better than another. If question be raised as to what is meant by advertising as distinct from publicity, answer may therefore thus be made by reference to the place occupied by an advertising agency in connection with the material displayed. As a guide this suggestion is not infallible since advertising experts will arrange for publicity also, on occasion, but it is poor material with which to display their skill. Correspondingly, some business organizations may handle their own advertising programmes without aid from an agency. It would be of some interest in this connection to know whether it was an advertising agency or an industrial office which recently enquired of the authorities at the British Museum for the advertising tariff of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* under the impression that it was a contemporary journal.

Merely to cavil at the methods followed in the trade of advertising, emotionally satisfying as it may be, is of little avail in such a discussion as this. Readers generally will share the common loathing of the more extreme trends in modern advertising. Study must rather be made of the more serious arguments advanced in its defence. These may be grouped together in the form of four general assertions—that advertising lowers selling and production costs; that it aids in establishing standards of quality; that it prevents fluctuations in prices and makes comparisons possible; and that it makes possible the dissemination of a large amount of reading (and now radio) matter the cost of which, but for advertising, would be prohibitive. Frequently advanced in all seriousness, these suggestions deserve careful consideration. They are moderate indeed when compared with the almost unrestricted claims made for advertising by Mr. Stephenson and Mr. McNaught.

The first will be that most generally familiar. Travellers in street-cars must at some time have noticed this rather blatant statement, over a flourishing signature, staring down at



them—"Advertising pays for itself. The more a good product is advertised, the greater are its sales which reduces its manufacturing costs and creates low prices to the consumer." There are actually people who believe such claptrap. Some of those who so believe are amongst those who use cosmetics, to mention but one much advertised product. One wonders how many ever trouble to find out that the advertising costs for cosmetics frequently exceed by far the total manufacturing and distribution costs. Considering advertising as a whole, it is difficult to obtain any accurate estimate of the total cost in any one country. One of the most useful estimates is that advanced for the United States of America for a recent year, the actual cost of advertisements in that country being placed at about \$2,065,000,000 for this one twelvemonth period, newspaper advertising accounting for almost half of the vast total. The overall cost of the advertising business is estimated, in consequence, to be in the neighbourhood of four billion dollars each year. Canadian costs will be comparably lower, a recent estimate of the annual cost of newspaper advertising alone being thirty-five million dollars. And it is suggested seriously, by some, that this immense sum is not paid for by the consumers of the goods advertised. When the nature of modern advertising is recalled, and the senseless competition it promotes, the utter folly of such colossal waste becomes self-evident. What real reductions in costs could be effected if only a part of this waste were eliminated! And by how much could the senseless depletion of valuable forest resources be restricted if only some restraint were put upon the plethora of newspaper advertising!

That advertising aids in establishing standards of quality and so in stabilizing products is the second assertion advanced in its defence. One has merely to study the history of the various "truth in advertising" movements to have clearly revealed the absurdity of this suggestion. The difficulties encountered

in formulating standards by skilled engineers and manufacturers, meeting co-operatively around the committee tables of Standard Associations, are further proof, if proof be needed, that the determination of effective standards will be about the last achievement of advertising instead of its second most important justification. Stranger still is it to contrast this argument with the existence of the several consumers' research organizations. Those operated by certain magazines are associated with advertising in a general way, but they are far from serving as its justification. The better known research organizations are, by their very existence, proof indeed that some advertising promotes such false standards that they need independent appraisal.

So to the third point—that advertising prevents fluctuations of prices and makes comparison possible. Proof of the prevention of price fluctuations seems to be strangely lacking. Records show that prices do fluctuate from time to time for practically all commodities. The argument can therefore be dismissed as no more than the pious hope of advertising experts bent on enhancing the public esteem of their work. Comparisons of prices are valuable; they are certainly made possible by advertisements. They can be made equally well when the consumer is provided merely with publicity, as for example with a simple list of goods and prices. As a defence of advertising, therefore, this third argument lacks conviction.

The last suggestion is the most persuasive. It can not be denied that advertising does make possible the circulation of much printed matter at ridiculously low cost; its support of the radio broadcasting industry in North America is known to all. As typical of actual costs there may be mentioned a well-known technical journal the production of the reading section of which costs fifteen times its subscription rate, the balance being made up by income from advertising (and publicity, the example being hardly typical in this respect). Sim-

ilar figures will be known to many readers. The assertion that advertising does enable such a practice to be followed must, then, be admitted. There remains the question—is the practice worth the price that has to be paid, a price not to be measured in terms of money? To many the question may appear to be an abstraction, the thought for example that enjoyment or educational matter is being provided by reason of subsidies from industry, designed solely to increase sales, being one that probably never consciously worries more than a few. But the toll taken is more than the raising of occasional doubts; it is rather the possible prostitution of the material supplied by those who pay the major part of its cost, the advertisers.

In the majority of cases the possibility must be counted as an actuality, the advertiser's influence not being evidenced by the nature of the material provided so frequently as it is concealed through the suppression of material which they do not wish to appear. Only very rarely is this restrictive power exercised for public benefit, as is said to have been the case within the last year in Toronto in connection with needlessly alarming newspaper headlines. All too often is this power wielded in the opposite direction, as shown for example by the absence from the public press of anything in the nature of criticism of a certain religious organization which interferes with the normal practice of medicine. In some cases, the guiding policies of papers are actually determined by advertisers, with what doleful results the readers of certain engineering journals know well. How far this sinister influence extends, in general, is probably not known; its effect on public thinking can not, therefore, be assessed. It is reasonably certain, however, that the matter is one of such social significance that it demands wide and thorough study.

Despite all that has been said, advertising goes on its mad and merry way, from strength to strength, from indiscretion



to indiscretion. Presumably some people are thus led to believe that one brand of coffee is as good as its radio programme would have them believe, that to be healthy they must use either one sort of patent medicine or another. It is equally probable that the average man's inherent sense of good taste is being steadily undermined by the shameless vulgarity of many medicinal advertisements. Likewise the effect on general standards of value of the pseudo-philosophical nature of many widely known advertising displays presents a real problem to the student of ethics. Even more disturbing is the steady growth and apparent appeal of pseudo-scientific jargon as an aid to sales promotion. The commentaries thus provided on the nature of the present educational system are such as could be put into adequate words only by a second Plato. Suffice it to say that the stranglehold which advertising now has upon the mind of the average man is yet another ringing challenge to all who are associated, either directly or indirectly, with the training of the young. These are but a few of the features of advertising which receive little if any attention from Mr. Stephenson and Mr. McNaught in their book. They have painted a glowing picture of advertising as seen from the inside of an advertising agency office, but the true story of advertising in Canada has yet to be told.

"Tilting at windmills" is a taunt apt to be flung at those who question either the wisdom or desirability of modern advertising. So may it seem to all who allow themselves to be beguiled by its bland allurements. To the seeing eye, however, hopeful signs abound indicating that the public is not quite so dull-witted nor so gullible as some advertising experts would like to believe. Pride of place, in any review of good omens, must still be given to the British Broadcasting Corporation which, despite all its faults, has shown with considerable success that a national system of broadcasting can be adequately and efficiently provided without its subservience to advertising.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in its turn occupies a half-way house on the road away from such domination. Turning to another field, many of the new parkways of the United States show that billboards can be restricted, if the public so demand. Ontario is following suit and will similarly protect the roadside along its new major highways. There may also be noted the steadily growing popularity of journals which do not befuddle the reader by forcing him to play hide-and-seek with advertisements as he follows his reading matter. The *Readers' Digest* is pre-eminent in this regard; it is not alone. Fortunately, too, there are still those who are not amused, but rather mortified and disturbed by such an example of the advertiser's art as that which follows, an appeal by a company which shall be nameless, and an appeal which so defies all comment that it may well serve to bring this study to a close: "Buddha, who was a born prince, gave up his name, succession and heritage to attain security. But . . . we do not have to give up the world, we have only to see a life insurance agent who can sell us security for the future, the most direct step to serenity of mind."

# THE MALVERN THEATRICAL FESTIVAL 1929-1939

BY FREDERICK S. BOAS

**I**N the history of the English theatre in the twentieth century the Malvern Festival is assured of a special place. During an eventful decade it has drawn to the beautiful Worcestershire town nestling beneath the Malvern Hills lovers of the drama not only from all parts of the British Isles, but from the Continent of Europe, the United States, and the British Dominions overseas. An account of the development of the Festival and of some of its significant features may therefore be of interest to readers of the *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*.

The originator of the Festival and until recently its inspiring genius was Sir Barry Jackson, himself a resident in the Malvern district and director of the famous Birmingham Repertory Theatre. The Festival was, and still is, dedicated to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and in its first year, 1929, consisted entirely of plays by him, *The Apple Cart*, *Back to Methusaleh*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and *Heartbreak House*. It thus followed at first in the tradition that has made Stratford-on-Avon consecrate its festival to Shakespeare, Bayreuth to Wagner, and Oberammergau to its Gospel play.

It was a daring venture at the birth of the Festival to devote half of it to producing the five parts of Shaw's most philosophical play, based on his theory of Creative Evolution, *Back to Methusaleh*. Shaw himself warned Sir Barry of the risk that he was taking. But the experiment was fully justified by its success. Equally favourable was the reception of Shaw's new political play, *The Apple Cart*, in which King Magnus out-manœuvres his ministers and finally comes out on top.

*The Apple Cart* was again produced in 1930 with revivals of five other Shaw plays, *Candida*, *The Admirable Bashville*, *Widowers' Houses*, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, and *Getting Married*. But at the end of the Shavian feast came a dish



by another dramatist, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolf Besier, with a curiously paradoxical result. The play deals with the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett by Robert Browning, Mr. Barrett's inflexible hostility to the marriage of his daughters, the secret wedding of Elizabeth and Browning, and their flight to Italy. In spite of his genius, Browning had never been a generally popular poet, and Elizabeth's great contemporary fame had had a rapid, too rapid, decline. Her life before marriage was spent chiefly in a sick room, and afterwards almost entirely out of England. But in her remarkable letters she had told her love-story and on these Besier had based his play. With Gwen Françon-Davies as Elizabeth, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Marjorie Mars as Henrietta Barrett, and, above all, Cedric Hardwicke in the part of the ultra-Victorian father, Edward Moulton Barrett, this domestic drama had an instant and resounding success. Thus the figures of the Brownings, husband and wife, and of her relatives, became known on the stage, and afterwards on the screen, to thousands who had never read a line of their poetry. The portrait presented of the father, though it was almost incredible, seems to have been substantially true, but Elizabeth Barrett was in reality a more self-reliant personality than was suggested on the stage by her recumbent and passive figure.

The triumph of *The Barretts* encouraged the policy of not restricting the Festival plays to those of Shaw. But it can scarcely in itself have suggested the revolutionary change of programme in the third year, 1931. In that year Shaw was laid aside, and seven plays were produced illustrating the development of English drama from the early sixteenth to the twentieth century. Though individual early plays like *Everyman* had been revived, nothing on this systematic and comprehensive scale had yet been attempted.

The 1931 programme was headed by the anonymous morality play *Hickscorner*, dating from the early part of Henry

VIII's reign. It shows the temptations and penalties to which a virtuous man is exposed through the assaults of Free-will and Imagination, with the help of the devil-may-care traveller, Hickscorner. As in all the moralities, there is an edifying ending, but the play turns realistic and far from edifying sidelights on some aspects of contemporary Tudor life. The dialogue contains some archaic phrases. But an astonishing result of the revival of this and other early plays has been to show that their language, because it is spontaneous and natural, comes more home than the artificial, stagy dialogue of a number of nineteenth century pieces. It proves that a dramatist, however primitive his technique, and however far removed his English may be from ours, will always retain his appeal if he deals sincerely with permanent factors of life and character.

*Hickscorner* was followed on the same night by Nicholas Udall's breezy comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, written about 1553 for performance by some of his boy pupils. The figures of Roister Doister wooing in vain Dame Constance and her thousand pounds, and of his hanger-on and mocker, Matthew Merygreeke, are modelled on the braggart soldier and parasite of classical comedy, but are skilfully adapted to an English background. They were acted by Ernest Thesiger and Ralph Richardson and the piece went so well that it was performed again in the following year.

The early seventeenth century was represented by Thomas Heywood's domestic drama, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. All students of Elizabethan literature know the popularity of the revenge play. Heywood had the original idea of bringing on the stage a husband who, instead of taking revenge on a guilty wife, banishes her from his presence, so that she dies of repentant grief. The play is still remarkably affecting. John Drinkwater, who sat beside me at the performance, told me that it moved him to tears.

From the uplifting close of Heywood's domestic masterpiece it was a sharp transition on the following night to the

hard, frivolous Restoration atmosphere of Etherege's *She Would if She Could*. And Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough*, which was the next production, was really a Restoration play with an eighteenth century veneer, for it was an adaptation of Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*. It afforded Ernest Thesiger an opportunity for a highly effective impersonation of Lord Foppington, but even this could not make the piece a box-office success when it was transferred later to London.

The nineteenth century was represented by Lord Lytton's *Money*, of which both the language and the situations now seem to us to be only stagy, but which like Lytton's other plays, *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons*, retains some of its original effect as 'theatre'. For the twentieth century the Malvern audience was introduced for the first time to James Bridie, the pen-name of the Glasgow physician, O. H. Mavor. *The Switchboard*, however, was not a favourable example of his dramatic art, which has since then been shown to greater advantage at Malvern and elsewhere.

It was in connection with the 1931 cycle of plays from the sixteenth to the twentieth century that the scheme of lectures as part of the Festival programme was introduced. They were intended to give a cultural background to the Festival and to help those attending it to appreciate more fully the productions on the stage. The lectures therefore dealt with the plays in the cycle and with the dramatic phases and movements that they represent. In the first group of lecturers were Allardyce Nicoll, Bonamy Dobrée, W. J. Lawrence, and myself. Changes afterwards occurred which brought us Lascelles Abercrombie and A. E. Morgan among others, and left me finally the only representative of the original quartet. The arrangements were also modified, but the aim and spirit of the lectures remained the same. Stratford-on-Avon and Buxton have now followed Malvern's lead and have included lectures in their festival programmes.



For the less serious type of playgoer the lectures began a year or two later to be somewhat overshadowed by the tea-time talks. These dealt in lighter vein with subjects more or less related to the theatre or drama generally, but not bearing on the particular plays performed. It was natural that such 'stars' as Sir Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley, Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Edith Evans should draw crowded audiences seated round afternoon tea-tables.

In 1932 came the second cycle of plays "through the centuries", beginning with John Heywood's charming interlude, *Wether*, showing that in Henry VIII's time it was as impossible to have weather that would satisfy everyone, as it is now. Together with *Roister Doister* this made a very cheerful Tudor evening. Then followed an admirable revival of Ben Jonson's great comedy, *The Alchemist*, with its masterly plot construction and its motley procession of the dupes of Subtle, the alchemist, and his confederates, Face and Dol. Among these dupes is Abel Drugger, a tobacconist, not in itself a leading part but made memorable in stage history by having been acted by Garrick and Edmund Kean, and which afforded Cedric Hardwicke the opportunity for a brilliant impersonation. Kean had also played the part of the noble savage Oroonoko in the late seventeenth century play by Thomas Southerne, based on a novel by Mrs. Aphra Behn. With Ralph Richardson in the main part, the fortunes of the enslaved African prince and his bride Imoinda proved a moving theme in spite of the artificial conventions and exaggerations of heroic tragedy. These were delightfully burlesqued on the following night in Fielding's *Tom Thumb the Great*, one of the most brilliant skits ever penned. The Victorian piece, Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance*, could not hold its own in comparison with such fore-runners. And even when Shaw returned after a year's absence to the Malvern stage with the paradoxically named play, *Too True to be Good*, it did not prove to be one of his happiest efforts.

In 1933, the cycle began with the earliest piece yet produced at Malvern, *The Conversion of St. Paul*, a miracle play of the fifteenth century. Here, I believe, for the first time one of the persons of the Trinity appeared on a modern stage in England. The sixteenth century was represented by *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a play of uncertain authorship, acted at Christ's College, Cambridge. Its admirable construction shows the effect of classical influence but otherwise it is a semi-farcical picture of the troubles that arise in a village community from Gammer Gurton's loss of her beloved 'neele' or needle, which is finally found sticking in the breeches of her farm-servant Hodge. The tremendous set-to between the Gammer and her neighbour Dame Chat, a realistic piece of Elizabethan slap-stick, went with a bang, as did the fine old song, "Backe and syde, go bare, go bare". Then followed Thomas Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West*, with its brave echoes of Elizabethan seafaring and sea-fighting, but with less appeal than *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Restoration Heroic Drama was represented by a fine performance of Dryden's *Love for Love*, which I should enjoy more if I could ever forget Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, from which it is adapted. Sheridan Knowles's comedy, *The Love Chase*, of the first year of Victoria's reign, went with more 'go' than I had expected and did something to explain his big contemporary, though quickly faded, reputation. It was interesting also to see a revival of Henry Arthur Jones's *The Dancing Girl*, especially for those who, like myself, had seen the original production with Tree and Julia Neilson in the chief parts. But in spite of Jones's stagecraft it had 'dated', and in its more serious aspects it fell somewhat flat. The most notable production of the 1933 festival, judged especially by its success later in London and New York, was Bridie's *A Sleeping Clergyman*. In the manner of Bridie's rather impish humour, the title has nothing to do with the plot, which traces the for-

tunes of a family through several generations. Two actors in especial helped to make the fortunes of the play, Thesiger in the rôle of a Scottish doctor, which had more of pathos and tenderness than usually falls to his share, and Robert Donat, who here laid the foundations of his triumphs since then on stage and screen.

The vigour of the game of "through the centuries" had been maintained for three years. It was a remarkable achievement. It had given visitors to the Festival the opportunity of seeing plays which no commercial theatrical manager could have produced and which illustrated in a unique way the progress, not always upward, of English dramatic art, without having recourse to Shakespearean revivals, rightly felt to be the province of Stratford-on-Avon. But there were difficulties, economic and otherwise, in keeping up annually a "through the centuries" cycle. Hence in 1934 the Festival entered on what may be called its third phase with a miscellaneous programme which, however, still included some early plays. The first of these was *The Interlude of Youth*, a somewhat later version of *Hickscorner* which had been performed in 1931. Like its predecessor, *Youth*, with the aid of striking costumes, made a great impression.

On the other hand, a more famous play, and one in which I was particularly interested, Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, failed to realize fully the expectations that I had formed of its production on the Malvern stage. The supernatural element, embodied chiefly in Mephistophilis, is of course very difficult to bring home to a modern audience which has lost the Elizabethan readiness to credit the visible appearance of good and evil spirits. Moreover, the speaking of Marlowe's verse has its difficulties, even for good actors of to-day. And except for the brief appearance of Helen of Troy there is no feminine interest. As Marlowe's contemporary, Thomas Kyd, asked,

What's a play without a woman in it?



Thus the earlier and the later sixteenth century was represented, but otherwise all the plays in 1934 were modern. Shaw again came into the programme with a revival of one of the best of his "pleasant" plays, *You Never Can Tell*. The opening scene in the dentist's surgery may not be such a surprise as it was in 1898 when the play was first produced, but the figure of the old waiter, one of the most attractive of Shaw's creations, can never grow out of date. Shaw's range is so wide that, though he was born in Dublin, and though he is an Anglo-Irishman of genius, we do not think of him primarily as one of the modern Irish group of playwrights of whom Yeats and Synge were among the first, and who deal with specifically Irish themes. One of the younger members of the group is Denis Johnston, whose fantastic and humorous play, *The Moon in the Yellow River*, had more dramatic significance than another of the 1934 Malvern novelties, *Mutiny*, by David Steward, though this raised an interesting problem of the relation of military discipline and duty to political views.

*The Marvellous History of St. Bernard* was a modern French dramatic handling by Henri Ghéon, translated by Sir Barry Jackson, of the legend of a mediæval saint. Another religious subject, the greatest of all, found an interpretation in John Drinkwater's *A Man's House*. Here Drinkwater sought to translate into the idiom of to-day the thoughts and speech of those who took opposite attitudes towards Jesus in the period just before the Crucifixion, when a man's house was divided against itself. It was a serious and, in many ways, a notable attempt. But experience has shown how dangerous it is, except in the primitive spirit of the Miracle plays or the American *Green Pastures*, to bring Biblical subjects upon the stage. The failure of *A Man's House*, especially when transferred to London, to take hold of the public, was a great disappointment to Drinkwater, as the similar fate of *The Boy David* was afterwards to be to Barrie.

For four years, 1931-4, Shaw had been represented in the Festival programme by only one new play, *Too True to be Good*, and one revival, *You Never Can Tell*. But from 1935 onwards Shaw has again played the major part on the Malvern stage. In that year *Fanny's First Play* showed that it retained much of its old attraction for those of us who saw it when it was first produced in London, though since the social topsy-turvydom of the World War period, the spectacle of a Duke's son in the position of a footman is not quite so fantastic as it was in 1911. *Misalliance*, another 1935 revival, had dated more in its treatment of matrimonial problems, and the descent of a woman in an aeroplane was already *vieux jeu*. The new 1935 Shaw play, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, did not bring off successfully its mixture of fantasy and politics. But with his three 1936 revivals G. B. S. came fully into his own. *On the Rocks* went with a swing in both its political and domestic aspects. *Pygmalion* delighted me as much as when I saw it in 1912 at one of the earliest performances of the play in London, and when Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Eliza Doolittle electrified us by blurting out the epithet "bloody" in a drawing-room. Eliza at Malvern was Miss Wendy Hiller, who also successfully impersonated the Maid in the revival of *Saint Joan*, with Ernest Thesiger in his original part of the Dauphin.

In 1937 *The Apple Cart* was produced at Malvern for the third time, and, as Shaw could truly proclaim, recent events had given it an added significance. "In it a British King brings about the catastrophe by threatening to abdicate. And now a British King very astonishingly has abdicated." His new 1937 play, *The Millionairess*, was another attempt to blend fantasy with realism and gave more pleasure in some of its episodes than as a whole. But in 1938 the octogenarian playwright scored a major success with his "political harlequinade", *Geneva*, with its thinly disguised counterfeit presentments of

living dictators. And this was followed by another revival of *Saint Joan* in which Elizabeth Bergner showed her finer quality rather as the prisoner of the Inquisition than as the warrior-maid. Finally in 1939, on the eve of the outbreak of war, G. B. S. presented one of his characteristic reinterpretations of history in *Good King Charles's Golden Days*, where Charles II appears in the unexpected light of a fond husband. From this sketch of the Shavian contribution between 1935 and 1939 let me now turn to the other chief features of the Festival during that period. In 1935 Elizabethan students had the satisfaction of seeing an excellent performance of another of Ben Jonson's comic masterpieces, *Volpone*, as striking in its grimmer fashion as that of *The Alchemist* in 1932. I only regret that Malvern left to Stratford-on-Avon the honour of celebrating the tercentenary of Jonson's death in 1937 by a revival of *Every Man in his Humour*.

But in 1935 the memory of a later playwright, who had some affinities with Ben Jonson, Sir Arthur Pinero, was honoured. He had died on November 23rd, 1934, and no more appropriate wreath could have been laid upon his tomb than by the revival of *Trelawney of the Wells*, that fragrant comedietta, with its half-veiled memories of Sadler's Wells theatre, of actors and actresses at a time when there was still a gulf between the stage and society, and of the early struggles of T. W. Robertson, here personified as Tom Wrench, in his efforts for greater dramatic realism.

But the great box-office success at Malvern in 1935 was the amazingly entertaining burlesque of British history from the invasion of Julius Caesar to the present day, *1066 and All That*. As this whisked us back in time, so *Lady Precious Stream*, by S. G. Hsiung, whisked us across space to China. This was another highly diverting entertainment, which gave Westerners an illuminating glimpse of the conventions of the classic Chinese theatre, in which the property-man with his apparatus plays so important a part.



The 1936 Festival was made memorable by the production of the Canadian Helen Jerome's clever adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. With Miss Carrigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester this play was destined to achieve an "obstinate success" only second to that of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. On a later evening a companion piece, *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage*, by a Yorkshireman, John Davison, was presented, but was too uniformly sombre to carry conviction to the audience. They could find relief in the eighteenth century in *The Clandestine Marriage* by George Colman and David Garrick, whose humours got well across the footlights and proved that Goldsmith and Sheridan had no monopoly of the comic stage of their period.

In 1937, beside revivals of *The School for Scandal* and (for the second time) of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *Tom Thumb the Great*, there was the production of the early Elizabethan play, *The Godly and Virtuous Susanna*, by Thomas Garter. This piece, based on the story of Susannah and the Elders in the Apocrypha, was supposed to have disappeared, but a copy was recently found by Professor Ifor Evans in the library of Coleorton Hall. Susannah with her maids is an attractive domestic figure; the Elders appear under the allegorical titles of Voluptus and Sensualitas, and there is a further link with the Moralities in a roaring Satan and his son, Ill-Repute this Vice.

Sir Barry Jackson had devised the effective setting for *Susanna*, with "houses" for each of the chief figures. But after 1937 circumstances arose which led him to resign the direction of the Festival. This has since been carried on by Mr. Roy Limbert, the lessee of the Malvern Theatre. Thus in 1938 the Festival entered on its fourth phase, in which only contemporary plays are performed, most of them for the first time. The most arresting of the 1938 productions, apart from Shaw's *Geneva*, was Priestley's "odd and experimental piece" (to use

his own words), *Music at Night*, showing the reactions of a varied group of listeners to a new composition which stirs in them memories of their past lives. The 1939 Festival was held under the shadow of impending hostilities, when it was difficult to judge the productions on their merits. But it was generally felt that the staging of six new pieces on successive days was too hazardous a venture. It seems unlikely that except for Shaw's play on King Charles II any of them will survive.

In a world at war it is impossible to predict what the future of the Malvern Festival may be. But for the historian of the English stage, apart from the large contribution made by George Bernard Shaw, the chief interest of the Festival will be in the years when it gave visitors the opportunity of seeing plays from the mediæval, Elizabethan and later periods which no commercial manager would dare to revive. It has thus anticipated one of the functions of the National theatre of the future. It has also given scope to many actors and actresses, including a number who have won international fame on the stage and the screen. They would be the first to say how dependent they are on the attitude of their audience. And it was not the least of the achievements of the Malvern Festival that it created out of those who attended it year by year an audience with a corporate individuality which one of the playwrights, James Bridie, described as "the best, the cleverest, the gentlest in the world". I am one of the many who will always take a pride in having been a unit in such an audience.

## A PEOPLE THAT CAN STAND ALONE

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

THE road climbed abruptly to the summit of a hill, and as we trotted down the other slope, in an ancient but still serviceable buggy, we knew already that we were in the real heart of French Canada. Montreal is largely French, but it is also cosmopolitan and of the present-day world. The city of Quebec is overwhelmingly French, but it, like so many European towns, is a curious mosaic of old and new—old streets and new streets, old buildings and new buildings, venerable stone churches and houses that date back to the French period in Canada, but the churches are lighted by electricity, and the houses are equipped with telephones, phonographs, radios, electric refrigerators, garages and modern plumbing. Rural Quebec—the province—is closer to the heart of French Canada, but even here, in most of the villages and in the countryside, while the spirit remains unchanged, the life of the people is becoming more and more the standardized life of the outside world.

Here beyond the hill, however, was something quite different. We found ourselves dropping out of the noisy, bustling, smelly, nerve-wracking world we knew into a place restful and refreshing. No crimson, would-be Gothic filling-stations flanked the dirt road, for automobiles had not yet discovered this part of the country. And, without automobiles, there was no need of tourist camps, hot-dog stands, road-houses offering chicken dinners, cocktails and jazz. On the other side of the hill we had left behind us the railway, the telegraph and the telephone, the motion-picture theatre, the department store, the delicatessen, and all that these modern developments stand for.

These we had left behind and much more than these. We had entered a world quite different from the world we knew.



It was not merely something that looked like the past; it was the past. We had found a serene little community in a serene little backwater, overlooked somehow when the machine age engulfed the rest of the civilized world. The people on this side of the hill were living their simple lives as their forefathers had lived theirs. They lacked, it would seem, every luxury, every convenience, almost everything that we had learned to count as a necessity. Yet they appeared to be not only contented, but happy. This, we concluded, was something that, like Abraham Lincoln's rat-hole, would bear looking into.

The road ran through a bit of woodland, and out again into the open. There was something very satisfying about the landscape: a rolling country, green fields broken by thickets of maple or birch, rising to considerable hills; a small lake in the middle distance, out of which a stream meandered off to the south; scattered farms, and the spire of a parish church glittering through trees.

A little back from the road stood the farm-house, with its barns and outbuildings—our immediate destination. The house was solidly built of field-stone, and it shone in the latest of many coats of whitewash. Its shutters and roof were green, and the latter, broken by dormer windows, swept in a graceful curve down and out over the walls. From the centre of the ridge rose a chimney of flat stones, also whitewashed. The house had an air of well-preserved and dignified old age. It had been the home of generations of self-reliant and self-respecting farmers, such as those whose shrewdness and kindness and humour had won the respect and affection of William Henry Drummond, and whose personality and racy patois, when they tried to speak English, were immortalized in his delightfully original verse.

As we climbed out of the buggy, the present head of the family crossed a field to meet us. He welcomed us to his home with the simple hospitality of his people. There was neither

arrogance nor servility about his manner. We were strangers from the outside world, about which he knew very little, and he had respect for our knowledge of many things hidden from him. But he was a free son of the soil, the heir of a long line of independent farmers, and he owed allegiance to nothing but his Church, his race, and his country, pretty much in that order.

And he was independent not only in spirit but in fact, for he and many others like him in outlying districts of the Province of Quebec, are perhaps more definitely self-contained, more completely able to supply their own physical wants, than any others in the civilized world. It was, indeed, because we had been assured that it was so that we had come to visit the home of this habitant and judge the matter for ourselves.

Here before us, as we afterwards learned, was evidence to the point. The trousers of *étouffe du pays* or homespun worn by the farmer had not only been made by his wife, but she had also woven the cloth on her loom, and had spun the wool on her spinning-wheel, and the wool had come from the farmer's sheep. His woollen socks could also be traced back to the same sheep. His linen shirt began its career as flax grown on the farm, which after pulling, retting, pounding, scutching and peeling had reached the spinning-wheel; from there the spun thread had gone to the loom and emerged as linen; and finally the goodwife had turned it into a shirt, as she had also made his linen handkerchiefs. His *bottes malouines*, or work-boots, he had made himself, from leather tanned from hides from his own cattle. Sometimes the farmer tanned his own skins, but more often he took the raw skins to the village tanner and bartered them for leather.

We entered the parlour of the farm-house, reserved for more or less formal occasions, and were received there, at first somewhat shyly, by the farmer's wife. After the usual polite exchanges, how we had found the journey, the weather, and messages from mutual acquaintances who had made the visit

possible, we managed tactfully to escape from the stiff and ceremonial atmosphere of the best room, with what Judge Rivard calls its 'savour of ancient things', to the commodious kitchen and living-room, a 'homely' place in the best sense of the word.

At once we felt a change in our relations. The native courtesy of the French-Canadian remained the same; yet we were no longer strangers but friends; we were *chez nous*. And so we made ourselves comfortable, and talked of many things, bringing the conversation around to the subject that had aroused our lively interest—the survival here, in the midst of a distressingly standardized world, of a few people who had not merely managed to stand up against the terrific pressure of a world-wide movement, but had ignored its very existence.

And almost at once we realized that the *habitant* and his wife did not know that there was anything unusual about their way of living. They had spent their contented lives in this out-of-the-way corner of Quebec. Neither necessity nor curiosity had ever taken them to the cities. They were vaguely aware that conditions were different there, but how or why different they neither knew nor very much cared. Nothing could be farther from their thoughts than that their own kind of existence might seem incredible and fantastic to millions who had grown so accustomed to the yoke of social uniformity that they could not get on without it. To the *habitant* his self-sufficiency, his independence of the world outside his own little parish, was not peculiar; still less was it an object of ambition, a thing to be striven after. He took it for granted.

The *habitant* built his own house, or his father or grandfather had built it; he or his women-folk made the furniture, carpets, clothing, footwear, bedding, table-cloths, and to a large extent their own tools; the bread was made from grain grown on the farm; the meat, too, came from the pasture or the pen; firewood from the wood-lot supplied heat and fuel for cooking;



home-made candles gave them light; the maple grove produced sugar, and the orchard and fields yielded fruit; the dried leaves of teaberry made not a bad substitute for tea in an emergency; the farmer grew his own tobacco, or used willow and cedar bark instead, and made satisfactory pipes from corncobs and reeds. And he did all these things, not as a protest against a mechanically-minded world, but simply because it was the natural thing to do, his forefathers having done it, at first from necessity, later from force of habit. Why, after all, should he go out of his way to buy things when he could make them himself to serve his own needs?

All this, and much more, we drew from our French-Canadian friends, who, however they may have wondered why we should concern ourselves with such commonplace matters, were very ready, knowing that ours was a friendly curiosity, to answer our questions. Indeed, they entered quite eagerly into the spirit of our search.

On our way into the house we had noticed the old bake-oven, at a convenient distance from the door, and we were now taken out to examine it more closely. Here the housewife made the delicious *pain de ménage*, home-made bread, which, spread with her own fresh butter, we had been enjoying. It might be made of wheat, or rye, or barley, or buckwheat, but it was as superior to the ordinary stuff our world has to eat as a Mackintosh Red is to a crab-apple.

Having so many questions to ask, and fearing that we might exhaust even their patience, we did not get the history of this particular *four* or outside oven, but Georges Bouchard has a faithful description in his book *Vieilles choses, vieilles gens*, which he has permitted us to use:

*Le père* first went to get *de l'argile bleue* (blue clay) in the fields near the ash woods. He had to dig deep in the soil, below the deepest furrow. This clay was then mixed with sand and water by the tramping hoofs of a horse. The loamy mixture was cut up into rectangular lumps about ten inches

long. These lumps, called *torches*, were first laid on a wooden grill forming the base of the oven. Others were then built up over a skeleton of flexible wooden slabs covered with cedar bark, rising archwise to form the roof of the oven. In this way vaulted walls and ceiling were built of the clay lumps applied one upon the other almost like a brick wall. To model the hole through which the smoke was to escape a wooden cork, three inches in diameter, was placed at the back of the oven, at the third row of lumps. The door was of cast-iron with a frame of the same material. A pure clay diluted with water served as a cement to coat over all the mass and to furnish a relatively polished surface. The *four* was then allowed to dry in the open air with occasional small fires inside. And then for two whole days a very hot fire was kept burning.

If these notes seem disjointed and haphazard, it is largely because our illogical minds jumped from one topic to another, seizing what we could when we might. There was no chance for an orderly catechism; nor, perhaps, were either visitors or hosts in the mood for it; nor can we do more than suggest the diverse features that make up the lives of this *habitant* and his family. Again, as the routine of the farm varies with the seasons, we cannot report as eye-witnesses of more than a small part of it. For a complete picture not a day but a twelvemonth would be needed. We saw what we could, learned what we might from our hosts, and gathered the rest from such expert witnesses as Marius Barbeau, Georges Bouchard and Adjutor Rivard, all of whom know intimately the life of the conservative *habitant*.

The farmer's wife, having shown us her *four*, took us back to the house while her husband went about his occupations. We saw and admired the hooked rugs the housewife had made during the long winter evenings; her spinning-wheel and loom, and the fine linen tablecloths, sheets and pillow-cases they had enabled her to produce; the great blue chest—heirloom made by her grandfather—in which she stored her linens and wools; the solid table and chairs, graceful as any object is that is suited to its purpose; the open fire-place with ironware fash-

ioned in the village forge from bog-iron of the St. Maurice; the pots and pans, ladles and bowls, made on the farm or near it, of iron or earthenware or wood; and, in the attic, the family cradle, made many years ago by a father who had cut down a perfect maple tree, trimmed it, sawed from it flawless planks, put them together with tender care, fashioned the rockers, and put his heart into the carving of the corner-posts.

The loom was horizontal like those of Quebec, with two treadles. Sometimes there are four treadles—a double loom for large articles such as bedspreads and tablecloths. We were told of the origin of the local dyes used by French-Canadian housewives, which give soft, mellow tints to their handiwork. Grey comes from the outer bark of the soft maple; brown from a shrub called the *bois de savane* growing on low-lying land; blue from the bark or fruit of the mountain ash, the latter said to be best; yellow from the goldenrod; black from the bark of the red alder; green from onion peel; and red from the blood-wort.

An unfamiliar dish we had enjoyed at the noon meal made us enquire about traditional recipes, and we were told of *Crêpes suzettes*, a particular variety of pancake, eaten with maple syrup, very popular in Quebec; also how to prepare a roasted pork's head, and how to make a *ragoût de porc*—pork is the base of many popular dishes. To make *cretons* you take, it appears, two pounds of flead-fat of pork, three pounds of lean pork and two pounds of kidney pork, and add salt, cloves and onions. These are minced together and cooked slowly for several hours, keeping them covered with water. The result is then poured into large bowls and left to cool and harden. To make really delicious *cretons* you must thoroughly mix the ingredients. One seems to recognize this as a species of brawn or headcheese.

*Chiard de goelettes*, a kind of haggis, is also made of pork with potato and spice; and *andouilles*, an ancient French-



Canadian dish in the form of a sausage, consists of beef chitterling cut very fine and boiled in unsalted water, salt pork half-lean and half-fat, and lean beef, together with spice and two large onions. The sausages are packed in large jars in layers of salt. Roasted in a pan, they are said to be very palatable.

Of lighter dishes, a maple-dumpling is made of a light paste consisting of two cups of flour diluted in milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of lard and one of butter. The paste is rolled flat and cut into squares, into each of which is wrapped a peeled and cored apple filled with maple sugar and butter. Bake in a hot oven, and eat with maple syrup. Who wouldn't?

The *habitant*, having returned from his work, joined us at the house door, and we walked over into the cool interior of the great barn. Here in the autumn, after the harvest, men, women and children gather for the pounding of the flax, to break up the tough outer covering and release the fibre. For this they use cumbersome frames with wooden blades, and as they work they sing the old Quebec folk-songs. In the end there remains a tangled mass of fibre and a cloud of dust. This is but one of several processes. The flax at an earlier stage has been spread for a month in the field until dew, rain and sunshine have rotted the outer covering. Later, at the time of pounding, the fibre is dried on racks over a fire, and by still another operation freed from tufts of tow. It is then ready for combing and the spinning-wheel; and, finally, for the loom.

Wandering about the barn, we found the farmer's primitive forge, with bellows made of wood and cowhide, where he shod his horses and hammered into shape the simple ironwork of the farm.

In the garret of the house we were shown his tools for making and mending the footwear of the family, the *bottes malouines*, the *souliers* and the *bottes sauvages*, something between a civilized boot and the moccasin of the Indians. Cowhide is used for these and calfskin for children's shoes. But to

even such outposts as these the taste of fashion has penetrated. The younger women now demand shoes from the town, not for ordinary use but to wear to church. The girls wear *souliers sauvages* to a grove near the church, and change there to their precious store shoes, which are worn with pride and discomfort for the next hour or two. Nor are the young men free from foibles, though with them it takes a different turn. For them the village cobbler is told to put plenty of squeak into the boots; the more squeak the more fashionable the wearer. One extravagant rural dandy has been known to order '*trente sous de craque*', thirty cents' worth of squeak.

The local tannery had a removable floor, under which the green hides were soaked in square pits. Chicken manure was added and heated with steam. The hides were left for a time in this pungent solution with locally made lime. Removed and scraped, the skins went into other pits with a liquid solution of hemlock bark for dyeing. The hide was stretched on wooden frames before being lowered into a pit. This old-fashioned process makes leather that is waterproof and almost indestructible.

Seated on a fence, beside a field where gusts of wind sent silver ripples over the ripening wheat, we talked of the cycle of the grain from seedtime to harvest, and of the survival in this part of the world of such age-long implements as the sickle, the flail and the van.

Here the *semeur* or sower still, as men did a thousand years ago, strides down the field, with that most graceful swing of the right arm, as he scatters seed over the prepared ground. And as he pours the grain into his home-made linen seed-hopper he drops reverently into the bag a few blessed grains from the parish church. Also, before he begins to sow, he raises his hat with one hand and with the other makes the sign of the cross over his fields. When at noon the Angelus rings from the village church, he sits down and eats his simple meal. This is part of his conservatism and his true piety. Here, too,

at the harvest, the grain is cut by hand, with scythe and sickle; the sheaves are bound together with withes of hazel gathered in the woodland; the thresher swings his flail over the opened sheaves on the threshing-floor, releasing streams of golden grain; and the *vanneur* or winnower swings his thin wooden van until the air is full of chaff and nothing remains but grain.

So this day drew to its close, and the time came when we must say good-bye to our friends the *habitant* and his wife. It had been a memorable experience for us, this visit to people who had kept untarnished both the spirit and the customs of an earlier and simpler age. We had learned something from them, and our surprise had given them quiet amusement. We thanked them for their kindness and hospitality, and they wished us a pleasant journey home.

As we climbed to the top of the hill and looked back toward the farm, we knew that here, if anywhere in the world, was peace and contentment. And then, as we paused at the summit, the setting sun shone on the surface of the little lake, and we remembered those familiar verses of Drummond, into which he put the love he shared with the *habitants* for this country of the Laurentians:

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Right on de mountain top,  
But cloud sweepin' by will fin' tam to stop  
No matter how quickly he want to go,  
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Up on de mountain high,  
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?  
So soon as de winter was gone away  
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Back on de mountain dere,  
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere  
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm  
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.

. . . . .  
Leetle Lac Grenier, O let me go,  
Don't spik no more,  
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,  
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,  
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!



## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### FTER THE ELECTION

BY G. V. FERGUSON

BY anyone who has observed the creaking and inefficient operation of the parliamentary system in Great Britain since 1931, the results of the Canadian general election of 1940 will hardly be regarded with anything but foreboding. In 1931, it will be remembered, the British people saw fit (for reasons which in retrospect seem sadly inadequate) to destroy the Opposition. For various reasons that Opposition failed to recover strength, and the Labour Party since that day was never able to present itself to the public as an effective alternative government. If such an alternative is not always immediately available the parliamentary system does not work well, and much of the trouble, much of the dilatoriness, much of the mismanagement which marked British policy, both external and internal, in those nine years have been due to the fact that at no time were the MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments ever in fear of a possible upset. Such security breeds laziness and softness and much else besides, as the past (and the present) now shows. But the object of making this statement now is not to enter upon dead controversies but to draw the moral which it would be well for the Canadian people to ponder.

In 1935 the Liberal party in this country all but destroyed the representation of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Mr. King's supporters hailed that achievement with partisan delight as a just and terrible retribution for the misdeeds of the outgoing administration which had made so rashly alluring a set of promises in the 1930 campaign. But many friends of Canadian Liberalism had some misgivings as they watched Mr. King and his colleagues face their post-election task. They feared lest the drive and initiative of the

Government might be weakened by the very security of its parliamentary position; and looking back upon those years it is apparent that they were right.

Now, however, the situation from this point of view is much worse. In the election last March the Conservative party failed to make any gains at all, and the Government was returned in triumph to continue its organization and direction of the national war effort. It may well be true that the election result was as much due to bad leadership of the Conservative high command as to the virtues of Mr. Mackenzie King. It may be true that the latter thoroughly and honestly deserved his victory both for the competence with which he led Canada into war, organized it for war, and for the high standard of campaigning which he maintained under great provocation from the day of dissolution to the close of the polls. The fact remains that, if party lines remain firm, if no insurgent movement develops in the Liberal caucus, for the next five years the Government will function faced by an opposition paltry in numbers, meagre in ability, and itself divided into three groups: the Conservatives, the C.C.F. and the Social Crediters. There is nothing to suggest that these groups, either singly or collectively, will be able to do more than to perform the routine duties of an Opposition in a desultory way. Unless the Government remains more than usually alert, more than usually self-critical, unless its backbenchers interpret their election in other than a mood of partisan triumph, the next few years will not be happy ones for this country. No matter how efficient a Government is, it is the better for constant prodding and criticism. As a practical political scientist once remarked: "The evil man fleeth when no one pursueth but he maketh better time when some one is after him." Let it be hastily added that Mr. King is not "an evil man". Far from it. In spite of his many failings and shortcomings, he deserves greatly of his country. But even Mr. King would be the better for a

good deal of stiff, tough opposition in the House of Commons and he is not going to get it.

But, while there may be forebodings on this point, on all other scores the result of the election can be considered a very great triumph. The major share of the success goes necessarily to the Liberal party and to Mr. King, but it would be an error of the first magnitude to suppose that it was in any respect a partisan victory. If the Liberal party interprets it as such, so much the worse for that historic organism; for the voting last March was to an overwhelming extent the vote of a people who wanted to be assured that its war policies would be vigorously carried on under a tried and reasonably efficient administration. This view is still combatted in certain quarters. There are those who, deplorably dragging in the fact that Mr. King was not himself a combatant in the last war, insist that he is not wholeheartedly for the war and that in this respect he shares the majority opinion of the Canadian people. It has been stated within the last month that the Government is faint-hearted, the people apathetic and fundamentally isolationist. It has been said that our recruits are men of less than average intelligence drawn in the main from the ranks of the desperate unemployed. It is stated that the rural population is taking good care it does not get involved in the war, and that Canadian youth in all sections of the country is more interested in baseball, hockey and sparking than in the terrible issues now being faced by the Allied armies in Europe. These observers assert that the population at large will refuse to bear the inevitable financial burdens which the war will impose upon them with increasing severity, and that we may expect to see a gradual withdrawal of our people from the ranks of the belligerents. These opinions have been expressed not by ignorant, irresponsible persons but by men whose ability, position and experience should lend considerable weight to their views. I can find for them, however, little or no justification.



The explanation of this curious form of defeatism which exists fortunately only in a small circle of opinion probably rests in their failure to shake off or to dissipate the cloud of fear and doubt that hung over our people during the last few years of peace. It is not so long ago, after all, that a well-informed student of public affairs made the prediction that any attempt to draw Canada into another European war would lead at once to the outbreak of civil strife. Canada was depicted as a country torn and wracked by internal dissension in which race faced race, and religion, religion, in bitter and unavoidable enmity. How false that view has been shown by events. The fact is that the outbreak of war last fall found this country very deeply united. A real Canadianism animated the body politic and still does. This spirit was, and is, the mainspring of our war effort, as it will be to the end, and the confusion and doubt regarding the scope and nature and sincerity of Canada's participation in the war come altogether from that section of opinion which has fixed its mind so long on the necessity of preserving in orthodox, colonial fashion the historic British connection, that it is unable to comprehend the new forms and wider implications of that connection under the impetus of Canadian nationhood.

Consider for a moment the evidence regarding the sincerity of the country's war effort:

The country entered the war with only a scattering of dissenting voices, and Parliament at once accepted a greater burden of taxation than was imposed in 1914-15.

The Quebec election in October, no matter how much it may be discounted as "a vote for the war", nevertheless meant something very important. If the electors of Quebec had wanted to dissociate themselves from the war effort, they had their chance to do so, openly provided for them by Mr. Duplessis.

The national appeal of the Red Cross was over-subscribed, the contributions pouring in not only from the urban centres but from every country town and hamlet from coast to coast.

The first war loan was heavily over-subscribed and shared in by thousands of small investors though its terms were by no means lavish to the lender.

Canada placed under arms in the first six months of this war a substantially larger number of men than were recruited in the first six months of the last war. This fact, little appreciated among the more fiery elements of our population, is something not to be forgotten. It is hardly necessary to add that the actual expenditures on war in those same months of 1939-40 far exceeded the amount of money spent in the same length of time, 1914-15.

Lastly there is the evidence of the election. At this point our faint-hearts redouble their lamentations. They beat their breasts and declare that candidates of all parties found it essential not to discuss the war, that they stuck to domestic issues, that they issued covert assurances that, if elected, they would see to it that we did not go too far in this "European folly".

It is undoubtedly true that most candidates spent much of their time talking about the run-of-mine local issues that absorb the average voter in both peace and war. Voters still want roads, bridges, post offices, jobs, and the other largesse that flows from government. But it is sheer folly to imagine that they did not know, when they cast either Liberal or Conservative votes, that they were voting for the leadership of men utterly and honestly committed to staking the whole resources of this country on the hazard of war. Every newspaper they read, every radio speech they heard must have convinced them that Mr. King, Dr. Manion and their colleagues were determined to drive the war effort home. Dr. Manion indulged, it is true, in a mass of impossible promises of good things to come at home. His defeat strongly suggests that the majority of

the people were so convinced of the desperate emergency of war needs that they simply did not believe he could implement them.

Canadians, Liberal and Conservative alike, voted for the war and their participation in it. Had they disapproved, there were candidates available for whom they could vote. The C.C.F. provided an open door for all voters of anti-war inclination, and it should be noted that the total C.C.F. vote in the country declined from 1935. It is unjust to the C.C.F. to suggest that every vote polled for its candidates was that of a man or woman opposed to the war. The very fact that about one hundred soldiers voted for the pacifist J. S. Woodsworth in North Centre Winnipeg proves that. But for the purposes of this argument let us admit that every C.C.F. vote polled was an anti-war vote and the result is still not impressive. In the Western provinces, where the bulk of the C.C.F. vote is concentrated and where distressed agrarian conditions still wretchedly prevail in large areas, a closer analysis of the vote may be interesting. In Manitoba the C.C.F. percentage of the total vote remained about nine per cent, slightly higher. Much of it, of course, went to candidates of the Winnipeg Independent Labour Party which had dissociated itself from the C.C.F. war platform. In Saskatchewan, where the C.C.F. is the only effective opposition to the reigning Liberal party, the percentage of the total vote rose from about 21 per cent to 28 per cent. In Alberta, where the C.C.F. vote rose from a negligible two to an equally negligible three per cent the facts are clouded by the presence of the Social Crediters whose public thinking on the war is as obscure as their thinking on monetary problems. In British Columbia, the C.C.F. percentage of the total rose slightly to about 30 per cent.

Putting the worst possible construction on these figures, the whole situation remains sound, as anyone who travels the



Canadian Prairies can tell. Nor is it reasonable to conclude that these provinces, which are contributing their full quota of recruits, the men coming forward without hesitation, are anti-war. Nor should it be concluded that only men of Anglo-Saxon origin are enlisting. The muster-rolls of the western regiments show many a European continental name, and a bulletin issued some time ago by the Bureau of Information at Ottawa reported that Canadians of Ukrainian origin in the Saskatchewan units exceeded the ratio of that stock to the population of the province as a whole. The process of Canadianization had evidently gone much further and more effectively than our doubters would have us believe. This also is a conclusion in no way surprising to anyone who knows the West.

This fundamental solidarity of the country behind the war effort is a factor which should quickly destroy the belief still held in narrow but influential quarters that the Government's sincerity and wholeheartedness is a sham. It is indeed doubtful if those who hold this opinion realize what a degree of hypocrisy they are attributing to the Ottawa administration. It is inconceivable that men of the stamp of King, Ralston, Rogers and Howe could be guilty of so great a degree of disgraceful Machiavellian statecraft, and it would be an excellent thing for the country at large if realization of this fact became general.

The Government has difficulties enough to face without this degree of unjustifiable cynicism piled on in addition. And the function of the Opposition at the moment is not to spur its members into unwise ventures in order to prove their sincerity, but rather to concentrate upon those details of administration which it is the responsibility of an Opposition to examine. The size of the Government's majority is such, however, that as has been suggested before in this article, it is unlikely that the Opposition can accomplish its task without help. That help should be forthcoming from the ranks of the able backbenchers on the Government side. These men should be har-

nessed without delay to their tasks. If the Government is wise it will enlist these men at once. Our cabinet machinery is not geared for the high-speed tasks of war; and it is no secret at Ottawa that the key men in the Government are already taxed beyond their strength. Tired men are not able to perform their duties effectively and there are several methods of reorganization whereby their loads could be lightened.

If Mr. King is not prepared to form a war cabinet of key ministers shorn of their portfolios and entrusted with a general supervision of the war effort, he should without delay embark on the oft-mooted plan for the creation of the posts of parliamentary under-secretaries in all important departments, thereby releasing the ministers themselves for concentration upon their major tasks. He might also create a series of special select committees charged with the examination of certain special problems and the responsibility of preparing recommendations of policy. This is a practice which has been often employed in the House of Commons to good effect. It could now be greatly expanded to the general benefit of government, just as it has been used in more than one provincial Legislature for the same purpose. In this way much of the latent power of his majority could be actively employed instead of permitting it to vegetate uselessly.

If he does not, these private members must find a release for their energies in other ways. He should not forget that the Churchill Government in Great Britain was in the main the work of a group of insurgent, rebellious Tories impatient with the relatively moderate tempo of Mr. Chamberlain's administration. Such a group should spring up in the Canadian House of Commons too if and when it becomes apparent that our own Government is not waging war with the initiative and vigour the country expects of it. The private members who embark upon this somewhat thankless task, which would earn them the opprobrium of the Party whips, would have the satis-

faction of knowing that they are performing the duty which their constituents expected of them; for many of them know, or should know, that they were not elected as Liberals in the 1940 election, but as men charged by the electorate to ensure that the conduct of the war, so far as Canada is concerned, will never slacken until a dangerous and difficult victory has been ensured.



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### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By H. H. Henson. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

CONVERSION. By W. P. Paterson, Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

ON TO ORTHODOXY. By D. R. Davies. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

A COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. Edited by T. W. Manson. T. and T. Clark, 12s. 6d.

Most writers on religious as on other subjects seem to suppose that, if they have a general idea of what they wish to say and have found words roughly corresponding with their notions and have put these together into sentences that are more or less grammatical, they have therein composed a book. Great is the number of books sent to the reviewer which as literature (not to mention thought) are merely shoddy. It is with the more satisfaction, therefore, that I claim that the first two books on my list are pre-eminently the work of men who, having considered exactly, have taken the trouble to describe felicitously the ideas in their minds.

The Church of England is an institution of far wider interest than its effective membership. Dr. Hensley Henson, now retired from the ancient bishopric of Durham, has described it in a series of chapters incisive, stimulating and often in a high degree provocative. After a brilliant historical introduction he discusses such questions as the episcopate and the parochial clergy, Establishment, the requirement and obligations of subscription to creeds or articles, and national education. Those who like literature with which they can comfortably agree from page to page will do well to avoid this book, but it is written with good temper, with great knowledge, both historical and practical, with a fine absence of fanaticism as well as with literary elegance.

'The internal affairs of the Church of England', writes the bishop, 'have ceased to interest "the man in the street"'. The "Non-conformist conscience" has no value for the politician, and the clergy count for little or nothing at a General Election.' Again, 'The Press has almost completely replaced the Church as the instrument by which public opinion is fashioned. Governments now have no need to "tune" the pulpits: they get better results by "inspiring" the newspapers. In fact, the age is increasingly secularist in temper. In no true sense is the Church of England to-day a national Church. 'It was less the *arguments* of the Nonconformists than their *existence* that finally destroyed Hooker's case

for a national church. To-day Anglicans and Nonconformists together are a minority in the nation.

On the urgent question of Home Reunion he writes that the most formidable obstacles 'are not those which come under the consideration of ecclesiastical diplomatists. There is a dissidence of traditions which only time can remove. A fissiparous individualism, on the one hand, confronts an Erastian complaisance, on the other. Education and experience are silently destroying the first: the secularization of the State is plainly disallowing the last. Had it not been for the change effected by the Oxford Movement in the temper and outlook of the Church of England, it is not wholly unreasonable to think, that the historical breach would have been healed by the normal development of religious thought and life in England . . . The Tractarians repudiated the Protestant character of the English Church, and thereby destroyed the foundation on which Anglicans and Dissenters had hitherto been able to unite. Not agreement in the essentials of Protestant Christianity was henceforth to be emphasized as the indispensable condition of ecclesiastical unity, but identity of polity. This implied a profound alteration in the whole theory and attitude of the Established Church. The view that episcopacy is of the essence of the Church of Christ is held by honourable and candid Christians; Dr. Henson gives the impression, however, that the claim that the acceptance of this view is necessary for inter-communion with the Church of England is, historically regarded, little better than a ramp. This only falls short of being a great book because its gifted author falls short of being a great religious leader.

Through a long professorial ministry Dr. W. P. Paterson was a great light of the Church of Scotland. He had profound learning, deep religious feeling and a pungent wit. His last book, posthumously published, is at once theological and religious. It is a careful study of the nature of that conversion which it is the aim of the Christian Church to see realized in all believers. 'The marks of the new man are that he is knit to God by filial devotion, to his fellow-creatures by brotherly love, and that he accepts for himself the obligation, which is likewise the privilege, of being in the world as the servant of God and man. The subject is treated not only from the side of philosophical appraisal and scientific investigation but also in the distinction between the Protestant and Roman Catholic approach. According to the Protestant scheme forgiveness and acceptance precede sanctification; in the Roman scheme 'the divinely wrought sanctification is the ground of the remission of sins, and the degree of sanctification attained is the measure of the benefits bestowed'. This fundamental difference of conception involves deep differences in the whole presentation of the Gospel common to both.

Throughout all these discussions Dr. Paterson shows a robust independence of judgment. This must be illustrated by a single passage from the closing pages of the book: 'An evangelistic mission addressed to man as man need not offer much formal defence of the faith. Christianity is best defended by explaining the benefits which the Gospel offers to man, and the terms on which they are offered. It is, however, indispensable that the message should be proclaimed with authority as proceeding from God Himself, and also that the messengers should bespeak assent and trust because the Gospel manifestly burns as a fire in their bones and sets their souls aflame. It will probably also be found that if the multitude is to be interested, it must be moved by the recognition of utter self-sacrifice on its behalf, which might point to the creation of a Protestant order of evangelists who should take temporary vows of poverty, celibacy and unquestioning obedience.' The reading of this book brings not merely much illumination upon its subject but also contact with a powerful, a gracious and a Christian personality.

The author of *On To Orthodoxy* makes no claim to be a scholar, but he is a well-read man who has lived and suffered and thought and discovered: his book, therefore, autobiographical in substance rather than in form, and written with modesty and sincerity, is of more value than many pretentious tomes. Its importance lies in the spiritual history of the author. He was brought up in the theological Liberalism of the first years of this century and became a fervid Socialist and preacher of the so-called Social Gospel. Passing through utter disillusionment he has found his way back to the centralities of the historic Christian faith which he styles conveniently 'orthodoxy'. His progress he describes with power and restraint. President Woodrow Wilson, he says, 'was a personal parable of the utter failure of Christian Liberalism to cope with a great historic situation'. The pacifism, to which Mr. Davies like so many ardent young Christians turned, is, as he now thinks, 'the final illusion of Liberalism, that historic processes which embody the collective sin of man can be turned aside by thought, by individual non-participation'. Finally, 'Hitler's conquest of power and his subsequent consolidation of it left me with no alternative but to realize that the Liberal doctrine of human nature was a tragic illusion'. Original sin and man's incapacity to save himself are not mere theological speculations but also facts plain for all to see.

Mr. Davies remains a Socialist and owes a freely acknowledged debt to Karl Marx whom he regards as in some sense 'the last of the Hebrew prophets'; 'Communism is an unconscious instrument of Providence for the next step in social progress'; but the pitiful Utopianism of the Communists is but a repetition of



the shallow optimism of the bourgeois Liberals. All against his will Mr. Davies was driven to recognize, first, that collective man is incapable not merely of ideal perfection but even of mere justice, and, second, that his impotence is due to an inherent, radical evil in his nature. Through darkness, bitterness and disillusionment Mr. Davies has come back to the supernatural Gospel of God's Grace as alone giving meaning to human life, to history and to social effort.

There is a deep chasm between the religious thought of the 'pre-war' generation and the younger men to-day. The importance of this book lies very largely in its explanation of the reasons which have led so many of the younger generation utterly to repudiate the old theological Liberalism and to look for hope and revival in a return to the supernatural Gospel. The new orthodoxy, as here plainly appears, has nothing to do with a weak hankering after 'authority' or with mental obscurantism; it is, rather, a rediscovery of the depth and majesty of the Christian religion. The book should be read by all who want to understand the most significant change that is coming over Protestant religious thought.

The work of the Biblical scholar to-day is highly technical. It is not surprising, therefore, that advances in knowledge are marked by the publication of learned monographs which attain a high standard of unreadability. Hence our unfeigned gratitude for this new *Companion* which gives us from the pens of specialists, but in an assimilable and even interesting form, a survey of the land and the language, the literature and the history, the archæology and the religion of the Bible. This is no arid summary of peptonized and desiccated "findings"; it is not one more of the innumerable Companions and Handbooks which achieve the impossible by making Holy Scripture dull. In the first chapter the editor, having asserted that 'the crude science of Genesis is no more to be worried about than the still cruder views about religion held by some scientists', proceeds to show how, and in what sense, uniqueness and finality may be claimed for the Christian Canon. The form and contents of the whole book, as the editor says, are determined by the conviction 'that the primary and vital interest of the Bible is that it records the authentic word of God — His gracious revelation of Himself in terms of personality and life in the midst of the life of men. It is a revelation which gives true knowledge of a real God, that is, something more than probable propositions about the Absolute'.

Professors Mullo-Weir of Glasgow and Howard of Birmingham deal with the languages of the Bible; Professors Bowley and Oesterley with Old Testament and Apocryphal literature, Professor T. W. Manson himself with the New Testament and kindred literature. Canon Phythian-Adams and Professor Calder treat of the

geography of Palestine and Asia Minor. To Dr. Jack is given Biblical Archæology, and to Professor Theodore Robinson the history of Israel. The contributors to the section on religion include Dr. Wheeler Robinson on the religion of Israel, Principal Lofthouse on Biblical Ethics, and Professor Dodd on the Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ and on the history and doctrine of the apostolic age. There are two chapters on the Scribes, the Law and the Synagogue by Rabbi Rabinowitz.

In general it is much better to study the Bible than to read books about it, and of all forms of comment Handbooks and Companions are the most forbidding, but I should make an exception in this case; for here real religious insight meets with scholarship, and the reader is likely to be instigated rather than repelled when he thinks of turning to the Bible. The book, which is only some 500 pages, is admirably edited and is adorned with interesting sketch-maps.

N. M.

#### ART AND MUSIC

THE FORTY-EIGHT PRELUDES AND FUGUES OF J. S. BACH. By Cecil Gray. Oxford University Press. Pp. viii+148. \$2.75.

CHOPIN'S MUSICAL STYLE. By Gerald Abraham. Oxford University Press. Pp. xiii+111. \$1.50.

At the beginning of his introduction Mr. Gray quotes Albert Schweitzer's general view of Bach: "Bach is a terminal point. Nothing comes from him; everything leads up to him." A truer view, as Mr. Gray points out, would seem to be that "there is no great figure in the history of music who has not in some way or other contributed substantially to the enrichment and expansion of the art". This indeed is one of the evident criteria of "greatness". A further principle would seem to be involved, namely, that in order to attain to this "greatness" the scope of the artist's vision must include both the creative and the conservative. In Bach it is clear that the past, in the form of a living tradition, is fused with the present, in the form of the creative individual, into a musical thinking which, as Mr. Gray points out, has grown progressively in influence up to the present day.

Debussy is said to be an exception to the increasing influence of the Bachian ideal, although one recalls the Bach of the "Forty-eight" (interpreted with a subtlety of expression intolerable to the aged director of the Conservatoire, Ambroise Thomas of "Mignon" fame) to have been one of Debussy's early enthusiasms. And in the three symphonic sketches known as "La Mer" Debussy himself achieved a vital polyphonic texture in which the impres-

sionistic outlines of the melody and harmony of his earlier style were drawn together into a new richness of tissue and colour.

Mr. Gray's plan is to introduce his discussion of each of the two books of the "Forty-eight" with some general observations and then to proceed to a short critique of each Prelude and Fugue in turn. He warns that his treatment is to be regarded as a collection of notes, and therefore "not, strictly speaking, the proper place for criticism, but rather for exposition and description". The result, however, tends to be inadequate as descriptive analysis, and as criticism to be insufficiently based on comparative evidence. One leaves the book with a rather confused impression as to Mr. Gray's attitude to the more recondite features of Bach's contrapuntal technique, a question of some interest to readers of his previous writings, and especially of his criticism of Brahms, who was certainly the stoutest upholder of the Bach tradition in the harmonic welter of the mid-nineteenth century.

Some interesting points are raised *passim*, among them the possible thematic connections between some Preludes and their companion Fugues, and the more fruitful and largely untouched problem of key-symbolism. What is behind the impulse that leads a composer to choose one key in preference to another for the musical expression of a particular idea?

The real significance of the "Forty-eight" lies in the fact that it forms, together with the organ works, the first and last great work of instrumental polyphony. However complex the orchestral scores of the nineteenth century may appear on the surface, their inherent musical life is a much simpler organism. Bach's work stands in the same relation to instrumental style as does that of Palestrina to choral style.

It is a serious fault in our musical system that the practical necessities of commercial concert-giving exclude almost all music earlier than Haydn and Mozart, and that the exigencies of our methods of musical education impose the same absurd limitation on all but the most enterprising students. The roots of Bach's musical traditions strike deeply into the musical life of the fifteenth-century Netherlands and of Palestrina, and even further, into Gregorian chant itself, "the fountain-head", as Mr. Gray says, "of all European music". In Bach this tradition is summed up anew; after Bach its eclipse is total.

As is well known, very little of Bach's music was printed during his lifetime. The tracing of his influence on musical composition during the two centuries since his death would make an interesting study. Mozart, at the apex of the *galanter stil*, exclaimed on coming across a motet of Bach in manuscript: "That is indeed something from which we can learn." Beethoven, in his last works,



tended more and more to the contrapuntal ideal of musical structure, and so finished by anticipating the boldest spirits of the twentieth century. And even Chopin, observes Mr. Gerald Abraham, in his last nine years produced a series of pianoforte works whose most remarkable characteristic was a new tendency to polyphonic construction. That this tendency reflected a conscious striving towards a richer musical æsthetic is borne out by a sentence in a letter of 1841: "Send without fail Cherubini's *traité*; I think it's *du contrepoint* (I don't remember the title well)." The reference is to Cherubini's *Cours de Contrepoint et de la Fugus*, published in 1835.

Mr. Abraham has one of the most penetrating minds engaged in historical musical criticism to-day. In the present volume he achieves some interesting results within a conveniently limited space. His method is both analytical and comparative. He shows Chopin's style to have more affinity with Hummel, Field, and Bellini than with Mozart and Beethoven. He points out that an understanding of the distinction between "effects of superficialities" and "effects of substance" in Chopin's style is essential to a true interpretation in performance, and his treatment of Polish folk-traits and pianistic coloratura in Chopin's melody and of the characteristics of his harmonic thinking is soundly done.

F. LL. H.

**THE STORY OF ART.** The Lives and Times of Great Masters. By Regina Shoolman and Charles Slatkin. Toronto: Blue Ribbon Books (Canada) Limited.

**CHINESE BAMBOOS.** A Study of a Set of Ink-Bamboo Drawings. A.D. 1785. By William Charles White. The University of Toronto Press. Pp. xv+200. \$3.50.

It is amusing to have under consideration at this time two art books so utterly different in character. Yet both having a very definite place, may be not together, as on this reviewer's table, but on different tables, one in the living room, the other in the library.

Just as the news magazine has answered a purpose in making current history more understandable by its biographical stories of artists' lives *The Story of Art* will open a vista to the Art of Painting where books on æsthetics had only darkened the way.

For the few—the ones that find pleasure in the beauty of a brush stroke indicating the bend of the bamboo under the breeze, or parallel stems etched by a robust calligraphic stroke, or the misty wash of an autumn background—let them turn over slowly the pages of *Chinese Bamboos*, and find delight in Chinese subtlety.

A. B.

## HISTORY

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V: THE GROWTH AND DESTINY OF A MAN AND OF A WORLD-EMPIRE. By Karl Brandi. Translated by C. V. Wedgwood. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 655. \$7.25.

It is one of the compensations of the mind in these dark days of the Nazi War to be able to pay tribute to the *magnum opus* of a septuagenarian scholar of Göttingen. There are too many qualities of permanent value to western civilization issuing from the lands east of the Rhine for the present violent manifestation to be regarded as wholly characteristic. Not least among the contributions of the Teutonic intellect is in the method of history, where now in the service of truth, Professor Brandi, one of the greatest living experts on the sixteenth century, has brought to a distinguished conclusion his long researches into the life of Charles V. It would be hard to criticize the results of such monumental learning, incorporating as they do investigations which seem to have taken Professor Brandi into almost as many archives as the Emperor had capital cities in his realms. Nor is the range of the subject merely geographical: there is also the vast bulk of the materials. For early in his life the young Charles fell under the influence of men of intellectual power and spiritual energy, whose example quickened his own natural seriousness of temper into a statesmanship so meticulous that its affairs took the form, under his hand, of a spontaneous literature, of which many tens of thousands of letters and papers have survived. Even for the student whose interests have carried him below the surface of a period so strikingly similar to our own, there remains only to perform a grateful gesture of appreciation.

The subject of the work is the central figure of an age of fundamental economic disturbance, of tense commercial rivalries, and the clash of ideologies in a nationalist revolt against the universalism of Catholic Christianity. No other half-century has had a more profound significance. It opened, full of promise, with the three brilliant figures of Henry VIII, Francis I and Charles himself, princes of the Renaissance, sitting on the thrones of England, France and Spain. In two of them were embodied the fresh forces of nationalism which alike in politics and religion were to destroy the transcendent ideal of the third. The period closed with the mediæval concept of Christendom shattered, the rancours of the Religious Revolution still unassuaged, the Church's counter attack beginning to pound the protestant defences, the imperial inheritance divided again, the Turkish inundation still flooding the Danubian lands, and Europe a witches' cauldron, simmering with most of the ingredients that have gone to conjure the present malignant

climax. For a moment in history, Charles V towered above his contemporaries, following in the effort of his arduous life the dream of Dante, and uniting in allegiance to his royal and imperial authority a territorial accumulation that bestrode the Atlantic, embraced the rich patrimony of the Duchy of Burgundy, the kingdoms of Spain, the Spanish Indies, the hereditary dominions of the Hapsburgs and the Empire. Through the tumult of his day, Charles strove with passionate faith for the ideal of a united Christendom, presided over by Pope and Emperor, each with his high responsibility for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the western world. In this great biography we follow him through the long drama of his career, through many vivid scenes as he passed from his native Low Countries to the distracted peninsular, to turn again to face the clamour of Luther's Germany and the Mohammedan tide which swept across the plain of Hungary and beat against the walls of Vienna itself. Offering the binding hoops of dynasticism as an alternative to political and religious disintegration, he was brought to a bitter admission of defeat by a dynamic which is still proving itself more powerful than the common hatred of war and the will to avoid the consequences of anarchy among nations. In a British country, it is possible for us to regard the dynastic solution with some understanding of its implications in the context of our own contemporary politics. In that degree we may be the better comprehend the theme of the Emperor's life, now illumined in a work long likely to be cited as a classic, not only for the sixteenth century, but as a prelude to the whole study of modern Europe. The abilities of a gifted translator have once again turned the German into a true semblance of original English.

W. E. C. H.

UNFINISHED VICTORY. By Arthur Bryant. Toronto: Macmillan, 1940. Pp. xxxvi+272. \$2.75.

Is the present war one against the Hitlerian régime or against the German people as a whole? Should Germany when defeated be dismembered? Had the Chamberlain policy of Appeasement any moral basis? These questions are being hotly debated nowadays. Towards the answers, this work of Arthur Bryant's makes an enlightening and challenging contribution. The thesis of this historian's study of Germany from 1918 down to Hitler's accession to power is that the Allies failed to put the coping stone on their victory by the generosity normally accorded by Britain to a fallen foe; as a result the German people were driven into the arms of Hitler and the advocates of force as the sole effective remedy for desperate conditions. The argument is a familiar one, but Bryant's marshalling of the contemporary evidence is masterly and moving. Thus he recalls poignantly the tragic maintenance of the blockade



of starving Germany from the Armistice in November till the following July 1919. Some Britishers stoutly opposed this policy. "An exceptional and generous spirit like Mr. Winston Churchill wanted on Armistice Day to send six food ships to Hamburg"; it was Lord Plumer, British Commander of the Rhineland Occupation Forces, who, backed by Churchill, strongly urged on Mr. Lloyd George in March the supply of food to German children "dying of hunger"; thereupon on the 16th the first real mitigation of the blockade took place. Then came the Peace Conference with its unhappy features. Mr. Bryant dwells on the mentality of the framers and reminds us that the imperfections of the 1919 settlement were due in part to the fact that all Europe east of the Rhine at that time seemed to be fast dissolving into anarchy. So Clemenceau with his doctrine of "Security" prevailed over the idealism of a faltering Wilson and of a Lloyd George hamstrung by the "Khaki election" promises. The Occupation of the Ruhr embittered German patriotism whilst monetary inflation led to economic collapse, and the discrediting of the parliamentary democracy of the Weimar régime. To the German people "down and out" came Hitler with his fanatical gospel of redress of military and social discontents and a rebirth of self-confidence. In many directions he created a "New Germany". Bryant in his last two chapters gives a biographical study of Hitler and concludes that "his racial theory may be repulsive gibberish, his ambitions barbarous and ridiculous, his motives cruel and sadistic, but only a man deliberately shutting his eyes to realities can deny his astonishing genius for leadership". Mr. Bryant had written this book before the war broke out with the hope of producing a better mutual understanding between Britain and Germany. In his preface composed after its outbreak, he traces briefly the steps by which Hitler has driven Britishers, even those anxious to include the German people in the comity of Europe, into wholehearted opposition by his insane projects of world-domination. It is Mr. Bryant's wish that an informed public opinion may be created ready when the sirens of peace sound to demand a post-war settlement which will not repeat the errors of that following the 1914-18 conflict but will ensure a more lasting peace. Mr. Bryant has built up a strong case, but he does not always present the contrary point of view on the highly controversial issues, *e.g.* the potentialities of the League of Nations; in one or two places a slight bias against the Jews can be detected. One would relish another work of his on the development of the Nazi régime, elaborating upon his introduction, a "Historian's Testament". Yet the readers of *Unfinished Victory* will be amply rewarded and enlightened by his apposite quotations from contemporary comments, and by contact with a mind marked by sympathetic tolerance and freedom from hate.

A. E. P.

EAST AFRICA AND ITS INVADERS. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press, 1938. Pp. viii+584. 30s.

THE EXPLOITATION OF EAST AFRICA, 1856-1890. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press, 1939. Pp. xii+508. 25s.

These interesting volumes form part of a series of studies on East African history on which the Beit Professor of Colonial History in the University of Oxford is engaged. The first in chronological sequence deals with the region and its invaders from the earliest times to the death in 1856 of Seyyid Said, Sultan of Muscat and ruler of Zanzibar. Asiatic invaders from Arabia established a flourishing civilization on the East African coast, but the earliest impact of Europe came from the Portuguese sailors and conquerors at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The seafaring Arabs from Oman across the Indian Ocean, however, expelled the Portuguese from most of their possessions in this quarter. The usurper Imam of Muscat, Said, created a powerful state in Zanzibar, dominating the history of the first half of the nineteenth century. This remarkable Arab ruler built up an enlightened economic and political system in East Africa notably from 1830 to 1856. This merchant-prince fostered trade and commerce, amplifying the coinage, and utilizing the resources of ivory, cocoanuts, gum-copra, palm-oil and the newly introduced clove-culture. He invited Western business men making commercial treaties with the U.S.A., Great Britain and France. Politically he relied mainly on Britain.

The history of East Africa is illuminating on the vexed topic of British Imperialism, which has been so much of late under fire. These two volumes afford abundant proof of the signal services rendered to humanitarianism by Britain's crusade against slavery in the Indian Ocean. Government authorities at home, naval men and officials on the spot were animated by a lofty zeal to put an end to the nefarious traffic. "Of all the sea-going peoples of Europe", writes Coupland, "if the British people became in the course of the eighteenth century the greatest culprits in the matter of the Slave Trade, they were also the first to recognize their guilt and mend their ways." [Professor Coupland in another study on *The British Anti-Slavery Movement* (1933) has concentrated on this particular issue.] The Imam Said derived a large revenue from the slave traffic. Britain prevailed upon Said in 1922 to abolish "all external traffic in slaves", whilst it was employing all its naval forces to capture slaver-ships. But another approach to the problem required the stopping up of the East African ports and the internal flow of caravans. It was this motive which mainly prompted the gallant naval officer Captain William Owen to accept for Britain a protectorate over the territory of the Mazrui, foes

of Said. But Britain in 1823 was not greedy for such political possessions—as her Anglophobe critics are nowadays so fond of asserting—and the protectorate was abandoned. Pressure was brought to bear on the great Sultan to do away with the “internal” slave trade, and thanks to his admiration for fine British officials like the consul Captain Hamerton, much was done in his lifetime, notably by the restrictions imposed in the treaty of 1845.

In the second volume *The Exploitation of East Africa*, Professor Coupland gives a poignant picture of the horrors of the Slave Trade, and shows how the policy of restriction worked down to 1873. But a more drastic policy was necessary, that of abolishing rather than restricting the Trade, and this implied the gradual extinction of slavery itself. Infinite obstacles in the way of vested interests had to be faced, but Britain persevered resolutely. Thus in 1873 a treaty was concluded with the reluctant Sultan of Zanzibar, Barghash-Said, although only after the threat of blockade and the tactful, skilful diplomacy of the British Consul-General, John Kirk. A decade ago Coupland portrayed the work of the latter and his relations with his companion David Livingstone in the volume *Kirk on the Zambesi*; now he has rounded out Sir John's biography and revealed another of those great, high-souled administrators (little known to the general public) who have helped to fashion the British Empire, and make the name of Britain inspire deep respect. Kirk needed all his genius to fortify the Sultan of Zanzibar in the combat against the Slave Trade and to fend off attacks, military, political and economic. General Gordon on behalf of the Egyptian Government projected an invasion on one occasion of the northern section of the Zanzibar State. Then came the “Scramble for Africa” when the unoccupied lands of Tropical Africa were hurriedly grabbed by rival European Powers, especially between 1884 and 1891. Coupland describes vividly how in East Africa from 1875 onwards “a multitude of Europeans—explorers, scientists, traders, financiers, missionaries—were scrambling everywhere, at the Sultan's palace in Zanzibar or far inland by the Great Lakes, scrambling for new knowledge, for a reputation, for markets, for concessions, for pagan souls”. The dubious, unscrupulous methods by which Carl Peters and the Germans acquired their East African territories are exposed. These two volumes are based on wide exhaustive research notably in the unpublished records of the Foreign Office and the India Office, as well as the diaries and other papers of Sir John Kirk, etc. In the present dark days for the British Empire, Professor Coupland's readers may well be fortified in their faith that British Imperialism has stood in the main for the promotion “to the utmost of the material and moral well-being and the social progress” of backward peoples. David Livingstone believed in the fulfilment of



high ideals and aspirations in the future, in "the good time coming yet for Africa and for the world."

A. E. P.

THE OXFORD PERIODICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR: No. 1, Background and Origin; No. 2, September to December 1939; No. 3, January to March 1940. By Edgar McInnis. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 154. 25 cents a number.

CANADA AND THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By C. P. Stacey; and WHAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEANS TO CIVILIZATION. By André Siegfried. Translated by George M. Wrong. (Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, Nos. C.5 and C.4). Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1940. Pp. 32 and 28. 10 cents.

It is too early for a history of the war to contain new and surprising revelations, but alike those who follow the news closely and those who must do their daily reading on the run will find the successive numbers of the *Periodical History of the War*, by Professor McInnis of the University of Toronto, a convenient aid in straightening out from time to time the sequence of events and the interplay of factors involved in the war. The problem of reconciling a topical and analytical treatment with the larger continuity of events is skilfully handled. Documentary appendices and concise chronologies add to the pamphlets' interest and usefulness.

An invaluable account of Canada's war effort during the first six months of the conflict is provided in the pamphlet by Professor Stacey, a Canadian at Princeton University. Home defence, the creation of an expeditionary force, progress of the air training plan, and developments on the economic front are all discussed with ample specific information and with welcome detachment. This discussion is related to Canada's contributions during the war of 1914-1918, to the slump in preparedness that followed, and to the quickening of public interest and the effort to build up the fighting services from 1935 onwards as the international situation rapidly deteriorated. Writing in March the author had already concluded with regard to Canada's part that we "must be ready to use every atom of our strength unreservedly in whatever direction circumstances may indicate as most advantageous."

The French writer, André Siegfried, has long been well-known to Canadian readers as an understanding student of the free nations of western civilization. In this contribution to the Oxford Pamphlets he describes with his usual clarity and in appreciative mood the rôle of the British Empire in the modern world, where what it represents, he says, is "the political expression of an Anglo-Saxon civilization founded on liberalism." England and the Empire

discharge a function such that "the United States, all the foremost nations . . . feel obscurely that without the British Empire the world would be less habitable for them". Having developed this theme he concludes that the significance of the present struggle lies in the fact that what is at stake is "a whole conception of life and of government", of what for France and Britain "mean the same thing as civilization". This the British Dominions also have understood; and he believes that "in their inner consciousness the responsible heads in the United States are also of the same mind". It is comforting to find an outsider concluding: "For a century the British Empire has endowed the world and civilization with a system, economic and political, to which, while it has its defects, humanity has adjusted itself. I do not think that we should find at the moment another that could advantageously be substituted for it."

R. G. T.

### INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONFERENCE ON CANADIAN-AMERICAN AFFAIRS. Held at the St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, June 19-22, 1939. Edited by A. B. Corey, R. G. Trotter, and W. W. McLaren. (Published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace by Ginn and Co., Montreal, 1939).

This volume records the papers and discussions of the Third Canadian-American Affairs Conference sponsored by the St. Lawrence University, Queen's University, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace under the direction of Dr. James T. Shotwell. Designed to provide a meeting place for persons interested in, and in some sense expert in, the relations between Canada and the United States, the first two of these conferences were devoted rather closely to the problems to which the commercial, financial, and political currents flowing across the border, gave rise. The content and tone of the discussions here recorded is markedly different. The Conference was planned and carried out under the threat of the war which has since enveloped us and larger matters, therefore, inevitably absorbed attention.

The theme of the Conference was set in the first address by Dr. W. A. Mackintosh on "North America in the World To-day". The Conference emphasized not so much the conditions which divide us, the ways in which we differ but, rather, the community in point of view which Canadians and Americans shared in the face of the developing threat to western democratic civilization. The significance of the very real differences between the economic and political positions of Canada and the United States were clearly

set forth when these were relevant to the discussion. But, for the most part the views expressed were those which one would expect to find in any conference dealing with international affairs whether its members were Canadians, Americans, or both. The members of the Conference displayed an underlying confidence in the long-run value of the economic and political methods by which democratic countries on this continent have conducted their international relations. Great diversity of opinion was evident, of course, when the discussion concerned measures which might still be taken to prevent the war, the attitudes to be adopted by each country if it came, or the possible methods of reconstruction after it was over. The long experience of peace between Canada and the United States, the conditions which have made it possible, were considered for the light they might be made to throw on these vital questions.

The first part of the volume is devoted to the papers and discussions on the general position of North America in the world economy. This is followed by a detailed discussion of the commercial and financial controls which have recently been applied by governments in regulating international economic intercourse. Discussion of the political relationships between Canada and the United States on the one side and European and Asiatic countries on the other, and the problems of North American defence occupy the latter half of the volume. In the treatment of this very interesting set of topics, formal papers and statements occupy somewhat less space than they have done in previous volumes of Proceedings. This has permitted a much fuller recording of the very lively discussions, and makes the volume much more interesting to the general reader. In these discussions he will find informally but clearly stated all the diversity of viewpoints about international political and economic relations bound to arise amongst scholars and men of affairs. Even in the midst of the expanding war effort in which we are now engaged, this volume may well be read both as a record of the state of opinion in 1939 and as a stimulus to the hope that rational procedures may yet replace war in the conduct of human relationships.

F. A. K.

### ESSAYS AND LITERATURE

**THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By Harold J. Laski, Professor of Political Science in the University of London. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. Pp. 246. \$2.50.

Professor Laski has published another book, a more than annual event since he succeeded to the Chair of Graham Wallas at London fourteen years ago. On the fly-leaf sixteen others are



listed as by the same author. Such fertility rivals the confidence and regularity of mid-Victorian parenthood. I doubt whether any other writer of equal distinction in the social sciences enjoys so wide an audience in England and America. But he has written books of more significance than this one. Some of the essays in it appear to have a rather circumstantial, even fugitive, merit. That which bestows its title on the collection is a somewhat theatrical caricature of an English gentleman, done in the first place, presumably, for an American audience, and since a golden rule among salesmen, I believe, is to give the customer what he wants, the product in this case is a piece of faintly Edwardian baroque with the exquisite Lord Balfour as the prototype of decadence. One is reminded of another essay on a similar theme done, if I remember rightly, in 1915, by John Galsworthy for the benefit of the bewildered Dutch. How curiously the two of them differ, and in the sum of generalities how faithfully they reflect the contrasting dispositions of their creators! It would not be easy to decide which is the further from the truth. From recent experience, it might be necessary to add to the dangers of gentility the delusion in diplomacy that the leader you are dealing with is a gentleman too, although I was once reassured on this point by an ex-cabinet minister, shortly after Munich. "We know," he said referring to Hitler, "that he's a man of no breeding." If the piece on "Law and Justice in Soviet Russia" has a slightly hollow ring to it now, of these eight papers in history and politics that on "Nationalism and the Future of Civilization", written in 1932, has a positive relevance to the most immediate problem of our time; while the inaugural lecture "On the Study of Politics", given by Professor Laski on his election to the Chair at London, is an interesting commentary on the purpose and achievement of a brilliant teacher.

W. E. C. H.

### PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

LESTER F. WARD: THE AMERICAN ARISTOTLE. By Samuel Chugerman. Duke University Press, Durham, N.C. 1939. Pp. 558. \$5.00.

LOGIC: THE THEORY OF INQUIRY. By John Dewey. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1938. Pp. 535. \$4.50.

If a disciple's enthusiasm could rescue a master from oblivion, Mr. Chugerman's essay would persuade us to hail Lester Ward, thirty-seven years after his death, as America's greatest social thinker. Disciple and master have much in common. Both are self-made intellectuals. They were denied the opportunity for higher education which, according to American folklore, the New World opens to all who have brains enough to deserve it. Their

studies and writings were carried on without benefit of academic leisure or professorial prestige. Both are humanitarian in their sympathies, monists and evolutionists in philosophy, environmentalists in their conception of man, rationalists in religion, champions of women's rights, believers in human perfectibility and social progress. Their goal is "sociocracy": a society consciously planned and directed by "applied sociology". The means is "education, the great panacea".

I should agree with Mr. Chugerman that his hero deserves a full chapter in the history of American thought, instead of the grudging paragraph or foot-note accorded him by the texts. But, alas, that hardly makes him a "master surgeon" for the sores of our society. As an early critic of *laissez-faire* individualism he was ahead of his time. But his prescription of "scientific" sociology as a political cure-all makes him already out of date. Society, on Ward's analysis, ought to be doing one thing, but is unfortunately doing exactly the opposite. If Ward is a surgeon, he lacks a practice. For all his good intentions, he belongs with the disappointed Utopians.

In the same company belongs a thinker who may have suffered as much from popularity as Ward did from neglect: John Dewey. His *Logic* has already been more thoroughly discussed by philosophers than any book written in the last decade. A whole issue of the *Journal of Philosophy* has been devoted to it. Several technical journals, books, and sessions of philosophical societies have given it extensive comment. Like many of Dewey's books it will no doubt be translated into many languages, studied in China, debated in Mexico, banned in Spain. Does that make it "the most important work in philosophy of our generation", as the publishers claim? The answer will depend on one's opinion of pragmatism. For Dewey is easily the greatest living exponent of that philosophy, and this book may well be its definitive statement. At the age of seventy-nine Dewey is literally at the height of his powers. He shows an astonishing capacity to grow, assimilate current developments into his earlier theory, and expand in new directions a doctrine that was mature twenty or even thirty years ago.

This is hardly the place to discuss the technical merits of his philosophy. But in his book I have been impressed more than ever both with the strength and the weakness of Dewey's general position. Its strength is its understanding of the methods of natural science, its eagerness to bring into philosophy the temper of the laboratory. Its weakness is its failure to recognize how small and dependent a part of human life the laboratory really is. Experimental science is a sheltered island of reasonably free, impartial, and co-operative inquiry. Here the pragmatic canon holds good: theories are true if they "work"; which means, for the sci-

entist, "prove fruitful for the solution of old problems and the discovery of new facts." But beyond this protected spot the pragmatic canon lends itself to the worst kind of opportunism. For Hitler's purpose lies often "work" better than the truth. Dewey, the lifelong patron of the science of sociology, has never understood the sociology of science. Like Ward and other enthusiasts for the scientific method, Dewey has never grasped the social limits of experiment and the historic conditions of scientific inquiry. Otherwise he would have seen that it is not even intelligent to put one's trust in mere intelligence as a social panacea.

G. V.

SECRETS OF THE MIND. By C. E. Wager. London: Watts, 1940. Pp. 159. 5 shillings.

A not-too-technical presentation of psychoanalytic doctrine, which should offend no sensibilities. The "secrets" are mostly those of the Freudian school, presented here in popular and useful form: a convenient summary of the relation of psychoanalysis to the problems of personal adjustment. There is an annoying misuse of italics and quotation marks (scarcely a page is without them). The final chapter on dictators and dictatorship is hardly more than an afterthought, with the comfortable idea that immaturity of other cultures is the cause of our present troubles, and the introductory chapter on "Why we do things" is wholly inadequate. But these faults can be overlooked and the body of the book is worth while. The treatment of psychology and religion is good and should have general interest.

D. H.

### BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. By Maurice Colbourne. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. Pp. 246. \$2.75.

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP. By Vera Brittain. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 442. \$2.75.

HALF BREED. THE STORY OF GREY OWL. By Lovat Dickson. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 345. \$3.75.

Mr. Colbourne starts with the idea that Bernard Shaw, in spite of his much speaking, is misunderstood by the general public, and therefore an interpreter and commentator is needed to make him and his ideas comprehensible. Mr. Colbourne essays this rôle by omitting much biographical detail and concentrating on the essential characteristics of G.B.S., and on the events and circumstances which created these qualities. The real meat of Shaw's message is said to be found in his prefaces, and his three point programme includes: reform of the economic system, a credible



religion, and abolition of malicious punishments, liquidation à la Russe being considered less cruel and wasteful, and much more efficient as a deterrent. This bald condensation does not do justice to the interest of the discussion of all facets of Shaw's brilliance. In this Mr. Colbourne shows much well-expressed and philosophic appreciation. Several photographs of G.B.S. in characteristic poses are a welcome addition.

*Testament of Friendship, the Story of Winifred Holtby*, follows in the line of *Thrice a Stranger* and *Testament of Youth*, being a work in which Vera Brittain bulks very large. The adoption of Mrs. Gaskell as a model for a biographer of a Yorkshire woman, would be happy, were it not that Miss Brittain uses this precedent to excuse a degree of freedom in her references to relatives and friends which verges sometimes on cruelty. But probably no one is better informed about the life of Winifred Holtby than her friend of many years, and even a recital of the events of that life would show something of Winifred Holtby's quality. This book is much more than a recital of events, expressing as it does the long continued affection and sincere admiration of a friend with whom many years were passed in close association. Commendable features of the book are the inclusion of a fine portrait and of so many poems by Winifred Holtby. Her main claim to remembrance in the future, however, will probably be her best novel, *South Riding*, in which the fineness of her own spirit is clearly shown.

When Grey Owl died and the first cries of dismay had died down, an ugly chorus of contending voices arose, saying that Grey Owl was an impostor of pure English blood. This book is the reply to these voices, and shows how and why Archie Belaney adopted the status of a half-breed, and how, later, he became the apostle of protection for wild life. It is still uncertain whether he had any Indian inheritance by physical succession (it seems possible) but he made himself into an Indian for the sake of the life and the things he loved. His childhood, spent with two maiden aunts, in a respectable and confined English environment, must have dammed up in him a great force of longing for the wilds, a flood which was destined to burst all bounds of custom or convention.

There must be many who will esteem it a greater achievement to have entered the kingdom of the wilds by the path Grey Owl trod than, had he been born there, to have remained in it. Besides, he did for the conservation of wild life in Canada, (and elsewhere), what had never been done before. The biography is very sympathetic. Having been written by a man of English origin with Canadian training it metes out justice and understanding alike to Grey Owl and all partakers in his life of struggle. This is one of the true stories which transcend fiction in strangeness and romance.

E. H. W.

THOSE DAYS. By E. C. Bentley. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 320. \$3.75.

*Those Days* is a volume which cannot be read, especially at the present moment, without severe nostalgia by those old enough to remember anything of that time when "nothing could harm us, nothing". Mr. Bentley writes a great deal about the times he saw, the people he met, the fun he had, but not too much about himself. Does not this in itself show that his tastes were formed in "those days"? He is best known to the general public as the author of *Trent's Last Case*, a very good detective story. Another claim to fame is that he invented "Clerihews", a form of humorous biography in four lines of verse. He writes of St. Paul's School, where he met G. K. Chesterton, whom he always loved and greatly admired: of Oxford in the nineties, with reminiscences of F. E. Smith, Hilaire Belloc, John Simon, John Buchan: of reading for the bar, writing for *Punch*, editing the *Daily News* and then going over to the *Daily Telegraph*. With the outbreak of the first world war, "those days" and the book both end. It is a good enough book to give much interest and pleasure now, and to be consulted and read later for the excellent picture it gives of an era now past, and for many exhibitions of a type of personality we still hope to retain, the kind that gave meaning to the title of gentleman.

E. H. W.

THE RUSSELLS IN BLOOMSBURY, 1669-1771. By Gladys Scott Thomson. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 384. \$5.25.

The traveller on a London bus who goes roaring up Southampton Row towards Euston might have good cause to wish that the Wriothesleys and the Russells had never set eyes on the place. If that prescient town-planner, the fourth Earl of Southampton, were in the front seat on one of Southampton Row's bad days, he would be appalled at this result of his enterprise. For on a bad day, say a dusty day in August, the street can be an inferno with the heat, the surge of traffic and the shattering noise of pneumatic drills smashing up the roadway. (His urge to pull down and rebuild has emerged with renewed strength in Bloomsbury.) No longer a Row of sedate houses facing west, windows wide to the sun and the cool airs blowing down from the Highgate Hills, the field-path of 1640, the new street of 1722 are as lost as the Long Field which they skirted where Farmer Capper pastured his cattle and tossed his haycocks. My Lord of Southampton would search in vain for the great cherry orchard, encroached on for the first time at its northern edge when in 1662 his masons and carpenters began to build the elegant houses of 'The Square'. For Thomas Wriothesley was the inventor of the London Square. It was he

who conceived the delightful plan of preserving his privacy without cutting himself off entirely from the amenities of the town by letting plots round the space before his house to well-born builders of worthy houses, a neat contrivance to ensure that his tenant-neighbours might also be his friends.

His plans prospered even more after his death, when that daughter, Rachel, to whom the Bloomsbury estate had fallen by lot, impelled by love and a good business sense made the fortunate alliance with William Russell which brought the two great families together and laid the foundation of modern Bloomsbury. Poor William, through too rash a Royalism, died by the ax in Lincoln's Inn Fields on a summer day in 1683, but the blow which severed his neck did not, luckily, sever his family from their fortune. In fact, with the Restoration, poor William became a martyr and his name hallowed for his posterity. His children must have found a little trying their mother's determination to make a saint of him. To the end of her life she kept the days of his implication in the Rye House Plot, his trial and his execution as days of prayer and fasting, and presumably the household, like the rooms, were hung with black cloth for the occasion.

The day came at last when William's son Wriothesley succeeded to the title on his grandfather's death, and he and his young wife from the manor house at Streatham brought gaiety and music into Southampton House. They came in on the high tide of the Restoration, in flowered silk and sables; they entertained; they travelled; they made music with the two 'Eytalians' attached to their entourage; they started the fashion for hanging pictures other than portraits in a house, and were the first patrons of the arts in Bloomsbury. What a genesis!

Wriothesley died (more black crape and fasting,) at thirty-two, but not before the thoughtful provision of an heir and an heir-presumptive. The former also died early, and it was as well he did for he was a notable spendthrift and left the estate in bad shape for his young brother John to take over. But Lord John Russell inherited all the virtues of his forbears and knew how to conserve and expand his property. Under this fourth Duke of Bedford Bloomsbury spread and flourished, praised by the doctors, patronized by the gentry.

Such respectability had it achieved by this time that the Duke's agent was continually kept busy with complaints from the tenants when their gentility was violated. Now it was wagoners unlawfully bringing their heavy carts through Bloomsbury Square and Great Russell Street to avoid the traffic of High Holborn; now it was disorderly conduct by wicked people in those narrow alleys behind the market that had escaped the Russell reforms, and now



it was little boys bathing in the pond and flying kites in Farmer Capper's meadows. Farmer Capper, whose farmhouse had graced Tottenham Court Road, was long dead but his two redoubtable daughters had succeeded him and were doing very well indeed in their old age. They would issue forth on horseback in angry pursuit of those little boys and cut their kite-strings with great shears—if they could catch them.

Then in 1755 came the scheme for cutting a great new road to be called New Turnpike Road from the Edgeware Road on the west to Islington on the east, thus defining the northern boundary of the Duke of Bedford's estate. And with the cutting of that road came the beginning of the end for the Bloomsbury fields.

My Lord of Southampton would indeed be amazed now, could he see his northernmost field-path horribly changed into the Euston Road, but he will be solaced and rewarded as he turns his steps south to find the trim succession of squares and streets holding still that dignity and quiet that he sought and planned. The plane-trees and the daffodils in the square-gardens will remind him of his cherry-orchard, and the cracked bell of Christ Church, Woburn Square, will be for him the voice of his cow-bells. And what a pride in his own excellent judgment will be his when he sees the great tower of London University dominating his estate; passes the portals of the world's treasure-house, the British Museum, and knows how his enterprise has succeeded in establishing a centre for art, learning, and the pursuit of the good life in Bloomsbury.

Miss Scott-Thomson in this second book about the Russells has again re-created a family and a way of life from the scantiest of records. She is to be congratulated on a piece which reads so easily and betrays no taint of the archival grubbing that must have gone to its making.

E. H.

### FICTION

LET THE PEOPLE SING. By J. B. Priestley. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 418. \$2.75.

BETHEL MERRIDAY. By Sinclair Lewis. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 390. \$2.50.

MY AMERICAN. By Stella Gibbons. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. pp. 444. \$2.25.

MR. SKEFFINGTON. By Elizabeth. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 330. \$2.75.

At the present time, literary works of a frankly escapist, or of a deeply spiritual and serious type would probably have the best chance of interesting the public. Perhaps it is the soul-shaking

events now taking place in the world which cause this group of novels to seem dimmer and less important than one might expect from four well-known authors. At any rate these authors have all done better things.

Mr. Priestley, leaving his philosophical speculations about time and space, has returned to the mood of *The Good Companions*, and here he shows us a group of characters who love life and ensue it to the best of their power. This novel was written as a serial for the B.B.C. and, intended as a spiritual tonic, it was well received. The main character, Timmy Tiverton, is particularly attractive and there are many scenes of boisterous humour.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis has chosen the theme of a young girl, who, purely from native ability and interest, determines to be and finally becomes a professional actress. As one would expect from such an author, the book shows complete understanding of the situations such a girl would have to face in contemporary America, from the breaking of home ties, the harsh but fruitful comments of directors, the experiences in summer theatres, the search for work in the city, the difficulties of understudying temperamental stars and of coping with fellow-workers and other stage personalities, to the moderate degree of success of the average good artist. Mr. Lewis does not often go in for "purple patches", but the reader will be glad he took time, in passing, to describe New York at nightfall.

Miss Stella Gibbons has written several creditable novels since becoming known by her first masterpiece of humorous satire, *Cold Comfort Farm*. *My American* is written wholly in a mellow mood, and presents an engaging romance staged in England and in the United States. The writer is realistic as regards life in lower middle class England, but not unkind or unfair, and extremely appreciative of American life at a level of more wealth and social ease. Considerable suspense in the action of the story adds to the interest. One cannot help hoping, however, that some day Miss Gibbons will return to her first love and to the satirical mood which gave her first book its delightful malice.

Mr. Skeffington has sparkling malice enough and extremely amusing scenes. The faded beauty, Lady Fanny, who has to re-adjust her whole life, and find out values of which she had hardly recognized the existence, is presented in a spirit of benevolent but far-reaching satire. While Lady Fanny is painfully retracing the experiences of an almost useless life, the reader is well entertained, and when she finally makes the grade and becomes a responsible human being, the climax is not unprepared for.

E. H. W.

## SOCIOLOGY

HOME FRONT. Collected and edited by Richard S. Lambert. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pages xi+123. \$1.00. A Canadian Broadcasting Corporation publication.

This time the people who stay at home are getting their due. Never can any war have been so well documented from its first day as this one, recorded hour by hour by its non-combatants in letters overseas. What a chance for them all it is! Everyone in Britain is sick of hearing everybody else's special evacuee story or how they nearly saw a bomber brought down; the neighbours were all in the excitement anyway, and have their own versions; but here is a fresh ear for them. Now for it. And so the letters pour forth describing the impact of war on ordinary people like themselves to other ordinary people like the aunts in Ottawa and the sisters in Saskatoon, telling what really happened so vividly that they in their envied security would really understand how it felt.

Mr. Lambert, whom historians to come will canonize, has had the brilliant idea of collecting this living history before it is lost or forgotten. Most of us have heard him on the radio and know how he has done it, by asking the public to send him their letters from the home front. Now he has made a book of those which reveal the inside story of the first four months of war. But what they really reveal is the British people themselves astonishingly united, all barriers down, aware this time of what they are up against and quite simply determined not to be beaten. It is a grand book, and the reader will be heartened to find in it such different persons in such different situations all thinking the same way. There are letters about women's work, the ever-present blackout, transport, A.R.P., and all the phases of this strange new way of life, including the most widely discussed and perhaps the most important event of this war—the great evacuation. Mr. Lambert has thirty pages of letters on it which disclose the amazement felt by one-half of Britain at the way the other half lives. Here is the first great good to come out of a great evil. Here are people of leisure and means seeing for the first time what poverty is; here are children from black slums finding the sun, and fields to play in. The lid has come off the cauldron that was set to boil some time about 1760, and what a dish results! All the stench and dirt, the disease, ignorance and stupidity of the Industrial Revolution is now uncovered, and into the nice clean houses of country folk and the mansions of county folk come barbaric hordes of invaders who have never slept in a bed nor taken a bath in their little lives. Their appalling lack of house-training alone has proved to thousands of unbelievers the truth of dire poverty, opened their



eyes, and made them resolve to change the social attitude which allows one man to live like a prince and his fellow like a pig. For this powerful correlation of opinion Mr. Lambert and the C.B.C. deserve the highest praise, and much praise too must go to the Ryerson Press for such a gay-looking, easily handled book at a price which even a people at war can afford.

E. H.

### GERMAN LITERATURE

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF NIETZSCHE. Presented by Heinrich Mann. The Living Thoughts Library, vol. 7. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. Pp. 170. \$1.25.

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE, 1880-1938. By Jethro Bithell. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. 1939 Pp. x+535. 18s.

THE GERMAN NOVEL OF TO-DAY. By A. W. Bettex. Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes. 1939. Pp. 46. 2s.

In his presentation of Nietzsche, Heinrich Mann combines reverence for the thinker with abhorrence for his thought. A confirmed Marxist and a refugee from Hitler's Third Reich, he attacks Nietzsche's philosophy both as a theory and as the seed of the present plight of the world. Partisans are strangely blind. Mann claims that Nietzsche was contradictory or wrong in all he thought except in his prophecy regarding the future of the working classes. Here is his quotation from Nietzsche: "Workers should learn to feel in soldier fashion. An honorarium, a salary, but no wages! No relation between pay and production! But place the individual, according to his nature, in a position to achieve the most within his power. . . The workers some day must live as the bourgeoisie do now—but above them, outstanding for the smallness of their needs, a higher caste—poorer and simpler, that is, but in possession of the power." And here is his conclusion: "To-day it would be pure Bolshevism. . . Nietzsche was the man not only to concede the workers the whole power, but to charge them with it as a duty. He was the first outside of Socialism to do so." Was it really possible—in 1939—to overlook that Nietzsche's description fits the storm troopers and the labour battalions at least as well as the Proletarian Paradise? That Brown is merely a less glaring, or, if you will, a muddied shade of Red?

Nietzsche "rightly held a high opinion of his contradictions". The reason is explained in the third of the extracts wherein Nietzsche contrasts the methods of science with those of philosophy before his time. Philosophy has always tried "to solve everything at a single stroke". It claimed to be systematic, exhaustive, defini-

tive. Its business was to give a complete answer to all questions, to offer knowledge *in nuce*. Nietzsche aspired to be the first philosopher with the modesty of the scientist. And indeed he was. The charm, the eternal attraction and significance of his work does not lie in those few broad commandments and injunctions which he issued late in life, but in the innumerable astute observations that are scattered through all his books. He was as truthful and obedient to facts as is the scientist, probing, searching, putting down what he saw and found, and not caring if his latest observation contradicted the earlier one. If nature and life are contradictory, so must be the philosopher. In his contradictions lies the truth of Nietzsche, and Heinrich Mann loves him for it.

Mr. Bithell discusses the German literature of the last two generations with extraordinary learning and lucidity. In his book he presents what obviously must be the fruits of a life-long occupation with the more recent trends in German letters. A very full picture is given, comparing and appraising not only the major men and movements but also the minor authors who enjoyed passing popularity or live by one book only. The authority and honesty of a critic who has really read the authors whom he discusses is apparent on every page, while the style is enlivened by Mr. Bithell's intimate knowledge of the German scene, his occasional repetition of characteristic gossip, and his humour. He has adopted the methods of modern criticism, psychological approach, analysis of style, and the interpretation of literature as an expression of *Zeitgeist*. He handles his critical tools with skill and circumspection, and wherever his sympathies are aroused he produces a vivid picture of his subject. It is only when he feels himself out of tune with an author that his method fails. About Stefan George, for instance, he says much that is true and subtle, yet an impression of the whole man is not conveyed. This may be so because Mr. Bithell's own standpoint is that of a healthy common-sense which, engaging as it may be, cannot do justice to a man like George. He damns him, not really as a bad poet, but as a fool. He is not, however, illiberal. He can forgive much that is distasteful to him if he feels he is dealing with a true poet, as in his discussion of Dehmel. He realizes that the life and even the philosophy of a poet are not the decisive determinants of the quality of his verse. What he cannot bear is affectation, an artificial, consciously adopted pose. Thus he comes to underrate George, who, not so much by natural genius as by a sheer effort of will, performed the necessary and Herculean task of pulling German verse out of the rut of false Romanticism and shallow realism.

Dr. Bettex, a Swiss who is a lecturer in the University of Cambridge, attempts a rapid survey of German novelists within and without the Reich. The former he divides into National Soci-

alists, Christians, Individualists, Neo-Romantics and Neo-Classics, Regionalists, and Nationalists; the latter into propagandists, defeatists, and humanists. The author himself does not seem quite satisfied with his classification. He stresses that the more significant achievements of recent years exceed the limitations of any one of his groups. Unfortunately he is so preoccupied with the attitude of his authors that he does not emphasize sufficiently literary merit as such. Men like Schaeffer and Carossa are given no more space than definitely mediocre writers. Schnack is grouped as a Neo-Romantic, Wiechert as a Protestant: both labels are quite misleading. Dr. Bettex's main virtue is objectivity, but his book is now superseded by Bithell's.

H. H.



# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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AUTUMN : 1940

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## THE HARDY CENTENARY

BY PELHAM EDGAR

### I

THOMAS Hardy was born on June 2, 1840, in the village of Upper Bockhampton, three miles west of Dorchester. More than eighty-seven years later he died at Max Gate on the outskirts of the same town. Here in a house of his own design he had lived for forty-five years.

By almost any estimate Hardy was the outstanding man of letters of his epoch. In an appraisal of greatness many factors must be considered. Significance, artistry, variety, representative value, and originality are only some of these. Lapses from power are not to be taken into account, for the tired brain and the unpropitious mood are manifest in the great as in the small. Even when a great writer is in his vein he does not always command our assent, and what we may attribute to him as a defect is, as often as not, a reflection of our own imperfect judgement, some blind prejudice we cherish, or a rooted difference of temperament. It is on such grounds as these that Hardy is often contemptuously dismissed. The comfortable person who resents being told that anything is amiss with the world is ill at ease in the novels, and the man of faith who holds that Eternal Wisdom is the refuge from all

temporal disaster is equally disturbed by poems which present us with a God entirely indifferent to human destiny. Conformity to prescribed opinion we shall not find in Hardy, but his detractors have never questioned his burning sincerity. What they have too often failed to recognize is the profound human sympathy of the man, which combines with his sincerity and intellectual power to establish the foundations of his greatness.

At this point we must face the inescapable question of Hardy's alleged pessimistic outlook on life. The charge is not infrequently combined with the statement, based on isolated passages from his writings, that he considered the creator of this sorry world to be either imbecile or malign. That he strongly resented this criticism is evidenced by his occasional rejoinders in print, and by the testimony of friends who report his extreme annoyance at what he considered to be a perversion of his actual beliefs.

In the "Apology" prefixed to *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, he demands the author's right to a free exploration of reality as "the first step towards the soul's betterment and the body's also". He quotes a line from an early poem with accompanying comment:

"If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst": that is to say, by the exploration of reality, and its frank recognition stage by stage along the survey with an eye to the best consummation possible: briefly evolutionary meliorism. But it is called pessimism nevertheless; under which word, expressed with condemnatory emphasis, it is regarded by many as some pernicious new thing (though so old as to underlie the Christian idea, and even to permeate the Greek drama); and the subject is charitably left to decent silence, as if further comment were needless.

In strict logic we cannot accept Hardy's disclaimer as a final settlement of the issue. But it is positive proof that he considered himself a pessimist only in the sense that the great tragic writers from Aeschylus down could be so defined. His

attitude towards religion is involved in the general charge, yet bitter as may seem some of his arraignments of Christian beliefs, there is as much tenderness as fierceness in his attack. 'If I could only share their faith', he seems to say, 'what solace I should find!' It was consciousness of this that provoked his resentment when accusations were levelled at him of calculated irreverence. It was rather the urgency of his religious feeling that sought to dissociate God, the Prime Mover, from the stark horrors and desolations of an imperfect world. The Christian theory of good and evil he felt to be forced and irrational. He found no substituted faith save an overflowing pity for human beings involved in conditions they did not create and were powerless to control. That such a philosophy leads to defeatism might plausibly be urged, but personally I cannot accept that conclusion. The characters of his fiction and his poetry as he presents them may force us often to the conclusion that Hardy regards them as mere puppets, but that is not the final impression that should remain with us. He cannot perceive evidence of any loving-kindness in the ordering of our fate, but no writer of modern times has realized more fully the nobility of the human struggle. If that is pessimism we must accept the verdict.

## II

Thomas Hardy was of yeoman stock, and sprang from a Jersey family that had been settled for many generations in Dorset. His schooling ended at sixteen, and at that age he entered the office of John Hicks, a Dorchester architect. This was to be his means of livelihood for many years, and architecture still remained in his mind a possible resource in the early stages of literary experiment. He was twenty-two when he moved on to London, becoming presently an assistant to Arthur Blomfield. Five years later he returned to the Hicks' office in Dorchester, and, his margins of time being ample, set



himself to write his first novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady*. Verse had been his preferred medium, but his poems had never met with editorial favour. *The Poor Man* did not fare greatly better, but it was nevertheless the initiation of his success. Alexander Macmillan refused to publish the book, but wrote Hardy a long and friendly letter, and introduced him to the publishers Chapman and Hall. This firm agreed to take the book on a £20 guarantee, and asked Hardy to come up to London to interview their reader. This was no less a man than George Meredith, who advised Hardy not to publish his first venture but to write another novel with a more complicated plot and less bitterness of satire. The result was *Desperate Remedies*, published by Tinsley in March, 1871.

A year earlier, while on an architectural mission to Cornwall, he had met Emma Lavinia Gifford, whom he was to marry in September, 1874.

A brief filling in of events at this formative period of his life should note the following facts. *Desperate Remedies* was neither a literary nor a financial success. The book that followed in 1872, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, was the true foundation of Hardy's reputation. It is one of the most exquisite prose idylls in our literature, too slight in texture perhaps to be ranged among his masterpieces, yet wholly delightful for its humour, its poetry, and its deft descriptive quality. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* was commissioned for serial publication in *Tinsley's Magazine*. It ran anonymously from September, 1872, to July, 1873, and appeared under Hardy's name in book form in May, 1873. A minor comment to be made is that Hardy the architect still did not wish Hardy the putative novelist to embarrass his professional reputation. A more important comment is concerned with the fact that from now until the end of his career as novelist Hardy was subjected to the conventions of serial publication. He might wish to be outspoken, but his tongue was tied. Editorial prudence, not

artistic considerations, controlled his utterance. The barriers were removed when book form was reached, and Hardy's sense of humour presumably mitigated his annoyance at the enforced modification of his original text. Certain limitations, however, of serial publication could not so readily be remedied in revision, and the sensational episodes designed for climactic effect were permitted to remain in the final text. We are constrained to think that Hardy acquiesced in their survival. Necessary in the first instance to sustain the interest of the monthly reader, they came to be regarded by him as permanently valuable. We cannot deny their occasional effectiveness, but we do not acquiesce in their multiplication as a settled principle of his art.

*Far from the Madding Crowd* was commissioned by Leslie Stephen for the 1874 *Cornhill Magazine*. Its success was immediate and continuous, and was responsible for Hardy's decisions to abandon architecture and to marry Miss Gifford. Of the first decision the world has long since approved. At the risk of impertinence we may question the wisdom of the second. From all we can gather Emma Hardy was an unintelligent and unattractive woman. The glamour of romance which attached to her in the early years was possibly the effluence of a poet's imagination, an evanescent glow that could not survive the test of time. Jane Welsh, with the full consciousness of superior social standing, had married a peasant of genius, but in that stormy union intelligence was matched with intelligence. Emma Hardy's conventionality was unsupported by either wit or brain, and intellectual companionship was wholly lacking in their thirty-eight years of marriage. Jane Carlyle's death brought the fierce remorse of the *Reminiscences*. Hardy's reaction was similar though much less fierce, for his wife's death in 1912 was the occasion of some of the tenderest love poems in our language, which form a section of the *Satires, Lyrics, and Reveries* of 1914.

The record of events demands only a brief extension before we proceed to an appraisal of Hardy's work.

Novels continued to flow from his pen, of which five at least must rank as undisputed masterpieces. They are *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *The Woodlanders* (1887), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1896). The protests against the two last-named books, and more particularly against *Jude*, were so violent that Hardy desisted from novel-writing for the long remainder of his life. His recourse to prose had been constrained by financial necessity. This compulsion removed, he was now free to follow what he felt to be the natural inclination of his genius. Between 1898 and posthumously in 1928 eight volumes of poetry exclusive of *The Dynasts* were published. If we concede that *The Dynasts* is Hardy's greatest contribution to English poetry we must not fail to note that outside of its scope there are nearly a thousand titles of individual poems.

In 1910 Hardy was invested by the King with the Order of Merit. He died at Max Gate, Dorchester, on January 11, 1928. His heart was buried in the grave of his first wife in the Stinsford churchyard. His ashes lie in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey next to those of Charles Dickens. Of the pall-bearers only Bernard Shaw remains alive. The others were Barrie, Galsworthy, Gosse, A. E. Housman, and Kipling.

### III

The brain of a man of genius feeds upon what it finds and makes. Hardy grew up in a country stored with the material of legend and history, rich too in physical associations with the distant past, with varied and beautiful prospects, and inhabited by a peasant stock whom the advance of civilization had not robbed of its racy primitive characteristics. These things were not lost upon him as he developed into manhood, and were stored in memory for future reference. It would be



nearer the truth to say that they were passionately assimilated into the tenacious depths of nature. It was not by any chance save that of birth that he became the poetic interpreter of that country Wessex upon which he above all others was entitled to confer a name.

Hardy was never in pronounced degree a bookish person. Leaving school at sixteen he had enough interest in learning and literature to educate himself in his leisure hours. He added to the small stock of Latin he had acquired, achieved some reading skill in Greek, read widely in history with Gibbon as a point of departure, and kept abreast as an amateur might with the scientific movements of his day. Darwin and Huxley were here the shapers of his thought. From science to positivism was an easy step, and he has confessed that he owed more to John Stuart Mill than to any other thinker. His debt to Schopenhauer has been needlessly exaggerated. There are many coincidences of opinion, but he began to read him long after his own philosophical theories had already taken form. He said in a letter: "My pages show harmony of view with Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Comte, Hume, Mill, and others, all of whom I used to read more than Schopenhauer."

Hardy never laboured at the art of prose, but from his youth he was a zealous student of the technique of verse. We cannot say that he was any man's disciple in craftsmanship, but we can affirm that no poet of his day was more conversant with the great creators of poetry from Shakespeare onward. It may be urged with truth that he did not assimilate their practice, for his metrical foundations are rather to be traced to the music of the church and the dance-hall. Professor Carl Weber writes well upon this point:

Hardy's best teacher was the Church. The hymns and Sunday-school songs which he knew so well provided the rhythms for most of his best poems. The old ballad metres of the doxologies—the Long Metre, the Short Metre, and the Common Metre—are those which he handled most skilfully. *A Sunday Morn-*

*ing Tragedy, A Poet, Let me Enjoy* can all be sung to Long Metre refrains. *I Look into my Glass* is the familiar Short Metre of *A Charge to Keep I Have*. And the Common Metre ballad stanza is found, in its pure state or with slight modifications, in *The Darkling Thrush, The Oxen, God's Education, Epitaph on a Pessimist, The Impercipient*, and many other poems.

I have said that *The Dynasts*, produced in three parts between 1903 and 1908, was Hardy's greatest contribution to English poetry. It is also one of the noblest poetical achievements in our literature, and read in these grave months or years of crisis its impressiveness is borne in more powerfully upon our imagination. Certainly nothing in our day has been produced that is at once so massive in conception, and so cunningly articulated in its multifarious parts, that seem so loosely ordered and are yet so firmly controlled.

The work is a dramatized epic with nineteen acts and 130 scenes, nearly 150 speakers, and a group of phantom intelligences who comment upon the action. The time covered is from 1805 until Napoleon's overthrow at Waterloo ten years later. The scene is as varied as were his numerous campaigns, and England, where he never succeeded in arriving, is the setting for many episodes. The greater portion of the work is in blank verse, a form for which Hardy never developed any marked aptitude. The country scenes are in Hardy's characteristic racy prose, as are all the indications of the setting, which are often vivid enough to justify the medium of verse. There are many interspersed lyrics, and the comments of the phantom intelligences are conveyed in poetic form. When it is stated that a great portion of the poet's narrative concerns itself with the registering of political or military events, records of speeches, dispatches and other intractable poetic material, it might seem that the work cannot adequately support the high claims assigned to it. I take issue with that view, for *The Dynasts* not only contains many passages of fine and significant poetry, but presents also in its entirety an imaginative con-

ception which has scarcely been equalled since Dante. The theme is the Napoleonic wars and the fate of nations, the protagonists the simple people and the heroic spirits of the age, and enfolding it all is the inscrutable operation of the eternal processes that use man as their instrument.

Hardy's briefer poems remain to be considered. Before Gerard Manley Hopkins appeared upon the scene they were a powerful influence upon our younger writers, and will be so again. Reflective lyrics abound that are prevailingly sombre in tone, but lyrics on nature themes are surprisingly rare for a man so saturated with the spirit of the countryside and so closely observant of nature's varying phases. The bulk of his work is made up of love poems—recording chiefly loss or disappointment—personal poems either autobiographical or commemorative, and narrative pieces.

Hardy is not a natural and spontaneous singer, and his technical insecurity limited him to a somewhat narrow range of metrical tunes. His mastery within these bounds is sufficiently complete, and his music, though clumsy, is still music. One may read for confirmation *The Darkling Thrush*, and a hundred other pieces, and one's conclusion may be that 'clumsy' is an inappropriate epithet. What I have come to value most in his poetry is its quite unusual naturalness. His practice as a novelist had given him command of incident, and his poetry profits by this inventiveness. It is difficult to distinguish between events that are purely imaginary and those that are rooted in fact. There is singular beauty in *Veteris Vestigia Flammae*, but there are many other purely invented pieces that have the same actuality.

To exemplify from nearly a thousand titles is difficult. A single illustration might present only a passing mood, and Hardy has warned us that we must not deduce his fixed beliefs from poems or passages that may be only the dramatic projection of his thought of the moment. The verses named



*Before Life and After* have, however, so many echoes in the rest of his work that we are justified in assuming that the birth of consciousness was, in his opinion, the primal curse of creation. Hardy usually worked in the concrete. These verses are abstract argument touched only with emotion at the sombre close. There is no magnificence in the phrasing, nor any lift of music in the rhythm. We recognize his manner in the bare and pregnant statement:

A time there was—as one may guess  
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell—  
Before the birth of consciousness,  
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;  
None cared whatever crash or cross  
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;  
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,  
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;  
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
How long, how long?

#### IV

Hardy is a writer of such importance that even qualifications of his achievement serve only to reveal the characteristics of his genius. His essential greatness is proof against attack.

We cannot deal adequately with his fiction here. His prose, like his verse, is not consistently upon a high level, but he must always rank among the important novelists of the nineteenth century. The trite obviousness of such a statement must be excused. Its truth is evident enough without the expansion that must be denied it here.

Hardy's main living rivals in the English field when he began to write, and throughout his career, were George Meredith and Henry James. Gissing and Mrs. Humphry Ward had a following, but Galeworthy, Conrad, Wells and Bennett

had not yet gained theirs. Meredith and James were never popular, so that Hardy had a great proportion of the public left for his constituency. Even so, his readers were slow to multiply, but he held them with increasing numbers from the appearance of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The author of high importance who suffered most from his growing vogue was Meredith. The philosophy that lay behind James's work was never in conflict with Hardy's life theory, and rivalry here is not in question. But the muscular optimism of Meredith was diametrically opposed, and in the end the more sombre view gained the ascendancy in intelligent opinion. We learned twenty-five years ago that the world was drifting towards tragedy, and we have had no reason to unlearn that lesson since. One cannot grudge Hardy his victory, but it seems a pity that it was won at the expense of a writer of Meredith's calibre.

1940

BY JANE MARSH

Oh what have we to do with beauty, now?  
The abundant life of meadows, the still light  
Among the leaves, the journey of the bright  
Unfathomed waters clear beneath the prow.  
Swung from the orbit of his quiet ways  
Now no man shall be rich enough to share  
Silence with earth, sound with untroubled air,  
  
Or strike a bargain with his length of days.  
Now no more instantaneously caught  
Beauty escaping, never the thing alone  
Shall be appreciate, the curving stone  
Is stone again, not what the artist wrought.  
Our wild sweet life hangs withered on the bough,—  
Oh what have we to do with beauty, now?

## WHEN LONDON WAS LAST IN DANGER

BY RICHARD GLOVER

LONDON to-day is a strange city to those who have known and loved her in days of peace. By night she is a black wilderness; daylight reveals her as an armed camp. Overhead float the silver-grey balloons, trailing wire cables invisible but deadly to the invading plane; anti-aircraft guns and their steel-helmeted crews stand on guard by the hour; searchlights, shrouded by day, wait in readiness to pierce the night sky with their long beams of light; barbed wire and sentinels with fixed bayonets keep watch over important buildings; sandbags are everywhere. The once gay city, with her swanky shops and homely pubs, has become a fortress, awaiting the blow that has yet to be delivered.

The last war produced no such threat as does today's. The only situation that parallels the present is that of 1803-5, when Napoleon, with a superb army, and a navy far more dangerous than modern Germany's, held all the coasts facing Britain save those of Scandinavia. The same motives that impel a Nazi invasion to-day urged him to launch an attack across the narrow seas; for successful invasion meant peace on his own terms and a wide domination of mankind, and the alternative was a dreary vista of economic war. So Britain girded herself to repel the assault which constantly threatened but never came. While the secrets of present defence schemes are necessarily hidden from us, it may be of interest to review the plans then made to defend the capital, which the enemy must capture before he could hope for a victorious peace.

London formed a special military command under Major General Lord Harrington, who was reputed to be a very keen student of war though he had seen no active service since Saratoga. Directly over him was the commander of the Home District, the same Lieutenant General Lord Cathcart who was



to capture Copenhagen and the Danish fleet in 1807; over Cathcart, and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in Great Britain was the Duke of York, George III's second son. It is mainly from his correspondence that the story of London's defence is to be learnt.

There were two approaches by which the enemy might descend upon the capital, overland from the north and east, or overland from the south. Forces coming from the north-east would have to land on the Suffolk or Essex coasts after a voyage from the ports of the Low Countries. This voyage had to be made under sail and could only start in a gale strong enough to blow the British blockading squadrons off the enemy ports. Such a gale would inevitably raise a surf on the East Anglian coast in which a landing at any of the few suitable places would be almost impossibly difficult and dangerous. If, however, the invader made this crossing successfully, his approach to London was comparatively easy, for Suffolk and Essex offered few strong positions favourable to the defending army. The difficulties of an invader from the south were, on the contrary, greatest after he had landed. The sea voyage was short enough to be performed with oars in a calm that immobilized the British fleet—a danger that does not worry us to-day; but behind the landing beaches were the three ranges of the South Downs, the Weald and the North Downs, which offered, and they still do, a succession of strong defensive positions. The enemy could indeed outflank these positions if he landed in east Kent, but the river Medway and the lines of Chatham would then block his advance on London. Either way great obstacles had to be overcome before London would stand or fall by her own defences.

A formal siege of London was not expected, for nobody believed the enemy could land enough troops to invest the city. "The extent of army," as the Duke of York wrote, "which an enemy may land depends not upon his numbers at home but

upon his means of transporting them to this country"—a truth which may still encourage us to-day. It was calculated that the defence of so large a city against a formal siege would require 180,000 men; for a full investment and covering army the attacker would require many more, and it was reasonable to doubt whether so large a force could come from his inadequate channel harbours. Hence the most probable form of attack was a thrust from the circumference inwards at one or more points. It was also to be expected that the attack would be made by infantry without much artillery support. Without a harbour or command of the sea the enemy could not land many guns; and if the country were well "driven", he should also fail to find horses to draw what guns he had, or might capture on landing.

For even such an attack as this London was quite unprepared at the outbreak of war in 1803; but the authorities by no means despaired. Indeed the Duke of York wrote to Lord Cathcart that he "would find the features of the country singularly adapted for defensive positions. On the Right bank of the Thames," continued the Duke, "the Line rests upon the river above Deptford and passes along the ridge of the Norwood hills, then turning by Streatham and Tooting to the River behind Wandsworth Crick (*sic*). The continuation of this line upon the Left bank of the Thames in front of London passes behind the River Lea by Stratford and Lea Bridge to Stamford Hill; from thence it takes the ridge of ground by Hornsey Wood, Highgate, Hampstead and Wilsden Green; and again turns by Holland House and Little Chelsea to the Thames." To the Minister for War the Duke added that these lines afforded "angular points of great command behind which the Troops intended for support have in all directions comparatively short lines of communication." What a contrast there is between this little London of 1803 and the great sprawling modern city whose defence will apparently consist of being "fought street by street"!

Though the above description of the proposed lines was written in the third month of the war, no step, beyond planning on paper, had even then been taken toward fortifying the city. Regular fortifications of masonry could not, of course, have been completed in that time, but, with one exception, no permanent fortifications were considered; nor were they required against an enemy who, by every reasonable supposition, would be weak in artillery. What were intended were "field works"; that is, entrenchments surmounted by palisades, and these could have been completed. The Duke of York's reason for their not being begun was that it was "assumed that the great population of the capital and its vicinity, and the means of transport and every other resource which it contains, could in a few days place the city in a respectable state of defence;" and further this task would afford "useful and animating labour to an overgrown population which might otherwise become dangerous and desponding." Herein there is good mob psychology, which recalls a poster of the Munich crisis that encouraged anxious Londoners with the slogan "Keep Calm and Dig." But the psychological advantage would seem to be outweighed by the practical disadvantage, that field works could not develop their maximum strength till time had allowed the newly-dug earth to settle down and harden. There was, however, another reason than the psychological for waiting. The land on which the field works were to be made was for the most part privately owned; as soon as the works were erected the land must pass out of cultivation and rent must be paid for it. The Government, which was already paying a sum then considered tremendous as rent for field works in more nearly threatened areas, may perhaps be excused for being economical here. And as the danger did not materialize, the proposed field works were never constructed, though their exact sites were determined and the guns for them stored conveniently near. It is by no means certain that the military



authorities were satisfied with this state of affairs. The Duke of York, when asked by Lord Camden in June, 1804, if the works could be completed after the enemy landed, rather petulantly replied "it would be a great relief to my mind if I had sufficient grounds to give a decided answer to your Lordship's question"; and added that it all depended on "the progress of the Enemy and the steadiness and zeal of the people of the metropolis." However, in the next month he admitted to Pitt that the field fortifications to the north of London could probably be finished by 5,000 men with about 800 horses in four days; and those on the south, where the lines were shorter, should be completed by 500 men and 300 horses in three days. He might perhaps have sent a more reassuring reply to Lord Camden.

The one point for which permanent fortifications was considered was Shooter's Hill, which, besides blocking an approach to the city from the southeast, would protect the arsenals at Woolwich and Deptford. Shooter's Hill troubled the Duke of York a great deal. If it was to have a regular fortress, it was not he but the Master-General of the Board of Ordnance who was responsible for building that fortress. Unfortunately, neither the Duke of York nor anyone else could induce the Board, whose head was Pitt's indolent brother, "the late" Lord Chatham, to act, or even to make up its mind, with speed; and in the summer of 1804 the Board of Ordnance had still not decided whether the hill should be defended by a fortress or field works. The failure to deal promptly with this question is the worst blot on London's defence scheme at this time.

Another feature that required attention, and this time received it, was the river Lea, which formed the first part of the line of defence to the east and north of the city. As travellers on the L.N.E.R. are aware, the Lea is not one of England's greater rivers, and is in itself hardly a serious obstacle.

Accordingly the Duke considered damming it and inundating its valley. He had the river surveyed by the best available civilian engineer, John Rennie, the same whose lamented Waterloo Bridge was till recently one of the sights of London. Rennie found that to flood the most essential part of the valley would take twenty-six days. To start so gradual an inundation after the enemy landed was of doubtful value; to maintain so great an inundation for the duration of the war would be impossibly expensive; hence a general inundation was impracticable. However, a partial damming of the stream that would make the river a deeper and wider obstacle was considered worth while. The Lea emptied itself into the Thames at five different places, and its volume was reduced by the four subordinate branches which drew water from the main stream. Plans were prepared for stopping this waste by erecting sluices at the subordinate streams' point of departure. The Duke also suggested that a few boats might be sunk in the mouth of the river. All that these plans aimed at providing, of course, was not immediate floods, but the means to create floods. Money was hard to get and damage to commercial or agricultural interests that would involve compensation had to be avoided till the last possible minute. No time was lost in starting the preparatory work. Rennie made his report on the 8th of August, 1803, and by the 25th the Duke could write that orders for the building of the sluices had already been given.

There were two more points to which the Commander-in-Chief turned his attention. One was the crossing of the Thames. This was important, both to enable the defending forces within the city to make best use of the "comparatively short lines of communication" between their "angular points of great command"; and because many troops summoned from the northwest, the north and the east as reinforcements against a landing in the south must pass through the city. A nearly contemporary map of London marks but three bridges across

the river, London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge and Westminster Bridge. This number was apparently considered hardly enough. The building of more bridges could scarcely be carried out in war-time; pontoons and ferries would both need firm and solid points of embarkation and disembarkation and these needed to be artificially made on a tidal river. So in March, 1804 the Duke of York requested that a raft between rows of piles might be provided opposite the "stairs at Blackwall", which for their side were an admirable point of departure.

The other matter about which the Duke was concerned was the city's food supply. Even though it was probable that only a partial investment was to be expected, it would obviously be difficult to provision so large a city with an enemy before it; and, besides, the pinch was likely to be felt some days before the attack came. The landing of the enemy in either the east or the south must occasion a great concentration of troops between him and the city and the most natural and simple place from which to draw the supplies they would need was the London market. The resulting heavy demands might easily lead to a sudden shortage and steep rise in prices which was something to be feared in a great city where there was great poverty; the suggestion that a bread-hungry mob should make do with cake was not going to be made in London by a Hanoverian prince. Accordingly the Duke of York took to himself the function of a modern Minister of Food and recommended "a supply of 30,000 sacks of flour being stored on the banks of the upper Thames as a reserve (in case of need) to the London market." That was, needless to say, a time when rivers and canals took the place of railways to-day; hence the location of the depot.

Fortifications, as we have recently learnt to our sorrow, are useless without men to hold them. The number of men required for the full defence of London was, as mentioned



above, 180,000. In the years under discussion the British regular army totalled only 143,000. However, since the capital was unlikely to be simultaneously attacked from all points a lesser garrison would probably suffice; and a powerful one could be provided when the Militia and Volunteers were added to the Regulars. The catch was that neither Militia nor Volunteers were ready at the outbreak of war; and from Napoleon's point of view the best months for invasion were the early ones. These were let slip and, then as now, every passing day made England stronger.

Thus passed two years of armed suspense. Then in 1805 Austria and Russia rose against the French dictator; and as his great Army of England wheeled through northwest Germany toward Vienna, the threat of invasion ended. When the Peace of Tilsit in 1807 had laid all western Europe under his heel, Napoleon was content with an economic war against England. The danger of invasion was not to be revived till our own day; may it prove as impracticable for Hitler as for his greater forerunner.

## THE STRANGER

BY HOWARD O'HAGAN

THE stranger had a low, assured and rather sing-song voice—quite the sort of voice one associates with the foothill country of Alberta where horses and cattle range and the life of men is to tend them, often to sing to soothe them or merely to remain awake in the saddle.

He approached us in the early morning as we smoked our cigarettes after breakfast around our camp fire below Brulé mountain. It was in June. We had nearly a hundred head of horses there with us, held in the pasture for the night between the bars three miles below on the trail, and the high, gaunt rock ridge to the south over which we would pass at the beginning of our long day's journey. We were moving the horses from their winter range on the head of the Solomon up to Jasper where, during the summer, they would be used to take eastern tourists, tourists from the British Isles, California and others of the world's far places, over the mountain trails. Pete, the ranch foreman, and I had passed three weeks of hard riding, gathering them in from the high valleys, cutting out the poor ones, driving those we needed into pastures and corrals. They were soft-footed after their winter in the snow, still unshod, round bellied and sleek on lush spring grass—and our job was to lead and drive them fifty miles through the mountains, across rivers and through muskegs, over rocks and through pine forests where the ground was carpeted with needles, and deliver them, forty tons or more of horseflesh on the hoof, safely to our boss for their summer's work.

We were short-handed. There were only the two of us. We had use for another man.

Above our small camp fire, its flames at times blown flat upon the ground by the wind, rose the ridge, running down off

Brulé mountain, to the wide, grey waters of the Athabaska, the Cree Indians' "river of reeds" and the farthest southern reach of the Arctic watershed. The ridge had no name, but it was a dangerous part of the spring horse drive. It was a shoulder of the mountain perhaps six hundred feet high and the trail swung up it in a series of switchbacks no wider than and as precarious as a set of tilted pantry shelves. From only half a mile down the valley there appeared to be no trail at all, only dark rock with here and there a bush or stunted spruce upon its slope.

The previous spring we had lost a mare in the crossing, an old and sure-footed mare. The horses, strung out in single file, pushed too hard from behind, had bunched. She missed her footing, slid on the slippery black earth only inches deep over the rock framework of the mountain. She jumped the line of horses on the switchback below her. Her front legs buckled. She rolled end over end, like a cartwheel, to land with a broken back in the downtimber at the foot of the hill. Pete had had to go back and kill her with his saddle axe.

Since then he carried a rifle.

His was the burden of taking the horses through to Jasper, and to him was the credit of having brought them through the winter. All winter he rode the range alone, bucking snow up to his horse's knees, and bitter north winds, studded with snow, that ripped the breath from his mouth. Yearlings and mares with sucking colts, too weak to paw through to the grass on hillsides, he drove during the early spring into the corrals by the ranch house and fed, or, failing that, packed feed out to them. Every sleek round belly we had with us was a tribute to his judgement as a horseman and his strength and courage as a rider.

He was a lean red-faced man in his forties, baldheaded, with blue eyes cold and flat as pieces of ice. He was given to sudden bursts of anger when his neck and ears would flush



with blood—yet with a horse his voice never rose above a murmur. He wore a ten-gallon hat. Years before his knees had suffered a permanent disagreement and were no longer on intimate terms. Standing, he looked as though he were about to jump, and walking, jolting his body, it seemed he was shaking his baggy trousers down and would only by luck arrive at the most casual of destinations without social disaster.

He rode a rangy roan gelding which, along with my buckskin, had been picketed near our camp during the night. We had already saddled them for the day's ride and Pete was rising, bridle in hand, when the stranger appeared before us.

He stepped from the spruce trees behind us so quietly, so suddenly that I had the impression he had been there in the shadows watching us for minutes, perhaps close to us the whole night through while we lay on the ground, rolled in our blankets.

"Hallo!" he said, in that low voice, lingering over his words. "You fellows figuring on pulling out?"

We looked around, startled. He was a tall man, past his youth, thin-shanked, hatless. Masses of blond hair fell down over his brow. The corners of his tight lips drooped and the stain of chewing-tobacco was squeezed from them. His ears were large and stuck out from his head, seemed to bend forward in a great effort of listening for our words, enclosing his small, brown, withered face, his speech, like a set of parentheses.

Pete, gaining his feet, said, "No, we're just going to sit here and watch the grass grow."

"Now," said the stranger, "I wasn't figuring that." He straddled his long legs, as though he felt the earth lurch beneath him and sought to set himself more securely upon it. "No," he went on, "I didn't figure that. With all these horses around, I figured you were travellers—like I am, too, in a way of speaking, just travelling."

"From the prairies?" I asked him.

He turned to me, slowly and deliberately, twisting his body on his narrow hips. I saw his eyes circled with coal dust. And when I noticed his hollow cheeks, his chin with its stubble of beard, it was as though he had no eyes at all, but only the dark sockets—for the man was hungry and from his face the eager skull looked out. I guessed he had come in from the prairies riding a freight train—the railroad was a bare two hundred yards below our camp, running between the horse trail and the river up to Jasper.

"Yes, a traveller from the prairies," he continued. "That's what I told the brakeman when he put me off the train at Entrance, down the line there twelve or fifteen miles. Since then I've been walking, counting the ties. They've sure used a lot of ties to make this here railroad, put a bit too close together for a man with legs like mine. I had a good ride as far as Entrance, though, sitting in the open door of an empty box-car. I told the brakeman I was a traveller. A tourist, I said, come to see the mountain scenery. That's what they wanted up here, I asked him, wasn't it? They write books about tourists coming to the mountains. He was a funny fellow, that brakeman. He kicked me off just the same. That was last night. He said he was afraid on a freight train I wouldn't find the comfort I needed. He said I might complain and cause them trouble. Besides, tourists, he said, travelled on tickets, not on box-cars."

The stranger smiled, showing us a few worn yellow teeth. He squatted on his heels, cupping his chin in a long-fingered hand.

"A ticket," he said, "that's what he thought you needed to enjoy the mountain scenery. There's lots of scenery in these parts all right. A man gets a crick in his neck looking at it." He lifted his head to the mountains around. "It makes a man

hungry just to see it. I guess it's the hungriest scenery I ever did see."

Pete, standing above us, his bridle with the silver rosettes slung over his shoulder, kicked the fire, threw a piece of wood on it, moved the tea-billy closer.

"We've grub here," he said, "if you're hungry—but we haven't much time. We're in a hurry."

"I don't want you boys to think I came by here looking for a hand-out," said the stranger. "I could do with a mite to eat all right. But I'm not really hungry. Why I had a bit of supper night before last in Edson, down the line. A farmer there . . ."

I fried him bacon, baked him a bannock, poured him tea. While he wolfed his food, leaning back against a tree, he asked us where we were taking the horses. We told him.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed. "Now that's the place I was aiming to go myself. I figured there might be work there for a man who was handy with a rope and knew how to put his hand on a strange cayuse."

"You been around horses much?" Pete asked him.

"Sure. That's what I want—work with horses. You see, I've had some hard luck—well, when you see a man without his hat, you know he's had hard luck."

The stranger at our campfire assured us that, in his younger days, he had ridden the range, and we had no good cause to doubt him—he had the hands, the easy speech, the indolent grace of body. Since then he had taken up a homestead in the foothills and one night it had burned before his eyes. He referred to it in passing, as to something of no concern at all—so far away, so long ago it might have been a small misfortune of his grandmother in her youth.

But even then, I think, Pete distrusted him. "I thought you said you came from the prairies?" he said.



"That's right, the prairies or the foothills. It's all the same. This homestead of mine . . . well, a creek came down there out of the hills and my place right by it where it flowed out onto the plains."

Pete seemed unconvinced. He was moving away to his horse when the stranger, raising his voice, said, "That's what I was figuring when I heard your horse-bells away down the track and walked up here from the railroad. I thought, well here's my chance. Men with horses. Perhaps they'll take me along with them for a day's travel. Maybe I'll even get as far as Jasper, might even find a job with the outfit. . ."

Pete glanced at me. I suppose I nodded. We could do with another man to help us with the horses. We had an old saddle we were taking up to Jasper to be mended and a hackamore bridle could be made with a bit of rope. While the stranger and I packed up, and he watched me throw the packs on the pony, but failed to lend a hand, Pete went out and dropped his rope over a young sorrel mare, saddled her, knotted a hackamore and fitted it to her head and mouth.

"I don't know about the job," he said, addressing the stranger, "but you can ride with us into Jasper, if you've a mind to. You can help with the horses. We don't want them to string out too much, or to bunch up too much on the trail—especially going up there." He pointed to the ridge, a half-mile or more away across the flat.

The stranger ran his eyes along the upflung arm and when they met the ridge they opened wide, revealing their whites, unsoiled but astonished, in his tanned and coal-streaked face.

Grey, tattered bits of mist blew up against the ridge.

"You take horses up there?" he asked.

"That's where the trail goes," Pete said. "A man has to follow the trail."

"Jimminy, that's a tough looking place for horses."

"You're not scared, are you?" Pete studied him closely.

"No. I ain't skeered none." He wagged his head and spat a long stream of tobacco juice on a wild rose nodding in the wind at his feet. I believe he had eaten his breakfast with the chew of tobacco tucked in his cheek.

"Say," Pete added suddenly, "those are hard looking boots to ride a horse with."

Instead of our high-heeled, sharp-toed, soft leather riding gaiters—Pete's a special hand-made pair—the stranger wore a wide-toed snoutish boot made for walking in soft loam and mud, a farmer's boot. I wondered how he would get them into the stirrup, or getting them in, if he would be able to get them out again. He glanced down, waggled them, spread them, so that they seemed to look back at him and grin.

"They're all I got," he said. "They're the only ones I have."

"I never saw a horseman wearing a pair of rafts on his feet before," Pete commented.

We measured the stirrup leathers to the stranger's arm. We tightened the cinch for him. We cared for him as if he were a pilgrim and a tourist. Pete told him to be easy on the mare's mouth. "She's a good little horse," he said, "but she has a tender mouth and that hackamore may bother her a bit. Ride her with a loose line and you'll be all right."

We gave the stranger the lines, and stepped back to let him climb into the saddle. He tried to mount facing in the same direction as the horse, his right hand on her rump like a man climbing stairs two at a time. We knew then he was a raw hand with horses and I wondered about the tale he had told of wanting to swing a rope in Jasper and of his home-stead burning—every word he had spoken I doubted. But we didn't wish him hurt, so I held the mare's head while he set himself in the saddle.

Under him the mare was nervous. She sucked her tail between her legs. Her head went down. We thought she was about to buck. Instead, she stood and trembled.

"Easy," Pete said, "easy, girl." He rubbed her nose, patted her neck.

"Don't move around in that saddle so much," he said, looking up. "You're not on a homestead. You're in a saddle. A man would think you had ants in your trousers."

Pete was a bit concerned. Afterwards he told me he realized then the best thing to do would be to leave the stranger and let him catch the next freight train to wherever he was going. But we had gone too far. We had the mare saddled and him sitting in the saddle. Besides, he was a pair of hands that we could use.

During the night some of our horses had strayed high on the hillsides, grazing. We rode up to drive them down. Our extra hand stayed down on the flat, riding in a circle, trying to keep them in a herd as we hazed them down, jumping wind-fall and crashing through willow bushes. When his mare broke into a trot, his feet went out, his arms went up, his blue mackinaw shirt billowed, his fair hair flopped on his forehead, his big ears seemed to wag—so that he resembled a man attempting flight. We were worried and then we laughed about it, thinking of how sore he would be when he arrived at Jasper.

"He'll be so wore down, he'll be riding on his shoulder blades," Pete said, wrinkling his red face and removing his hat to polish his bald head with a green bandana handkerchief.

It was eight o'clock before we had all the horses down on the flats. We untied the packhorse and set him loose with the rest. I rode to the south end of the clearing, to lead the string up the trail and over the ridge. Pete rode in the rear, where there was the most riding to do, taking care that none of the horses cut back through the timber. We put the stranger pretty well in the middle. There all he had to do was to keep



pace with me, ahead of him, prevent the thirty-five or forty head of horses between us from lagging.

As we lined out into a gallop, heading for the foot of the ridge, Pete and I began to shout and sing with the feel of the wind in our faces, the strength of long muscles between our thighs. The stranger was silent, and looking back I saw he was pulling leather, grasping the saddle-horn, his face white and taut, his big boots swinging in the stirrups as though he were trying to cast them off.

The horses were running free, manes and tails flowing, kicking, snorting, whinnying, searching for their companions of the winter range, for a familiar scent, a remembered face, or whatever it is one horse looks for in another that he wants for travelling company.

We reached the foot of the ridge in a flurry of dust and a thunder of sound. I lowered my head to pass through some tall willows and set myself forward in the saddle to help my horse on the climb. He settled to a walk. He was a good size for a buckskin. He had a black stripe down his back, a black tail, a black mane curved over the arch of his neck. He went along, carefully picking his steps, clicking his teeth against his curb bit, flicking his small, pointed ears and nodding his head as if our progress were a sort of endless affirmation.

The trail was so narrow that as we climbed my riding gaiter brushed the grass and bushes on the upper side and the slope was so steep that grass, growing in patches of dark earth, hung down of its own weight, clean as though combed and ruffled ever so slightly by the wind. Behind me I heard the horses. I heard the thudding of their hooves on the flat, the cracking and bending of the willows as they bunched where the trail commenced to climb, their deeper breathing and now and then a cough as they lowered their heads to the ascent. On the hillside they were following slowly in single file. That was what we wanted. There was no room for crowding.

On the hillside I swung first to the left, then doubled along the switchback to the right. As I climbed, the mist gone now with the heat of the sun, the valley grew below me. I saw the fields near the ranch house, six miles away, sprinkled with the green dust of new hay, and beyond them the rounded foothills, spruce on their ridges and the light green of poplars in their draws. The Athabaska river was wide and quiescent as a lake, snow-topped mountains beyond it. Beside it the railroad ran in twin black lines of haste — the railroad that brought tourists and strangers into the mountains, that led west to the Pacific and east across the continent to the Atlantic.

Soon I saw off the toe of my gaiter the tips of the poplar and pine trees on the flat below, and, stretching through them, the shining brown and black and golden string of horses, like the twitching back of a great and sinuous beast slowly burrowing into the hill. I turned and swung again across the hillside. I saw Pete riding back and forth across the trail, hazing the horses along, and from where I was two hundred feet above it appeared that he was being swung by the glossy line of flesh and bone and hide, as if he and his roan horse were the tip of an indolently flexing tail, still remaining, half nerveless on the flat, but being drawn gradually and surely into the hill below me. Now and again I heard him shout and saw faint dust rise from his horse's hooves.

The stranger was already on the hill, going in the same direction as myself, but with a line of horses heading the other way above him. He was at the low end of one length of trail, I at the high end of another. We had three lengths of trail between us. It was a great thousand-footed monster I led up the hill.

I waved to the stranger. "How's it going?" I called.

He looked up. He had both his hands on his saddle-horn, the knuckles white, his lines knotted beneath them. He slightly lifted his hand as though he were about to wave it to

me, then replaced it again on the horn. He half opened his mouth to smile or speak, but he didn't smile and he didn't speak. He didn't look up and he didn't look down. He had his eyes on his horse's head. Then he and the horse, as the trail turned again, disappeared behind an outcrop of rock. For a moment I saw only his great forward bending ears, that seemed to rise about his head. He came out from the rock, his shoulders and head in full view, legs hidden by the bulge of the hill, moving up and down to his horse's stride as if he were a man on stilts. And always between us the horses, the rumps of horses, the withers, the manes, the fidgetting ears or only a brown eye catching a glint of the sun.

I was almost to the top of the ridge, taking the last switch-back that led to the summit, when I noticed the horses bunched several turns below me. The man from the prairies had pulled up and stopped, and Pete at the foot of the hill, unable to see him, was shoving the string along.

"Hi!" I shouted, "what are you doing?"

Up to me the stranger turned a face shrivelled with fright.

"I'm going back," he said, "back, back . . . to the ground."

I called to him that he couldn't. I waved my arms. I pointed to the horses on the trail behind him that he couldn't pass.

It was too late. He tried to dismount, but his left stirrup was down the hill and he lost his nerve. He pulled savagely on his hackamore bridle and the sorrel mare, in her time a first rate cow pony—she could turn on a dime—pivoted beneath him, pattering forefeet pointed down the slope, her head low, her toffee-coloured tail bowed between her legs. Then I had to move along, for horses were coming up behind me.

When I next saw the stranger, he was heading down the trail, facing into the up-coming line of horses, trying to drive them back. They reared away from him and were pushed on towards him by the weight of numbers from below.



A big black slipped from his footing, dragging his haunches at first along the ground, his forefeet braced as he tried to hold himself against the hill. Then as he slipped farther and farther down, closer to the horses on the switchback below him, he straightened out, crossed them in a soaring leap, fell, rolled, slid three hundred feet to the rocks and down-timber at the foot of the ridge. I heard him hit, but I could no longer see him. That was the beginning. The long and orderly procession of horses hesitated, smelled terror in the air. Some succeeded in turning back or in holding themselves to the trail. Others seemed to be snatched from it, glossy rumps or bellies flashing in the sun, appearing below me for a moment, crashing down the slope. An avalanche of horse-flesh, tons of horseflesh, were pushed down the mountain side, vanished as dust and rocks and splinters of old logs settled. Pete, who by this time was out on the flats again, told me later that all those manes and tails had in a vague way the semblance of brown rushing water. All the horses seemed bays. Many of them appeared to leave the trail and throw themselves down the hill for no more reason than that they saw the others doing it—as if among them existed a compact for destruction. It had the appearance of sound—the shape of tumult—but what he remembered was sudden silence.

The surprising part of it was the number of horses to reach the bottom of the hill safely. Fifty or sixty head were on the switchbacks between the stranger and Pete, and of those at least thirty left the trail. Some scrambled back again, while others tobogganed down on their haunches and were perhaps pillowed below by those before them on the rocks and among the harsh dead timber.

The stranger's mare was one of those to make the descent whole. I saw her running, full out, tail streaming behind, her rider bent low over her neck. I am not sure yet whether she ran away with him, or whether he set her on the run to flee the scene of his weakness, his failure and his folly.

I saw Pete, off his horse now, his hands lifted over his head, make a few stumbling steps after him. Then he showed his face to the hill and at what was there before him, dashed his hat to the ground, jumped on it, danced up and down in anger and bewilderment. In a minute, slowly, head down, he went to his horse, tied to a tree, and took his rifle from the scabbard. He had work to do.

I could not descend to him until I had cleared the horses off the trail below me, pausing to feed with no one to drive them on. I took my horse to the top of the ridge and went back on foot and chased them to the summit. Grass was there and a small lake where they would stay and graze.

From the foot of the ridge where Pete was working I heard a rifle shot. He was shooting the injured horses, a long break between each shot. He would want to be close to put the bullet in the right place, square between the eyes. I counted nine shots. On the flat I saw a brown pinto kicking against his bowels, wrapped around his hind leg, jerking them from his belly. Closer in where I could not see, I heard a horse's wild piercing scream. It made my stomach ache to think of those horses, like the brown pinto, with old stumps run through their guts, with legs broken, wedged between rocks as large as a section labourer's house. I was slower to drop down the hill than I might have been.

I heard no more shots and wondered if Pete, running out of ammunition, were using his axe, stunning them between the eyes, or bringing it down over the eye or between the ears where the bone is softer.

Far down the valley a pillar of black smoke travelled towards us. The westbound passenger was due. The whistle of its locomotive sounded mournfully through the hills, as though it were lost, seeking a way through the mountains to the sea.

Down off the ridge I found that Pete had had to kill fourteen horses. Later their bodies would have to be burned, the remains buried. What had happened would be the talk of the countryside. It would follow Pete wherever he went as a horseman. The hill, so long unnamed, would have its name.

He sat beneath a pine, head between his knees. He did not look up as I approached. He was sweating. His shoulders shook. His ears were red enough to bleed.

I told him I was going after the man from the prairies, the stranger. At the mention of him Pete spat.

"I ought to have aimed the rifle," he said, "when he came down off the hill."

Above us and around us horses peacefully grazed, clipping the hillside grass. At the foot of the ridge crows gathered, cawing.

I rode after the stranger, but I did not come upon him. We did not see him again. I found the sorrel mare, coloured a dark bay with sweat, dragging her bridle lines on the trail to the main range about five miles back from the railroad.

When, days later, we reached Jasper, we heard something of what had happened to the man from the prairies, whose words we had doubted, but whose hands we had trusted to help us up the hill. It may have been a chipmunk or a rabbit or the smell of a bear in the bush that, while he was riding hell-for-leather along the trail, making for Entrance, where the valley breaks out from the mountains, frightened the sorrel mare. At any rate she shied, jolting him out of the saddle, and when the big toe of his boot caught in the stirrup, dragged him through the timber. Before his foot came free, she smashed him against a tree.

It took him three days to crawl the five or six miles to the railroad, through a rocky draw, across down-timber and through picket-like close-ranked second-growth pine. He had a broken left hip and couldn't move very fast. He shoved himself with



his right knee and right elbow until each became a bleeding stump. After that he literally dragged himself by his hands, by his fingers, almost by his lips and teeth, pulling grass out by the roots, taking hold of bushes and small trunks of trees, anything to give him purchase on the ground.

A freight train stopped and they picked him up when they saw him lying close by the track on the right of way. He was in a high fever, one his hands festered with porcupine quills, and so exhausted he couldn't say at first who he was or where he came from. Shirt and trousers were rags that didn't clothe but merely hung upon him. His shoulders and stomach were covered with matted blood and dust and leaves and grass.

The freight train took him east out of the mountains to Edson, where for three months he lay in the public ward of the hospital.

He had been thrown from the mare near a creek, Solomon creek, and it was only by following the creek, he said, and having its water to drink that he was able to reach the railroad at all.

Pete regrets that. He says there used to be such clear, sweet water in Solomon creek.

## PRIMITIVE MAN AND COLOUR

BY L. C. SARGENT

THE rapid development of colour-consciousness is a marked characteristic of modern life. We no longer think that to

"add another hue  
Unto the rainbow  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

This colour-consciousness is prominent among city-dwellers. The up-to-date milliner searches the universe for names for his subtle shades—peach and clover, camel and rust, lido, sea-haze, and petrol-blue. His thirst for accuracy is not felt by those who live close to nature. By "colour" your gypsy means colour—not shades or tints, but brave red, yellow, blue, and green.

But the milliner and the hosier, with their "apple" and "biscuit", "sphinx" and "desert-sand", are doing more than forwarding their businesses; they are illustrating a tendency of civilization. We may smile to see silk stockings labelled "elephant" or "oyster", but many of the new names have come to stay. "Melon", "lime", "tangerine", and "oatmeal" may become as firmly established as emerald, mauve, and cinnamon.

How modern is this interest in colour is strikingly shown by the names of birds. The colouring of a bird offers such an obvious means of recognition that we are not surprised to find that most specific names of comparatively recent invention include some adjective of colour. The British list contains a snowy owl, an ivory gull, a yellow wagtail, a blue titmouse, a green woodpecker, a sooty tern, and a dusky shearwater. The suggestions of redness embrace pink, rose, rosy, roseate, ruddy, and rufous. Tawny, purple, cream-coloured, and even glaucous are all impressed into the service of nomenclature.

Yet colour provides the principle of less than 15% of the older stock-names—hawk, duck, owl, gull, linnet, and the like. If we spoke of names in use in England as recently as 500

years ago, we should have to divide this percentage by five. In Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*, for the one ruddock (our red-breast), there is mention of more than forty birds whose names do not betoken the colour of their plumage. No name could seem more inevitable than "blackbird"; yet to Spenser and Shakespeare the bird was the owzell, or ousel—a name which contains no reference to colour or to lack of it. It is true that "black bride" (preserving the original position of the *r* in bird) is found in the *Boke of St. Alban's* (1486), but it was long before this "obvious" name ousted "ousel", which is still used in the north country and is found in the name of the blackbird's congener, the ring-ousel.

The evidence of bird-names is substantiated by inquiry into every other branch of human interest. The ignoring of colour-values is paralleled by the disregard, not to say distaste, shown by the ancients for majestic scenery. Wild grandeur which would move a modern author to ecstasy was to the Roman merely abhorrent. The age of Pericles produced great painters, yet Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, writing their histories in the very land of Iris and Eos, seem to have been colour-blind in comparison with the historians of to-day.

We may, however, be humbled by the realization that even now the man with the richest vocabulary has names for no more than about one per cent of the 15,000 tints distinguishable by the human eye. We are even content to name only seven colours in the rainbow itself. All we can say is that we show an advance upon the writers of the sixth to fourth centuries B.C. Xenophanes clothed Iris in purple, red, and yellow; Democritus in yellow, white, and black; and Aristotle in red, yellow, and green.

The failure to appreciate colour in ancient days was mainly due to the significant fact that what counts among primitive peoples is action, not appearance. Colour, size, and shape are accidental; behaviour is all-important. It is the



panther's rending and biting, not his spots, in which the savage is interested. The boa-constrictor can crush a man's ribs whether its scales are brown or green. The more man has to battle against nature, the more utilitarian and practical is his outlook. It is easy to understand why our remote forefathers were more interested in the shriek of the bird which disturbed their hunting, or warned them that they were being hunted, than in the tints of its feathers. Their interest is enshrined in the names which they gave to wild creatures—names meaning "tearer", "runner", "sniffer", "shrieker", not names such as the mediæval "Bruin" (brown) for the bear or the modern "Stripes" for the tiger. "Albatross" satisfies us as a name for a white bird, for we connect it with *albus*, white. Actually it has nothing to do with *albus*. The original form of the name, *al-qādūs*, was applied by the Arabs to the pelican, and it meant "the water-carrier". It does not matter that the Arabs were mistaken as to the main use of the bag beneath the bird's bill: the point is that they envisaged the bird in action, and not as a mere wearer of an appendage not possessed by other birds. If we had to find a new name for the pelican ("the chopper"), we should probably call it the pouch-bill. But we, who turn on a tap to fill our bath, can afford a more objective outlook.

Nouns and adjectives denoting colour provide no exception to the rule that the origin of a word should be sought in a verbal notion. Thus "purple", the Latin *purpureus* (which covered all shades from crimson to mauve, and on occasion did duty for the contrasted ideas of gleaming white and dark or dusky), derives from *purpura*, the mussel from which the Tyrians made their dye. The Greek was *porphyra*. Going back a little further we find that the adjective *porphyreos* was first used as an epithet for the sea, not because it was coloured, but because it seethed and surged. The cognate Sanskrit root, *bhur*, means to stir, to be in motion.

"White", the sensation of which corresponds to a combination of all the wave-lengths in the spectrum, is a word

derived from the root *kwei*, which implies shining, as in the Sanskrit *çvit*, to shine, and in wheat, the shining grain or meal.

The beauty of the colours themselves is rivalled by the romance woven into the etymology of their names. Thus "indigo", which lies next to violet in our scantily-named spectrum, means the hue from India, the land of the Indus, that which flows. The Sanskrit *syand*, to flow, has reached us in this form through Persian, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French.

One theory of the origin of "blue" is that it was the colour of a bruise, the result of a blow. We have it, through Old French, from the Old High German *blao*. Grimm traces this word and the cognate Norse *blar*, livid, to the Gothic *bliggvan*, to strike, citing as a parallel the Latin *caesius*, grey-blue, from *caedere*, to beat. If this is correct, our "blue" and "blow" (a hit) and the German *blau* and *bläuen* are cognate. But "blue" is cognate with the Latin *flavus*, yellow, both being from the root *bhleg*, to burn. A kind of transitional stage may be seen in the Old Spanish *blavo*, yellow-grey.

This connexion between "yellow" and the name of its complementary colour, blue, is one of the many contradictions among names of colours in all language-families. Two theories may be cited to account for the confusion. One is that the mechanism of the eye of primitive man was not sufficiently developed to allow him to discriminate between colours. Without going into technicalities, we may say that one series of the tiny cones of the eye which are sensitive to light allows the human brain to register the sensations of blue and yellow, while the second series is responsible for the sensations of green and red. Now a young creature, from the embryo onward, reproduces, as it grows, phases in the history of organic life, and therefore, in the final stages, of its own more immediate species. Since this is so, and since babies, it seems, are at first colour-blind and do not develop complete colour-discrimination until their second year, it has been suggested that man himself was long in developing full physical ability to distinguish colours.

But the power of speech is so recent that we can discount any suggestion that it was anterior to the full development of the human retina. We are therefore driven to another hypothesis in order to account for man's vagueness in the naming of colours. This rests on the intimate connexion between reason and speech, for both of which the Greeks used the single word *logos*. "Language, as we now know it," says de Selincourt in *Pomona*, "is not for communication only: it is the very framework of our thought." Vagueness, it follows, in processes of the mental life is always correlated with vagueness in the meanings of words; even as lack of clearness in expression indicates a corresponding lack of clearness in thought. So, as Montcalm says, "our ancestors gazed on the blue sky or the green trees as in a dream, without recognizing blue or green, as long as they lacked words to define the two colours; and some time elapsed before they particularized the colours by giving each its proper title. Thus, whilst ideas are not definitely named, even the most simple, such as those of white and black, are not realized."

To this it may be added that experiment has shown that people who have been taught the names of various shades of grey can distinguish more shades than people unacquainted with the names. Moreover, "memory-colour" experiments, notably those carried out at Cornell University, show that colours are perceived as remembered by the observer, not as they appear at the time. Snow, for instance, though lit by the rays of the setting sun or lying in the shadow cast by a wall, is almost invariably called "white". Coloured motion-pictures must be corrected to allow for this tendency in the observer, a tendency often indicated by comments made by laymen upon the work of artists who have reproduced in their pictures the colours in nature as they have perceived them.

The interdependence of precise thought and language; the infinite gradations of colour in nature, which render accurate description of tints harder than that of any other natural



phenomenon; the constant splitting-up of tribes using the same word for the same concept, and the converse process of union between tribes employing different words; the comparative unimportance of colour to primitive man, whose whole life was essentially practical—all these are factors in the confusion of colour-names in different languages.

With regard to the connexion between the words for blue and yellow, it is worthy of note that the two colours lie on either side of green, and that an admixture of green pigment seems inseparable from blue and from yellow pigments. It needs in fact a nice discernment to divide pure green from green with an infusion of yellow or blue. It seems likely that dark blues were at first alluded to by names meaning no more than “dark” or “dusky”, while brighter blues, untinged with red, tended to be confused with green.

Mankind long failed to distinguish green from yellow, as may be gleaned from the names of these colours in the various Indo-European tongues. Taking “yellow” itself (the Old English *geolu*) as the mean, we find on the one hand the German *gold* and *gelb* and the Latin *gilvus*, pale yellow; on the other the Greek *chlōros* and the Latin *helvus*, yellow-green or green. The essential meaning of all the words is provided by the Greek *chloē*, the tender green of young plants, the colour seen when the sun shines on a field of young wheat or through the leaves of forest-trees. The same significance is to be found in the Latin *holus* (from an older form *helus*), cabbage, garden-plants. Less obviously connected, but still connected, with the foregoing series are “green” itself, the Sanskrit *harit*, and the Latin *viridis*.

“Green”, so clearly connected with the verb “to grow”, provides the radical meaning. It was the soothing colour which surrounded many of the early men from dawn to dusk. Intimately bound up with the plant-life which formed the background of their everyday view from cave or tent, or as they

roamed in search of food, the word which they used for the varying hues of herb and foliage was taken from the word expressing growth. Yellow and green, green and yellow, typified the quiet expansion and decay of the plant, the first timid shoots, the full foliage, and the withering leaf.

The fruit from which the colour orange takes its name preserved in Arabic almost the original form of the Persian word *nārang*. The initial *n* was lost in the Low Latin *arangia*, which suffered further alteration before it reached us through Italian and French.

“Red” is a member of a large family derived from a root *reudh*. Its kindred include ruby, rust, the Sanskrit *rudhira* (blood), its Greek equivalent *erythros*, and ruddock, already mentioned as a name for the redbreast. Red must always have been considered the king of colours. It is one of the three primaries, whether we are dealing with sunlight or with pigment. The royal “purple” of antiquity was presumably crimson. Red is essentially the martial colour. Prior to the era of khaki-drab, *bleu horizon*, and *feldgrau*, it was indissolubly connected with the uniform of the soldier. It is the chosen colour of cardinals and communists, of royalty and revolution. It is to be seen on the flags of nearly every nation. To the Spaniard the very word *colorado*, *coloured*, means red. In Russian “colour” is *kraska*, “red” *krasni*, and a prefix gives *krasni* the meaning of “beautiful”.

The reason for this pride of place is clear. Milleniums before the use of dyes and pigments, man must have connected, however vaguely, the colour of blood with crises in his life. His god, the sun, rose and sank to rest in a flood of the same colour. Whether man worshipped, or seized his wounded prey, or escaped from the battlefield, or fed that mysterious creature, fire, he continued to leave ever more deeply implanted in the race-memory the significance of red, the most brilliant, and probably the first-named, of all the family of the rainbow.

## CANADIAN UNITY AND THE NEED FOR NATIONALISM

BY HERBERT F. QUINN

WHILE it is natural and right that we Canadians should condemn certain European nations for their excessive nationalism which has led them along the path of aggression in an attempt to conquer and dominate other nations, it is nevertheless true that we ourselves should be criticized because we are not nationalistic enough. Our fault lies in that we have not yet created a real national consciousness, a true Canadianism, that unifying force which would weld different parts of the country into a compact whole, that intangible something which would mean all the difference between nationhood and national anarchy.

We have not yet developed that sense of loyalty and allegiance to our country which, in matters of internal policy, would demonstrate a willingness to put the interests of the country as a whole before those of a purely sectional or provincial nature, and in our external affairs, would express itself in a demand that the real interests of Canada be placed before those of any other nation or group of nations. We call ourselves Canadians because we have been born in a certain geographical area on the North American continent, not because we feel a very great measure of solidarity with those Canadians who speak another language or who come from some other section of the country.

Even those who so loudly proclaim their Canadianism and their loyalty to Canada very often do not mean the same as I do by the term Canadianism. To some it merely means a loyalty to Canada only insofar as we are willing and able to play the role that our position in the British Commonwealth of Nations implies; others when they speak of their loyalty to Canada are thinking more in terms of the narrower loyalties to a certain



province or section of the country. I have no doubt that the majority of the people in this country do possess a more or less unconscious desire to see Canada progress along the road to nationhood, but very few of them know what the development of a true Canadianism implies; and it is only too apparent that for the most part they are confused and bewildered as to what their attitude should be towards the national problems confronting us to-day.

Although it cannot be denied that since 1867 we have made considerable progress towards this status of nationhood to which I refer, we cannot ignore the fact that the problems still before us are very numerous and very complex.

Obviously, the development of a real spirit of Canadianism must be based on national unity, a real feeling of solidarity between different racial groups, different classes, and different sections of the country, and it is in this regard that the obstacles to be overcome appear so formidable. We have first of all the problem of reconciling the divergent viewpoints of the two large racial groups in this country, the English and the French, who to a very large extent have but little knowledge or understanding of each other's language, culture and religion. Then there is the cleavage of economic interests between agriculture and industry, between primary producer and manufacturer, which largely expresses itself in a conflict of interests between the industrial provinces of Quebec and Ontario and the rest of Canada. There are the endless disputes over the respective rights and obligations of the Federal and Provincial governments, which rise to such heights that at times one wonders whether Canada is one country or nine. On top of all these and inter-related with them all in one way or the other is the social problem, the problem of Capital and Labour, wages and profits, social insurance, unemployment, etc. This problem of course is not peculiar to Canada alone, but it is nevertheless of prime importance, as it is only too

evident that social conflict tends to divide a country along class lines, just as racial antagonisms tend to divide it along racial lines.

Foremost among the problems confronting Canada to-day is the racial question and the necessity for finding some common basis on which both English and French-Canadian can work together for the common good of the country. According to the latest edition of the Canada Year Book, approximately 52% of the population of Canada is of British origin, 28% of French origin, and 20% of all other origins. In regard to the 20% of all other origins, or "New Canadians" as they are sometimes called, although there are still isolated groups of them in different parts of the country which still retain their native language and culture, for the most part they have adopted the English language and been readily assimilated, and to all intents and purposes can be classed with other English-speaking Canadians. This leaves us with a large English-speaking majority and a French-speaking minority.

There have been suggestions put forward at different times and in different parts of the country that our French-speaking population should be assimilated, and that they should adopt the language and culture of the English-Canadian just like any other minority group. Those who advocate such a course, however, have but little knowledge of the French-Canadian, or the terms under which the Province of Quebec agreed to combine with the other provinces to form the Dominion of Canada. Furthermore, I have no doubt that any attempt to assimilate the French-Canadian is not only doomed to failure, but would mean the end of Confederation.

The French-Canadian is determined to maintain his language, his religion and his culture, even if it is necessary for the Province of Quebec to secede from the Dominion for him to do so. It is this fear of losing his racial heritage which has been responsible for the periodic appearance ever since 1867

of that spirit of French-Canadian nationalism (i.e. Quebec nationalism), and its more extreme form "Separatism". The Separatist movement, however, is not likely to present any serious danger to Canadian unity as long as the French-Canadian has no reason to believe that the English-speaking majority is trying to deprive him of his minority rights. The people of Quebec realize the necessity and real benefits of the Confederation Pact and are willing and anxious to co-operate fully with the rest of the country, as long as the principle of equality between English and French-Canadian is upheld. They refuse, however, to be relegated to an inferior position within the Dominion or to be treated as members of a conquered and subject race. It is not without a certain measure of justification that they complain that their minority rights in other provinces have not always been respected to the same degree as the rights of the English-speaking minority in Quebec.

The sooner that we English-speaking Canadians are willing to accept the fact that the only basis of Canadian unity is the frank recognition that Canada is not a "melting pot" like the United States, but is a country with a dual culture, the sooner will we see Canada become a united and contented country.

It is probably very fortunate indeed for the cause of national unity that the provincial elections held in Quebec last October did not result in the triumph of the National Union party of M. Maurice Duplessis. The re-entry into office of the Duplessis Government with its isolationist and anti-participationist tendencies as regards the present war would probably have split the country in two.

The main difficulty of any Canadian government in formulating a foreign policy which will receive nation-wide support lies in the fact that there is a considerable difference between the attitude of the English and the French-Canadian as regards participation in any war in which England or



France may be involved. The French-Canadian has been on this continent over three hundred years, and any ties which ever existed between him and the mother country have long since been broken; he therefore leans towards a policy of isolationism. The English-Canadian, on the other hand, is a comparatively recent arrival, and is still attached to England by ties of sentiment; as a result he cannot understand why Canada should not be prepared to participate in any war in which England is involved to the last man and the last dollar. It can readily be seen therefore that the present policy of the King Government of active participation, but without conscription, is in the nature of a compromise, and is the only policy that can be followed if we are still to retain any semblance of national unity. It is a policy that will receive the loyal support of Quebec, but it must be borne in mind that any attempt to impose conscription for active service overseas would be vigorously opposed, not only in that province but in other parts of Canada as well, and for the sake of the future of our country I trust that no Canadian Government will ever consider embarking on such a dangerous policy.

Second only to the racial question as a factor contributing to national disunity, and to a certain extent resulting from the fear on the part of the French-Canadian in Quebec of losing his minority rights, is the conflict of interests between the Dominion and Provincial governments.

Ever since 1867 there have been continual disputes over the proper interpretation of the B.N.A. Act, and the respective powers of the Dominion and the provinces. As the evidence submitted to the Sirois Commission only too clearly shows there is anything but agreement between different parts of the country as to just what is the proper sphere of influence of the Dominion government and the provincial governments, whether or not the B.N.A. Act should be revised, and if so, what the procedure should be.

Many Canadians, like myself, are inclined to agree that due to the vast changes in the Canadian economy since the Act was drawn up in 1867, and the changed concept of the function of government to-day as compared with the philosophy of economic liberalism prevailing in the last century, some revision of the Confederation Pact is essential. I do strongly believe, however, that the Act should only be revised to the extent absolutely necessary to insure the well-being of the country as a whole, that in any proposed revision the minority rights of the French-Canadians be held inviolate, and that above all any steps taken in this direction must not be of a nature further to divide the country. It would obviously be illogical if, in revising the B.N.A. Act in the interests of national solidarity and well-being, we at the same time set one or more provinces against the rest of the country and compelled them to accept a majority decision to which they were bitterly opposed.

It is for all these reasons that any change in the Act present such difficulties, not only as to the extent of the revision, but also as to the method. It is a question of whether the Constitution should be changed through the decision of the House of Commons and Senate in joint session, whether it would require the unanimous agreement of all the provinces, or whether the agreement of the majority of the provinces would be sufficient.

The greatest need for readjustment in the respective powers of the Dominion and the provinces seems to lie in the field of social legislation such as unemployment insurance, minimum wage laws, hours of work, and health services. An overhauling of the financial sections of the Act dealing with the question of subsidies, taxation powers and sources of revenue is also urgently needed. It is an anomaly of the present situation that while the Federal Government has the greater taxation powers, the provinces have proportionately the greater

burden to bear in the way of social services, due to the provisions of the B.N.A. Act relegating such matters as property and civil rights to the provinces. The present method of getting around this difficulty by grants or subsidies from the Federal government to the provinces, over which the former has little control once they have been made, is obviously an unsatisfactory and expensive expedient; and the problem can only be solved in a satisfactory manner by the provinces surrendering to the Federal government some of their powers over property and civil rights.

Probably the greatest opposition to any change in the *status quo* has always come from the people of Quebec who are fearful that any revision, no matter how slight, would turn out to be only the first step towards depriving them of the safeguards they received under the pact of 1867. When we consider the fight that the French-Canadian has had to make in other parts of the country to maintain his minority rights we can perhaps begin to understand his distrust of the goodwill and sense of fair play of the English-Canadian. The creation of a better spirit of co-operation and understanding between both races, however, and a willingness to treat the French-Canadian on a basis of equality, would considerably aid in the solution of the problem. No doubt, the opposition of the people of Quebec to giving the Dominion government more power in economic matters and greater control over property and civil rights would be considerably lessened if they were convinced that this was not merely the first move in a policy of assimilation and that their minority rights were not endangered.

Although up to this point I have laid chief stress upon the problems of a political nature which stand in the way of national unity, nevertheless this is only half the picture. There are also the economic and social factors to be considered for it must not be forgotten that the disputes between the Federal



government and the provinces are to a very large extent the outcome of the conflicting interests of different economic regions.

It is customary when studying the Canadian economy to divide Canada up into four different economic regions: the Maritimes, the Central Provinces (Ontario and Quebec), the Western Provinces, and British Columbia. The economic activities of the people living in these different regions vary greatly, and the problems confronted are very diverse. The Maritimes are chiefly engaged in agriculture and other primary production (mining, lumbering, fishing), the Central Provinces are chiefly industrial, the Western Provinces are agricultural, while the people of British Columbia are engaged in all branches of primary production and manufacturing to some extent.

The main difficulty lies in reconciling the divergent interests of the industrialized provinces of Quebec and Ontario with those of the rest of the country largely engaged in agriculture and other primary production.

For instance, how are we to bridge the gap between the free trade sentiment in the agricultural West, and the protectionist sentiment in the industrial East? It has been the perpetual complaint of the western provinces that under the Confederation arrangement they have contributed everything and received nothing in return, that while they have to sell their products in a world market and at world prices, they have to buy their agricultural implements, their fertilizers, and their manufactured goods generally in a protected market. They further contend that by our present protectionist policy which favours the eastern manufacturer, we to a certain extent shut ourselves out of foreign markets for our agricultural products. The Central Provinces, on the other hand, point out that although Quebec and Ontario bear by far the greatest part of the burden of taxation in Canada, a disproportionate share of

the taxation revenue sooner or later finds its way to the Western provinces in the form of subsidies and other forms of financial assistance to both governments and individuals. There is no doubt a certain element of truth in both arguments, which does not make the solution any easier.

It seems reasonable to suppose that we could in a certain measure increase our export of agricultural produce through the conclusion of reciprocal trade agreements involving the lowering of our tariff on certain manufactured commodities which now receive excessive protection. Any very extensive reduction in duty rates, however, would seriously dislocate Canadian industry and greatly increase industrial unemployment. At all events, if we continue our present tariff policy we must expect to have to provide some measure of relief for the Western farmer and the primary producer generally in other depressed areas. This is the price that the Eastern manufacturer must pay for the privilege of selling his goods in a protected market. Assuming that there will be no extensive expansion in the export market for our primary produce in the near future, we must be prepared not only to continue in certain cases to guarantee to the primary producer a minimum price for his produce, but steps must also be taken to lighten the burden of debt and taxation which weighs so heavily on the agricultural classes. It is true of course that the position of the primary producer has improved somewhat during the last few months, but this is an abnormal condition due to the war situation and is essentially of a temporary nature.

In those provinces where primary production is the chief occupation the existence of heavy fixed charges and drastically reduced income, due to the fall in prices and the shrinkage of export markets, has in the past created an acute situation for governments and individuals alike and has resulted in great economic distress. The precarious financial position of some of the provinces, however, has prevented them from taking any

effective steps to alleviate the situation by lowering taxes or extending agricultural credit at low rates of interest. It is this situation which is responsible for the sentiment in the West in favour of revision of the B.N.A. Act so as to hand over to the Federal government the responsibility for all social services and agricultural relief, and to my mind some revision in this regard is necessary.

The serious position in which our primary producer finds himself, however, is only one aspect of our social problem. There is also the precarious plight of other classes of our population such as the worker in industry, the office worker, and the small business man, due to the peculiarities of our present economic system which is characterized by the concentration of wealth and economic power in the hands of a comparatively small number of individuals. It is only too obvious that we cannot hope to achieve national unity as long as there is a wide difference between the standard of living of different sections of our population with the resultant conflict between social classes, and I believe that the time has come to give more serious thought and consideration to the whole problem of Capital and Labour, wages and dividends, unemployment and social services.

You do not have to be a Communist or even a Socialist to condemn low wages and long hours of work, sweat shops, unsanitary working conditions, unethical business practices, watered stock, trusts and combines, all of which are part of our economic life as the evidence submitted before the Stevens Inquiry and the Inquiry into the Textile Industry has only too clearly shown. You do not have to be a radical to insist that every man willing and anxious to work should have an opportunity to do so, that every man has the right to a living wage which would permit him to live in a moderate degree of comfort, that every man should be assured a measure of security for his declining years.—There are merely the logical out-



growth of the principles of Christianity in which we Canadians profess to believe. The existence of these social evils is helping to keep us disunited, and will hinder our progress towards Canadianism as long as they continue to exist.

Any attempt to implement the recommendations of the Stevens Inquiry which brought all these economic abuses to light has so far been frustrated due to the restricted power of the Federal government under the B.N.A. Act, and the fact that property and civil rights come under the jurisdiction of the provinces. It would therefore appear difficult to see how some of the necessary reforms could be effected without a revision of the Act. On the other hand there are many measures that the provincial governments could take which would greatly better the situation if they really had a will to do so. The trouble in the past has been that both the Federal and the provincial governments, no doubt under pressure from powerful industrial and financial groups, have been only too willing to use the constitutional argument as an excuse for a policy of masterful inactivity in the face of these much needed social reforms.

Despite the seriousness and magnitude of the problems confronting Canada to-day which I have dealt with in this essay, I nevertheless believe that we can attain this status of real nationhood which we all consciously or unconsciously desire if we are but willing to attack these problems in a spirit of co-operation and mutual concession, imbued with a strong sense of loyalty towards a common ideal.

While I have stressed the necessity for the creation of a national feeling and a nationalistic spirit I would like to make it clear that I am not advocating that particular type of nationalism which expresses itself in an aggressive and belligerent attitude towards other nations. The type of nationalism I am proposing is somewhat akin to that of which Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot, was the proponent, a nationalism which

expresses itself in a desire to work for the spiritual and material well-being of those with whom we are in most intimate contact, the people of our own country. At the same time we cannot be insensible to the hardships and sufferings of people of other nations, and I would be the last one to suggest that Canada should shut itself off from the rest of the world. We must take our place in the family of nations with all its rights and obligations, and we must play our part, however small it may be, in the creation of a better world. First of all, however, it is our duty as Canadians to create a unified nation—Nationalism must precede Internationalism.

## THE MILLION-DOLLAR COUNTERFEIT CASE

BY W. S. WALLACE

**I**N the spring of the year 1880 it was suddenly discovered that Canada had been flooded with large numbers of counterfeit bills, so cleverly forged that only scientific tests revealed that they were not genuine. The banks had accepted them without question. They passed current everywhere. Even those officials who had signed them (for bank notes at that time were signed by hand), failed to detect the forgeries of their own signatures. It was ultimately found that over one million dollars of counterfeit bills had been passed off in Canada on an unsuspecting public; and for years many of these bills continued in circulation just as if they had been good money.

The discovery of this gigantic fraud came about more or less by accident. An expert connected with the Treasury Department at Washington came into possession of a five-dollar bill of the United States government issue of 1875, and was struck by the beauty of its workmanship. Perhaps some subconscious instinct warned him that it was too good to be true. At any rate, he took it to the Treasury Department, and looked up its serial number. He then discovered that it was a counterfeit executed with marvellous skill. Immediately, the matter was turned over to the American Secret Service; and, in the course of their investigation, some of the American Secret Service men came to Canada, whither some of the bills had been traced. Then it was that the widespread counterfeiting of Canadian bills came to light. It was discovered that, in addition to great numbers of bogus Dominion of Canada one-dollar bills, there were in circulation counterfeit ten-dollar bills of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and of the Ontario Bank, five-dollar bills of the Canadiann Bank of Commerce and of the Bank of British North America, and four-dollar bills of



the Dominion Bank. All these had been executed with the same amazing skill as the United States five-dollar bill of 1875.

As may be imagined, this discovery threw the commercial community in Canada into a panic. No one could tell what was good money and what was bad. The bogus bills were found in all parts of the country, even in the far north-west, where it was later ascertained that \$200,000 of them had been paid out for furs. Unless the counterfeiters could be run to earth, and their plates confiscated, it seemed as though the whole currency system of Canada would become disorganized, and heavy losses would be sustained by people of all sorts and conditions.

The government of Ontario, where large quantities of the counterfeit notes appeared to be in circulation, took prompt action. It instructed Detective John Wilson Murray, who had been for five years a special officer attached to the Attorney-General's office, and who was perhaps the greatest detective that Canada has ever had, to investigate the matter, and not only arrest the criminals, but above all to get possession of the plates, so that further issues of bogus money should be stopped.

The case could not have been placed in better hands. Detective Murray, before entering the service of the government of Ontario, had been in the Secret Service of the United States, and had had there a good deal of experience with counterfeiters, some of whom he had brought to book. His reminiscences were published in London in 1904, under the title *Memories of a Great Detective*. He had, however, no illusions about the task before him. "I knew at the outset", he said, "that I was tackling one of the hardest cases of my life." It was clear that a master-criminal, a counterfeiter of genius, was at work; and Murray knew that it would be a long and difficult business to ferret him out and to seize his plates. "Few classes of crime", he later explained, "are organized so scientifically as counterfeiting. The man who makes the plates never does business with the men who

pass the money. The plate-maker is an engraver who generally gets a lump sum for his work. Those who print the money are the manufacturers, and they sell the queer in wholesale quantities to dealers, who sell to retail dealers, who have their shovers out who pass the money. The "shovers of the queer" knew nothing, as a rule, of the man who made the plates.

Detective Murray had lost touch with the counterfeiting game in the United States; and, since he knew of no expert counterfeiters in Canada, he decided to go to the United States to see what 'leads' he could pick up. He went to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington; but learned nothing. The American Secret Service men had covered the ground before him and had been baffled. On his return to New York, however, he got into touch with a man who had in his day been an expert in counterfeiting, and whom he had known in his earlier days. He showed this man the examples of the counterfeit notes he had brought with him. The ex-counterfeiter studied them carefully.

"They look like the work of old John Hill", he said. "But I think that Hill has been locked up since he got \$10,000 making those last plates of his."

Then he ran into another reformed counterfeiter who lived in Troy, New York. "Yes", said this ex-criminal, "they look like Hill's; but I know that Hill has not been situated in recent years so that he had time to make them."

Detective Murray, making a shot in the dark, voiced the opinion that they might be the work of a Prussian named Mark Ulrich.

"No", said his ex-counterfeiter, "they look like Hill's work; and next to Ed. Johnson, Hill is the best man in the field to-day. They are not Prussian Mark's."

Detective Murray decided to eliminate first the possibility that the bills were the work of Hill; and he satisfied himself

that Hill was out of the running, since he had been in jail for most of the time in question.

He then turned his attention to 'Ed.' Johnson. He had never seen Johnson, but he knew some of his sons, and he remembered much that he had heard about him. "He was an Englishman by birth", Murray wrote later, "who was an educated man, and had married an educated Englishwoman. He learned the trade of an engraver, and the young couple moved to America. He was supposed to be honest, and worked at his trade until, when the Civil War came on, someone had made a fortune out of \$100, \$50, and \$20 counterfeit banknotes, and Johnson had been mixed up in it, and later was reported to have returned to England."

The question was, where was Johnson? Detective Murray remembered that an ex-counterfeiter who had known Johnson had settled in Chicago. He went to Chicago, and he learned from the ex-counterfeiter that the last he had heard of Johnson was in Indianapolis several years before. Indianapolis was therefore his next port of call. Here he learned that about six years before a family named Johnson had occupied a big house, where they had lived in affluence, with horses, carriages, coachman, footman, and a retinue of servants; but that they had been accused of being counterfeiters, and had had to face a trial. Their lawyers, who had received a fee of \$25,000, had succeeded in obtaining their acquittal; but they had soon afterwards left Indianapolis. Detective Murray, by patient inquiry, traced them to Cincinnati, to Covington, to Hartford, and to Fall River. There the trail ended. "I worked like a beaver", said Murray, "trying to get some trace of them. But they had burned all bridges behind them."

With defeat staring him in the face, for he was now convinced that the Johnsons were the people he wanted, Murray went to New York, to Buffalo, and to Detroit, in the hope of uncovering a clue, but in vain. Then it suddenly dawned on



him that perhaps the Johnsons were in Canada. The United States five-dollar bills had been found in suspiciously large numbers in Canada, and it might even be that the Johnson family, contrary to their usual practice, were actually in charge of the distribution of the counterfeit money.

Detective Murray thereupon took the next train to Toronto. On his arrival at the old Grand Trunk station, he crossed the street to a saloon to get what he called "a welcome-home nip". There fortune at last smiled on him. At the far end of the bar was a man drinking alone. Murray turned toward him, and immediately recognized Johnny Johnson, one of 'Ed.' Johnson's sons. He waited until Johnny Johnson had finished his drink, and then followed him out to the street, intending to shadow him. He was just in time, however, to see Johnny Johnson jump into a cab, and drive off; and as there was no other cab in sight, he again lost the trail.

For three days Detective Murray hung about downtown Toronto, hoping to get a glimpse of his prey; and on the evening of the third day he again caught sight of Johnny Johnson. Johnny came out of Mitchell and Ryan's saloon on King Street, between Bay and York Streets, and again he jumped into a cab, and drove away. But this time Murray had a cab within call, and followed him. The cab drove north to Bloor Street, which was then the northern boundary of the city; and at the corner of Bloor Street and Avenue Road, Johnny Johnson dismissed the cab and started to walk north in what was then the village of Yorkville. After a roundabout walk, he turned into what is still Hazelton Avenue, and there he let himself by a latchkey into a comfortable brick house of respectable appearance.

Feeling reasonably sure that he had at last run his quarry to earth, Murray set himself to watch the house which Johnny Johnson had entered. He made arrangements with the occupants of a neighbouring house whereby he could keep the house

under surveillance from a convenient window; and, with the patience of the true detective, he waited for developments. He waited for five days. During all this time no one came out of the house; and the only people who went into the house were tradesmen. Murray made enquiries about the occupants of the house, and was told that they were "an old lady and gentleman, two nice-looking girls, and a couple of sons"; but so far as appearance went the house might have been deserted. Then, about seven o'clock on the morning of the sixth day, Friday, June 11th, 1880, the front door opened, and an old man stepped jauntily out. From the descriptions and photographs he had of him, Murray immediately recognized the old man as 'Ed.' Johnson.

He promptly sallied forth to shadow him. The old man walked down town, stopping at every saloon on the way for refreshment. Murray, to his disappointment, found, however, that everywhere he paid for his drinks in good money. Finally, the old man reached the railway station, and there he bought a ticket for Markham, a village north-east of Toronto. Murray boarded the train after him, and got off at Markham with him. The old man, who had already had a good many drinks, went into a saloon for another, and, as he came out, Murray went in too. He got from the saloon-keeper the one-dollar bill that the old man had tendered in payment. It was a brand-new Dominion of Canada one-dollar bill! Murray got the saloon-keeper to initial the bill, and then set out again to trail his quarry. Johnson went from one place to another, buying drinks, or cigars, or neckties; and in each place he paid in bogus bills. Then, having completed his purchases, he boarded the return train to Toronto, with Murray still dogging his footsteps.

It was not until the train reached Toronto that Murray swung into action. As Johnson stepped off the train, Murray tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson?"

The old man did not turn a hair. He looked at Murray, and said with great politeness, "You have the advantage of me, sir; I do not think I know you."

"I've seen you often on the other side", said Murray.

"Oh", replied Johnson, "who might you be?"

"I am Detective Murray. We might as well understand each other. You are my prisoner."

"All right, sir", said Johnson, not at all flustered. "What is the charge?"

"Counterfeiting."

The two men were walking along together, and Johnson seemed to give no heed to Murray's answer.

"Murray, Murray", he mused. "Oh, yes, I've heard of you. This is rather unexpected. It takes me quite by surprise. I never had the pleasure before, sir."

"I have met several members of your family", said Murray.

The old man swelled with pride. "Indeed?" he countered. "A very fine family, sir. Do you not agree with me? A very fine family."

At this point the two men had reached a street corner.

"Well, good day, sir", said Johnson. "Very glad to have met you."

"Just a moment", replied Murray. "You are my prisoner, Mr. Johnson. You are a counterfeiter. I have in my pocket the bogus money you passed at Markham."

Instantly the old man's manner changed. He ceased his bluffing, and asked earnestly:

"Is there no way of arranging this? It appears to be a serious matter."

"We'll talk it over", replied Murray, and called a cab.

The cab took Edwin Johnson to the Toronto jail.



But though Murray lodged Johnson in the jail, he did not formally commit him to jail; for, while he badly wanted Edwin Johnson, he wanted still more badly the plates from which Edwin Johnson had struck off his counterfeit bills.

During the ensuing week-end Murray saw Johnson several times. On each occasion Johnson tried to bribe him, in a very gentlemanly way. He said that his friends could raise a considerable sum of money to make things right.

"No", said Murray, on each occasion, "all I want is the plates."

Finally Johnson said, "I have thought it all over, Murray. I sent for no lawyer. I sent no word home. I am going to turn everything over to you. We shall have to go out and get it."

Murray called for a cab, and with Johnson and a detective from the Toronto police headquarters drove out to a lonely spot on Wells Hill, north of the Davenport Road. There Johnson took his bearings from a tall tree; and after one or two false starts, he dug up from the ground a heavy package, wrapped in oiled cloth and encased in solid coverings of beeswax, and handed it over to Murray. The package contained the plates of all the counterfeit bills that had been in circulation.

"Johnson", says Murray in his *Memoirs*, "then told me the whole story. He made the plates in the States. His daughters forged the signatures. They had been trained in forging or duplicating signatures since childhood. They would spend hours a day duplicating a single signature, and would work at the one name for months, writing it countless thousands of times. The boys were learning to be engravers, and one or two of them were so proficient that the old man spoke of them with pride. He said they had printed large quantities of the bills. They printed once a year. After each printing the plates were encased in beeswax and oilcloth and buried, and the other paraphernalia was destroyed. The bills were turned

over to the wholesale dealer in the queer. The wholesale dealer, in turn, placed it with the retail dealer, who placed it with the shover."

What had been Johnson's undoing was his fatal habit of going on an occasional spree. "Every time I get drunk", he told Murray, "the debased desire comes over me to descend to the low level of the shover, the passer of the queer. I cannot account for it. It is my lower nature. When I drink I indulge in it, and because I drank and indulged in it, you got me."

Johnson came up for trial before Chief Justice Hagarty in the autumn assizes of 1880. When he was arraigned, the Chief Justice asked him:

"Who is your attorney?"

"Murray", said Johnson.

"What Murray?" demanded the Chief Justice.

"Your lordship", said Sir Æmilius Irving, who was one of the learned counsel in court, "he means Detective Murray."

Seven indictments were preferred; and to all of them Edwin Johnson pleaded guilty. The Crown Attorney explained, however, evidently at Murray's suggestion, that Johnson was wanted in the United States, and asked the court to suspend sentence. Murray took Johnson and his daughters to the United States, and turned them over to the American authorities. In the United States, Johnson shortly afterwards died; and his family was apparently left free to pursue its criminal career.

But Detective Murray's conscience was clear. "I treated", he said, "old man Johnson fairly. The Canada counterfeiting was broken up, the plates were captured and incapacitated, and the Johnsons lived in the States, or if they set foot again in Canada, went to prison. Crime lost a genius when old man Johnson died."

## SNOWFALL

BY MARGUERITE EDGELOW

THERE is no silence in the world like the utter stillness of fallen snow. Before its coming there is a strained, uneasy feeling of expectancy, a feeling that some deeply eventful hour is at hand. A sky padded with grey cotton-wool leans nearer, as if heavy with birth, its pangs voiced in the sudden harsh cries of rooks stirring about the elms. The branches of the trees stand out with the clear blackness of an etching, the birds' bodies clustered along them like leaves.

A queer dusky light has seeped over everything. Some great æsthetist seems to be slowly lulling the sky's pain to a drugged sleep. Yet there is no warmth anywhere and our breath hangs in little frosty clouds on the air behind us. The trunks of the birches on either side of the path gleam faintly silver, naked as needles and crowned with the lilac smoke of twisted boughs. A bird screams once shrilly, and flees across into the sombre, glooming tangle of gorse bushes which lies to the right.

Now as we walk the first light flakes spin down from nowhere against our lips, unbelievably light and fine, with a cold saltiness that is a little like seafoam, falling as waves break over the rocks. There is a swift urgency in our blood, an eager, fierce uprising which drives us forward—where, who cares, only so long as it is onwards.

The snow whirls faster, impetuous-swift as the flowers Roman ladies flung centuries ago at the feet of some victorious hero returned from triumph in war. It is beginning to lie: the light down-dumping of snow on snow, the piling up of soundless softness, without resistance, yet as inevitable, as unyielding as death itself. The thin, voiceless flakes shower over us, leaving no echo, only a delicate misty wetness which very gradually penetrates the heaviest tweed. Progress is becom-



ing slow. It is not mere walking, but a tearing of paths between endless swirling curtains of white silk—spun not from silk but from ice. The road cannot be so very far away, yet all sound is completely lost. For the first time we feel, both of us, a little thrill of fear, somehow stimulating, like the coming of dusk in a wood.

The dance of the snowflakes becomes a crazy leaping sarabande, spinning in a vortex, lifting a second, then closing in again faster than ever. We shake the oddly heavy, close-clinging wetness from our shoulders again and again. Feather-light fingers press perpetually on our foreheads in a succession of love-touches, which gradually seem to deepen to a sensuous, strangling embrace which blots out all else. Let us sleep now, for surely night is here. . .

We seem to swim forward in a dream as though we too were drugged. Puppets moving on a stage, knowing nothing of the hand which guides us, surging forward on the crest of a wave of drowsiness. Then, suddenly, the firm wooden bars of our own gate beneath fingers grown almost indifferent. Reality . . .

The snow has ceased to fall. The world lies resting, tranquil under an empty sky of riven stone lit by the icy glitter of stars. The air is alive with the faint tingling prick of frost, and the cry of some night bird breaks the stillness for a moment, then dies away as if in awe. The indolent torches of the firs are weighted down with snow: it is an atmosphere for muted strings, for Mozart's 'Magic Flute', an atmosphere of pure enchantment whose beauty will live for ever, bright as pain in the heart.

They say that men grow old only through memory—and yet, I would not soon forget this hour.

## THE NAZI MERCENARIES

BY D'ARCY MARSH

POLITICAL events are moving so quickly now that it is difficult to keep pace with the changes in our attitude of mind which these events are successively producing.

For instance, the increasing intensity of the war, and the growing realization on the part of the Allies that the Nazi Government has become deep rooted in the Third Reich, have resulted in a shift in the emphasis of our war hatred. Rightly or wrongly, we no longer think of the Germans as a race of misguided people hoodwinked by a gang of murderers into a policy of foreign aggression. We are coming to regard all Germans as culpable, at least in large measure; we have given up hope, for the present at all events, of driving a wedge between the great body of the German people and the Nazi leaders. This simplification of our dislike is an inevitable development in the evolution of total war.

But there are other, more subtle changes in our attitude. And some of these should be observed and then stored in the memory against a possible future danger. One of the most important concerns Russia. When that country's complete *volte-face* was revealed by publication of the details of the Russo-German Pact an entire structure of political theorizing, built by the wishful thinking of a number of persons anxious to preserve property at all costs, collapsed overnight. All who had favoured a policy of appeasement toward Germany on the ground that Nazism was the only bulwark against Bolshevism in Central Europe were suddenly faced with the awful realization that leniency toward Hitler had apparently served to strengthen the hand of the Soviet Union, to them the arch enemy of vested interests. Thenceforward there were no dissenting voices of any strength within the democracies, and when war came a united France and a united British Empire arose to meet the joint challenge to the democratic way of life.

Since that time a noticeable change has taken place in Russo-German relations, and it now appears to be extremely unlikely that Stalin is considering, or ever has considered, standing by Germany if and when the Allies carry the war into her territory. It is equally unlikely that Stalin wants to help Hitler achieve the territorial ambitions of the Reich. There does not exist a single reason why Stalin, or any other Russian leader to-day, should bother to do so. There are a good many reasons why they should desire to remain on the sidelines and watch the play as it progresses. One has only to examine Russia's position and her immediately past foreign policy to understand this.

In theory the Russo-German Pact was a complete paradox, a handing over by Russia of the force ostensibly built to combat Fascism to the Nazis, a denial of Russia's official ideology. In practice, this was not so. Russia, so far, has handed over nothing and has got what she wanted. In the first place, Russia was faced with the threat of attack from the West. It was an open secret that more than one democratic statesman was anxiously awaiting the day when Nazi Germany would come to grips with Soviet Russia, a day when the democracies would occupy the position which Russia is now occupying, on the sidelines. Therefore, it was in Russia's interest that Germany—which country was in any case drifting toward war—should become embroiled with the very countries which wanted her to clash with the Soviet Union. Stalin knew that Hitler would hesitate to attack without the promise of heavy support and without the promise of access to essential raw materials. In the second place, Stalin had territorial ambitions of his own—in Poland and in the Baltic, where Finland (apparently vulnerable to attack by some other Great Power) impinged on Russian vital land, threatening Leningrad. What, therefore, could be a more natural, or more desirable, course than to promise Germany the support which would push her over the



precipice and plunge a large part of Europe into war? The move would serve a threefold purpose—first, it would strike dead the threat of German aggression against Russia; secondly, it would enable Stalin to secure a large part of Poland without any bloodshed to speak of; thirdly, it would render possible a Baltic grab, made in the confusion of the war. The threefold purpose has now been achieved.

In order to bring this about, Stalin paid incongruous lip service to Nazi ideals, and the Nazis, equally incongruously, returned the doubtful compliment. This means nothing. Long ago, Henry of Navarre discovered that Paris was worth a Mass! And, now that the period of lip service is apparently over, Stalin can resume leading, or pushing, Soviet Russia in whatever ideological direction he desires, without reference to the profitable, if meaningless, proclamations of temporary sympathy with present Germanic ideals. Furthermore, Russia's recent injunctions to the Third International to carry on the war against Nazism suggests which direction he favours. The Third International is the only instrument by means of which the Communist Party in Russia pursues what ideological aims it possesses.

To-day, as a result of all this, Stalin is in an extremely fortunate position. Through the Third International, Russia can continue the fight against Capitalism, Fascism and Nazism; yet the Soviet Union, as a sovereign state, can continue to play its own game of power politics, unhampered alike by ideological obligations and national loyalties. Furthermore, since the avowed aim of Communism is the destruction of Capitalism, Fascism and Nazism, there is no basic flaw in the logic of a Russian foreign policy which promotes the interests of Sweden and the Allies against those of Germany in the Baltic, and the interests of Germany against those of the Allies and Roumania in the Balkans. Since Russia has gained the territory she desires in the Baltic, and is not anxious to see any

other Great Power become too influential in that area, it is reasonable that she should now exercise her influence to maintain the new Baltic *status quo*. Since, on the other hand, she has ambitions for conquest in Bessarabia, there is no reason why Russia should not encourage a German attack upon Roumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, or any combination of these countries. Furthermore, there exists one more—enormously important—fact. Russia, alone of the great European powers, stands to profit from a prolongation of the present activities. Britain, France and Germany, now embattled, are already watching the sands running through the hour-glass, wondering which will run out first. Italy, despite her sabre-rattling, would be better off if she did not become embroiled in the present conflict. Russia has grabbed, can grab again, and then can withdraw into her own vastness, watching the collapse of the capitalistic system from the vantage point of her bastard, but apparently workable, economy.

So Russia remains still the wolf, waiting on the outskirts of what we still call civilization to prey upon the weak who are left in the wreckage. Yet Russia is not the most immediate threat to Western Democracy. That threat lies in the fact that, now Russia has resumed her former threatening attitude toward Capitalism, Fascism and Nazism, and withdrawn from close collaboration with the Third Reich, there may come a weakening in certain quarters of the adamant opposition to Nazi Germany which has produced the present magnificent war effort. Not now, of course—not in the heat of combat—but later, when victory has been gained, or at least assured! Then the Russian bogey—with its threat to private property, investment and established institutions—may reassert itself in the minds of the timorous. And at that moment, unless the demon has been thoroughly exorcised, the temptation may arise to regard some form of dictatorship in Central Europe as a natural bulwark against the Bolshevik threat in the East,

brought closer by the Russian gains in Poland. It seems impossible now, but our attitudes of mind are changing so rapidly, and at the present moment it appears incredible that anybody ever regarded Nazism as protection against violence. Yet they did once, and therefore—unless we remain always alert—they may again.

That is the danger, and it lies within ourselves. We—the people who live under democracy and believe in it—cannot afford ever again to be deluded by this vicious mirage of a protective tyranny standing in Central Europe between us and the Eastern barbarism. We have to remember, now, and in the hour of victory, and always thereafter, that Nazism has proved itself to be as bad as it can be. We have to bear in mind that Hitler joined forces with the Communists once, and if it suited his purpose would do so again. We have to repeat to ourselves the lessons of the past few months, so easily forgotten during a period of recurrent crises, that Nazism is every bit as formidable a foe of private property and of religion as is Communism, and has proved itself in practice to be an even greater foe of individual liberty.

It would be stupid, of course, to blind ourselves to the fact that no State will emerge from this war in the same economic circumstances as those which existed when the war started. We must accept the fact that the element of totalitarianism which has perforce entered into the conduct of public affairs even in the democracies will not vanish when peace comes. Yet—though it is a fashion of the moment to deprecate efforts to plan for the peace which lies ahead before the war is won—we can note, with a measure of hope, the present British experiment of attempting to build a semi-totalitarian economy within the framework of a politically democratic system. It well may be that such a system will eventually achieve the great sociological aim of this century—the acquisition of economic freedom by the masses (economic liberalism, if you will) within



the framework of a political democracy. The British genius for compromise may have found a solution.

That, of course, remains to be seen. One truth is clear, however, and that is that Democracy cannot rely upon anything but Democracy for its own protection. Rome fell partly because the outposts of the Empire were held by mercenaries after Romans had grown too comfortable and civilized to fight. Before the war, some of us regarded the Nazis as the mercenaries of Democracy — alien troops who were good enough to hold off the barbarian hordes, but who would not turn their economic and financial masters as the Roman mercenaries turned upon their Imperial masters. It was another great illusion. The hope of our civilization, and our way of life, is that this illusion had gone forever.

## FRESH SEA FOOD ON INLAND TABLES

BY A. G. HUNTSMAN

ALL the land drains into the sea. Our fields may become barren by leaching and over-cropping, and thus come to lack necessary substances for ourselves (*e.g.* iodine) and for the food plants upon which we depend. The sea does not. It continues to be enriched by the rivers carrying nutrient salts from the land, and that richness cannot escape. Where conditions are right, the sea shows marked growth of life, first of plants and then of animals, and, by the constant circulation that takes place, a bay or a fishing-bank can draw upon the riches of the whole ocean, covering three-quarters of the earth's surface.

The great variety of life in the sea is a constant wonder to him who takes the trouble to examine the rocks and the pools left on the beach by the falling tide. And the kinds change, in kaleidoscopic fashion, one local assemblage, the fauna and the flora, gradually giving place to others, either going around the world or moving from the equator to the poles, or going from the surface to the great ocean depths as much as five miles down. It is surprising how many marine forms of life are edible. We need never lack variety, if we go to the sea for it.

Most of Canada's population, unfortunately, lives far from the sea, which makes it difficult for them to get sea food. In Mexico more than four hundred years ago, before Europeans came to this continent, when the native peoples were without knowledge of wheels and of wheeled vehicles, the handicap of distance was overcome by relays of runners taking fresh sea-fish regularly from the Pacific ocean inland several hundred miles and up to an elevation of over 8,000 feet for the table of the emperor, who lived in what is now Mexico City.

Those were expensive fish and only the emperor could afford them. For us, Confederation, which meant the building of the Intercolonial Railway, has brought in a fresh state to the people of Quebec and Ontario the cod, the herring, the mackerel, the lobster, and many other marine forms, which have been wrested from the Atlantic by the hardy fishermen of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In winter as well as in summer, in stormy spring and in stormy fall, these men, with their traps, with their nets or with their baited hooks brave the restless waves of the "roaring forties", as mariners call the stormy latitudes in which we live, to gather for our tables the fish that live near the wave-swept shore, or far out in the surface waters or in the ocean depths.

But why does fresh fish present such a difficult problem in long-distance transportation? Because it is so good, so easily digestible. What we digest easily, as milk, is the best of food for the growth of many minute living things, that is micro-organisms; and what we would eat only in the last extremity, as leather, is pretty sure to be difficult for even bacteria to use. The good food does not last long. Microscopic forms of life, which are nearly everywhere, will use it, if nothing else does.

To preserve fish or other foods we make them less digestible. Salting or brining precipitates and alters the proteins so that they are not so readily converted by our digestive juices into a form that can be absorbed. Smoking, as in making finnan haddie or kippers, does many things to the fish, but part of its effect is a change that is similar to the tanning of hides in making leather. Even mere drying of fish has an effect, which cannot be reversed. When the dried fish takes up water in being soaked, it is less easily digested than before it was dried. It should be clearly understood that such preserved fish are not indigestible. Fresh fish, however, is more easily digested, and for the same reason it is more perishable.



What does perishable mean? That the fish changes into an undesirable state, which is mainly due to the growth of micro-organisms that use the fish for their food. The point should be stressed that unless they endanger health the changes brought about are desirable or undesirable depending merely upon the taste of the persons concerned, and, as the saying goes, "de gustibus non disputandum". A change to which one person strongly objects another may as decidedly prefer.

Micro-organisms are, like ordinary plants, of many kinds, and may be either useful, poisonous or indifferent. The invention of the microscope was necessary to discover them, and one may need a microscope of very high power to see them. Even then it is not possible to do much more by sight than classify them very roughly, as if one should separate plants into trees, bushes and grasses, but could not distinguish the many different kinds of trees from one another. The various kinds are often best distinguished by their products or by the materials upon which they will grow, as if we had to distinguish the maple-tree by the sugar it produces or the pine-tree by the fact that it grows well on sandy soil. Some of the bacteria are in the form of shorter or longer rods, and are called *Bacilli*, while others are round and called *Cocci*. Some grow singly, some in pairs, some in chains, some in sheets, and some merely in clumps or irregular masses. Some produce lactic acid from the sugar in milk, making the milk sour. Some produce alcohol from the sugar in grape-juice, converting the latter into wine. Some produce acetic acid from the alcohol in hard cider, and the latter becomes vinegar. Micro-organisms are very important in many industrial processes, besides making many desirable changes in foods. The changes may make food more digestible. It has even been considered that some bacteria are essential to animals if the latter are to be able to use their food. The so-called Bulgarian bacillus that occurs in a certain souring of

milk is used by physicians in the treatment of digestive troubles.

To return to fish, in considering the changes that take place when fish are held we must be careful to find out what the consumer prefers, just as meat and cheese are kept a varying length of time to suit the individual palate. The changes are very complex and knowledge is still far from complete. Work in recent years at the Atlantic and Pacific Experimental Stations of the Fisheries Research Board has made the situation much clearer.

The so-called "white fishes" from the sea, such as cod and haddock, have very little flavour at first, and are quite mild, too mild to suit the tastes of many, perhaps most, people. They get their name of "white fishes" from the whiteness of their flesh, which lacks the fat or oil that characterizes the more highly flavoured fish, such as salmon, herring and mackerel. All these fish may be kept, if at low temperatures, for some days, without particular change in flavour, merely becoming somewhat more tender and digestible, as with beef when similarly held. Then a rather pronounced flavour develops in them all, which is usually considered characteristic of fish—the fishy flavour. The substance chiefly responsible for this has the long name of trimethylamine, which indicates its composition. It is a derivative of *ammonia*, in which all *three* atoms of hydrogen have been replaced by the *methyl* radicle. Very little of it is required to produce a pronounced flavour and its presence does not mean that the fish has become unfit for food, much as the flavour has changed.

This substance, trimethylamine, is characteristic of sea-fish, and does not develop in fish that live in fresh water. The reason is that sea-fish alone have in their flesh the flavourless substance trimethylamine oxide (trimethylamine combined with oxygen), which is changed by the action of certain bacteria into trimethylamine with its noticeable and characteristic

odour or flavour. The bacteria, therefore, may truly be said to develop the flavour of the fish.

Very different are the fish that have cartilage or gristle rather than bone. These are the sharks, rays or skates and dogfishes, which are less commonly eaten than the so-called bony fishes. Their flesh, in addition to trimethylamine oxide, contains the substance urea in fair amount. After a time this becomes changed into ammonia, whose odour can be readily recognized when these fish have been kept some time. The really fresh fish are well liked, but few people relish the developed flavour.

Now the question for both buyer and seller of fish is—what flavour is preferred? There is not only the flavour peculiar to each kind of fish, even when cooked immediately after being caught, but also the flavour that may be developed by holding it or by treating it in various ways, for example, with salt or with smoke. If the consumer does not get the flavour he likes, he is unlikely to buy again.

But there is an aspect of the matter that is not so evident. One person may like various flavours, and may be very fond of a pronounced flavour—something that is tasty. It is generally true, however, that one will not eat much of a tasty article, nor eat it often. One soon grows tired of it, as when apprentices in the olden days tried to make sure in their articles that they would not have to eat salmon more than a certain number of times each week. I have friends who say they like mackerel very much—once a year. I have been told by canners that they cannot sell as many sardines that have been made tasty by being smoked, spiced or fried in oil, as those that have been merely steamed; also that if you open up a market for the tasty article, it may sell “like hot cakes” for a time, and then the market gradually gives out. It is the same story as for bread and cake. How much cake is eaten in comparison with bread? The main reason is not that the bread is cheaper, but that one



does not get tired of it. The mildest-flavoured fish can be eaten in largest quantity and most often, and these are the fish (particularly the so-called white fishes, such as cod and haddock) in which flavour has not been developed by preservative processes or by holding—fish in exceptionally fresh condition.

No one can say how many people would prefer to eat such mild-flavoured fish, or how large a market there would be for such an article, since it has never been regularly available. Canadians, particularly as compared with Europeans, do not eat highly flavoured foods, and may be expected to consume very much more fish when mild in flavour. The difficulties in the way of providing such an article regularly have as yet not been overcome by the trade. When they are, we may have a *per capita* consumption of fish comparable to that in countries whose population centres are close to the sea, or who eat regularly food with considerable flavour.

That fish when fresh are readily digested is the reason why they are recommended for invalids, and they are also valuable for the diet of persons with digestive troubles, but they are almost certain to be rejected if they are highly flavoured. It would be a great boon to the sick-room if mild-flavoured fish could somehow be assured for the diet.

There is another point that does not seem to be appreciated—the importance of variety in flavour in the one dish. It is perhaps best illustrated in toast. Consider the variety there is in a piece of bread freshly toasted and freshly buttered—the crisp caramelized surface; the soft, mild interior; and the melting butter on one side only. How different this is from toast kept standing, with the flavours all mixed and no distinction anywhere. As with freshly made toast, so it is with fresh fish, freshly fried; and an important element in the delicious variety of flavour is in addition to its mildness the complex composition and the many possible changes of the fish itself when in exceptionally fresh condition.

It is not only for internal variety in flavour that fish at the acme of freshness may be considered superior to preserved fish—whether dried, salted, smoked or canned—as well as to fish in which the flavour has matured on being held. Variety in flavour reflects, as has been indicated, a corresponding variety in chemical composition and some of the many substances that occur are being found very important for health—the so-called vitamins. How many of such important food-materials there are we do not know, since this field of knowledge has only begun to be developed. Nor do we know to what extent they disappear, when the fish are preserved or held, but some of them certainly do disappear. What we do know, however, is that with really fresh fish we can make at will with the appropriate treatment any one of a great variety of dishes depending upon how the fish is held or preserved, and how it is cooked. But, when these changes have occurred, we cannot get back the fresh fish with its many possibilities, except by the breeding and growth of more fish.

Eleven years ago the Fisheries Research Board, then the Biological Board, of Canada, tried an experiment in selling frozen fish. It demonstrated how frozen Atlantic sea-fish could be provided on the Toronto market in such an exceptionally fresh, mild condition as to please the most fastidious objectors to the highly flavoured article. Haddock from the coast of Nova Scotia was sold in pound cartons under the name “Ice Fillets”, half-pound cakes of solid flesh ready for the pan, to be put to cook while still frozen to ensure the freshest and mildest flavours. The demonstration was a decided success. In a year’s time thirty-five tons were sold in Toronto at prices about fifty per cent. higher than those asked for the unfrozen fillets with developed flavour. It was made clear that the public would buy such frozen fish as being of the highest quality, and that they could be made available in Toronto at the acme of freshness. Practicable as the new procedures were

shown to be, they are even yet only in part realized by the trade. Changes in practice, particularly those that involve many people, are accomplished slowly. The presence of these mild Atlantic sea-fish on the Toronto market depends on the many people concerned in handling them from the time they are taken from the ocean until they are served at the consumer's table. There are very many chances that the right procedure may not be followed.

This procedure, however, is easy to understand, difficult as it may be to carry it out on all occasions. The essential points are four: (1) that the fish shall be really fresh when it is frozen; (2) that the fish shall be frozen rapidly; (3) that the fish shall be steadily stored at a rather low and constant temperature, e.g. around zero; and (4) that the fish shall be kept frozen until about to be cooked. It is not always possible to take the fish out of the water alive, to put it promptly in ice and to keep it there only a short while before it is frozen. Rapid freezing may be technically difficult, depending upon the size of the fish, its condition, and the apparatus available. Accidents may happen to the refrigerating machinery that keeps the storage temperature low. Finally, who will say what the cook may or may not do with the fish once it has been delivered to her? One lapse in proper procedure is not fatal unless it is exereime; in fact, there may well be many small lapses. This breeds carelessness, and with the responsibility divided among all those in the handling chain from the water to the table, the blame cannot be properly placed except by careful inspection at each transfer. Simple as the matter seems to be, I see no prospect of these exceptionally fresh fish becoming regularly available in our inland cities unless the handling be under single control, whether of industry or of government, at least from the time the fish are to be frozen until they are delivered to the consumer's house.



Progress, however, is being made and this problem of handling will eventually be solved. It requires the coöperation of all that have to do with the matter—fishermen, shippers, railwaymen, wholesalers, retailers and cooks, as well as investigators and administrators. This coöperation can come only by a general understanding of what is essential. Our objective is clear and very important: to make available to dwellers far from the sea the great variety of food that the sea affords, with such possibilities in attractive flavours, necessary vitamins, and essential mineral elements.

## THE FIRST OF APRIL

BY GEOFFREY JONHSON

To-day the swards of heaven are merry;  
 It is not dew alone, but laughter  
 That shakes the whiteness of wild cherry  
 And sets the blackbirds ringing after.  
 The saints of earth who got derision  
 And stripes for their translunar dreaming,  
 The fools of all the world whose vision  
 Was set on brave impossible scheming,  
 Have somehow met and greet each other  
 Like rivers to one ocean running:  
 Saint Francis hails Columbus brother,  
 Sir Thomas More and Lamb are punning.  
 The clouds are splendour-splashed or frowning  
 In antics of divine unreason;  
 Saint Hilary leads the fools in clowning  
 And Goldsmith flutes the saintly glees on,  
 While blackbirds mimic with their laughter  
 The cries, "Who thought it would ensue, sir,  
 That we should meet such ages after?  
 A merry First to you . . . and you, sir."

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### SOME ASPECTS OF CANADA'S WAR EFFORT

BY J. A. CORRY

**B**RITISH and French organization for the war against Nazi Germany has been criticized as being suitable preparation for the last war instead of the present one. It has even been said that the British are always one war behind in terms of preparation. Whatever the element of truth in such criticisms, there has been in Canada, at any rate, a popular tendency to judge our own contribution in this war by what we did last time and to press for a similar pattern of effort in the present struggle. A good deal of the severe criticism which has been levelled at the government has been on the ground that it was either not doing what was done last time, or, if it was, it was not proceeding with the strenuous vigour of 1914-18.

The truth, of course, is that, when war broke out a year ago, it was not at all clear to anybody except the amateur strategists in what way Canada could make the most effective contribution. The supreme importance of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan was obvious from the beginning. It was obvious that, in a long war, Canada would be indispensable as a source of supplies. But until the British Government had taken the measure of its problem, it was impossible to say what kind of supplies and what quantities would be required. Indeed, it was not until Hitler's spring campaign brought the whole continent of Europe within his grasp that the character and extent of British dependence on Canada emerged clearly from the earlier confusion and uncertainty. It now seems probable that the direct military contribution of Canada will be less than it was in 1914-18. The field armies will be smaller and they will have to rely for victory on an overwhelming preponderance of machinery. With British industry menaced by

German air power and access to American industry strictly limited, Canada must become, to a much greater extent than was conceivable a year ago, the arsenal and workshop of the Empire.

Canadian participation on the economic side, therefore, is to be vastly different from that of 1914-18. Then the demand was for foodstuffs, munitions, lumber and industrial metals. Canada was the granary for the continental Allies as well as for Britain herself. Munitions meant principally shells, to the production of which existing Canadian industrial capacity was easily adapted. The principal demands for materials were met by an enormous expansion of production along just those lines in which the preceding period of economic development had ensured our capacity and efficiency. It was almost as if the great productive facilities built up with such haste in the pre-war boom had been planned with foreknowledge of the part we were to play.

Supported by British financial power, Canada had little concern with the fundamental problem of finance. Britain was able to lend to Canada in the early part of the war and also to finance most of her Canadian purchases throughout the struggle. We had no payments to meet in New York and no large need for American currency to finance war purchases in the United States. It was not necessary to control the external value of the Canadian dollar or to invoke extensive governmental action to secure the production of vital war supplies.

Thus, in 1914-18, Canada fought the war on the economic front largely by *laissez-faire* methods. The government followed a policy of credit expansion. This policy, combined with immense Allied war orders, created boom conditions. With the normal profit incentives of a free enterprise economy thus amply provided, primary production expanded along the lines desired and industrial plant was diverted to war purposes with



a minimum of government intervention. In the main, the government limited itself to trying to correct certain inevitable distortions and maladjustments as they arose. It was not until 1918, when acute shortages of vital materials were revealed, that the outlines of the planned war economy began to emerge.

We learned to our cost, however, that modern war is inconsistent with *laissez-faire*. Under the stimulus of inflation and the bidding of war industries for resources, prices rose steeply and continuously, swelling the profits of industry and commerce. The war expenditures of the government were largely financed by borrowing heavily from the recipients of these profits. No serious attempt was made to follow a "pay as you go" policy. The steep rise in the cost of living which ensued placed grave burdens on certain of the lower and fixed income groups whose income did not rise as rapidly as the cost of living. In the end we had furious indignation about profiteers and the class divisions and social unrest generated at this time manifested themselves shortly afterward in the farmer-labour political movement. A country can ill afford to fight a war with methods which bring these results.

It does not at all follow that the government of the time can be fairly condemned for following such a financial policy. Modern war spells socialism and the Canadian people who were profoundly shocked by war in 1914, had a deep distaste for socialism also. It would not have been politically possible for the government to have imposed the far-reaching controls necessary to ensure some rough equality of sacrifice. Nor would it have been administratively possible. The Canadian government lacked the detailed knowledge of the economy necessary for the operation of a planned war economy. It lacked the trained civil service vital to such an undertaking. It lacked a scientific taxation system. The Dominion had never levied an income tax before the war and it had no statis-

tics of normal profits by which to measure excess profits accurately for the purpose of taxation. The great inequalities of sacrifice which marked our participation in 1914-18 were part of the price paid for having an individualistic organization and philosophy inconsistent with modern war.

The conditions of this second German war are vastly different. To-day there are no continental allies to feed. Britain's need for foodstuffs can be met without any expansion of Canadian food production. Indeed, we are likely to be hampered by the necessity of giving artificial support to some of our food industries, the markets for which have all but completely disappeared. The demand for timber products, given adequate shipping facilities, will no doubt be comparable because access to other sources of supply have been cut off. Shells are needed in quantities but the principal emphasis has turned to aeroplanes, tanks, armoured vehicles, guns and munitions of all descriptions. Most of these require highly specialized industrial processes for their fabrication. Mass production of tanks and aeroplanes is a radically different matter than mass production of shells. Canadian industrial plants cannot be converted quickly to these uses merely by offering a good price for aeroplanes and tanks. Machine tools, delicate instruments and machinery must be secured in large quantities from the United States. Skilled labour must be diverted from other industries and trained in the new operations. Large capital expenditures must be made under risks too heavy for private enterprise to undertake on its own account. Consequently many of them must be financed directly by the government. Numerous aspects of the conversion must be assisted, planned and directed by the government.

To-day Canada has a vital role in financing the war. British financial strength is not what it was in the last war. Britain has her hands full in financing her own purchases in the United States. Canada is called upon to ease the British

position by furnishing credits for the bulk of British purchases here. Whether this is done by direct loans or by repatriating Canadian securities held by British investors makes no difference in the character of the immediate problem. Canadian dollars must be found either to make the loans or to buy the securities and these dollars must come from taxation or from the savings of the Canadian people if inflation is to be avoided.

Giving this assistance presents serious difficulties because it upsets the peacetime strategy of our external trade. The overwhelming bulk of our normal trade is with United States and Great Britain. The war has sluiced a still greater proportion of it into these channels. Before the war, we normally enjoyed a favourable balance of merchandise trade with Great Britain which could be used to correct a normally unfavourable balance of trade with the United States and also to meet heavy obligations falling due in New York from time to time. But supplying Britain with heavy credits deprives us of the sterling balances which formerly could be converted into American dollars. Moreover, in order to increase our exports of war supplies to Britain, we have to rely heavily on the import of raw materials, machinery and machine tools from the United States. Hence there is a strong tendency for imports from the United States to rise at the very time when the means to pay for them are bound to diminish. This situation can only be met by close control of the external value of the Canadian dollar and by progressive restriction of American imports of goods and services on other than war account.

In addition to finding large credits for Britain, the Dominion government has to meet its ordinary peacetime expenditures and finance the specifically Canadian war costs. It is impossible to borrow from United States or from Great Britain. That is to say, we must produce now and with our own labour and resources sufficient to maintain our civilian population, to equip and maintain our armed services and to



give Britain as yet unascertained quantities of war supplies. There is no dollar magic, no financial juggling, by which this can be done—we must actually produce these things as the war progresses. In terms of public finance, it means that the Dominion government must raise by taxation and borrowing in Canada the sums required to cover its ordinary and war expenditures and to furnish the necessary credits for Britain. But these sums must be translated back again at once into terms of production. The goods and services needed for the war must come either from increased productivity or through a diversion of industry from production for the civilian population to production for the armed forces. To put itself in funds, the government must borrow or tax away the whole increase in the national income arising from the increase in productivity and, in so far as this is not enough, it must borrow or tax sums normally spent on consumption, i.e. reduce the standard of living. While a very substantial increase in productivity is now taking place, there is no reasonable prospect that it will balance the production required for war purposes. Thus, if the war is to continue for the period which, at the time of writing, seems probable, it will not be possible to maintain the standard of living at the pre-war level.

The simplest way of holding down or reducing consumption and ensuring the government access to the large sums required is inflation. A liberal expansion of credit combined with immense war orders will draw resources away from the consumers' goods industries and the growing national income generated by this increased activity will bid up the price of the declining volume of consumers' goods. This procedure accomplishes the desired reduction in the real purchasing power of the masses of the people. The real income taken from them in this way is automatically diverted into the hands of those who profit by brisk trade at constantly rising prices. The government can then tap these accumulations, to some

degree, by income tax and excess profits tax but, to a greater degree, by borrowing. This borrowing creates a legacy of interest payments levied on the rest of society for the beneficiaries of the inflationary war boom. The disastrous long-term social effects of this simple method of financing are almost incalculable. Next to war, inflation is probably the worst enemy of a democratic society.

Inflation in the first war had serious disruptive consequences and it would have much worse results in the second. The Canadian economy is much less flexible and more intricate than it was twenty-five years ago. The internal strains from which it suffers even in peacetime have been abundantly exposed in the Report of The Rowell-Sirois Commission. The intensifying of these strains now will exact a high price in sectional and class bitterness at a later date.

The two wartime budgets already brought down show that the government deems it imperative not to repeat the financial policy of 1914-18. It must be recognized, however, that the alternative it has been compelled to adopt is immensely more difficult of execution. Through a skilfully devised taxation system and the encouragement of voluntary saving, the government must achieve two ends. It must get the money it needs and, at the same time, cut the purchasing power of the bulk of the population sufficiently to prevent a general rise in prices. A stiff excess profits tax has an important place in such a programme. But the principal reliance must be placed on judicious increases in the personal income tax, particularly in the lower and middle brackets, to divert a large volume of purchasing power to the war purposes of the government. It is also supremely important that the mass of people should be persuaded to save considerable portions of income ordinarily spent on current consumption and to invest these savings with the government. To the extent that these objectives are

reached, we can prevent the war from contributing to a maldistribution of wealth and income.

Effective pursuit of a financial policy which will avoid inflation makes heavy demands on a government. Much—but not too much—must be taken by excess profits tax. The personal income tax must be nicely calculated to take the right amounts from the right people. The government must find courage to make us squirm by heavy taxation and the capacity to inspire a rather easy-going people to deny themselves and lend a multitude of small savings to the war fund. It will fail if all it can do is to persuade the well-to-do to direct their savings into government loans. It will fail if it has to rely on self-denial by that portion of the population which is now getting more than a bare subsistence for the first time in ten years. Its financial policy deserves to succeed but the chances of success depend greatly on its ability to persuade the great majority of Canadians who have enjoyed a modest but adequate standard of living in the past to put progressive restrictions on their consumption as the volume of war production and income rises. Sacrifices that hurt everybody are a necessary part of this war if democratic government is to continue.

Nor is this all. A war of this character dislocates domestic as well as foreign trade. Even in the early stages of the economic campaign, some supervision of the distribution of commodities is necessary to hold down advances in prices, stimulated by temporary or artificially created shortages. The government must act to stop hoarding induced by panic, to expedite the release of supplies into the market and to prevent traders from taking advantage of delay and confusion. The later stages, when production for war purposes approaches its peak, civilian demand is almost certain to exceed civilian supply. If a steep rise in the cost of living is to be prevented the government must be prepared to fix prices and then to ration the available supply of scarce commodities fairly among



the people. Price fixing is always extremely difficult and the problems of a rationing system in a country as large as Canada are formidable. Fortunately, from this point of view, Canada is unlikely to suffer any shortage of basic foodstuffs. But shortages will appear in the necessities of life and the government must be prepared for extensive regulation if civilian morale is not to be damaged by runaway prices. From every point of view, Canadian financial policy in the second war is much more intricate and calls for much more forethought and drastic action than in the first war.

As already indicated, not only the financial, but every other, aspect of the war effort demands more planning, control and co-ordination by the government than in 1914-18. Further illustration of this truth is perhaps needless but confirmation crops up in the most unexpected places. In 1914-18, the main concern of the government with food production was to urge people to grow more and more. Now Ottawa is cluttered up with surplus wheat, apples and lobsters and burdened with the problem of giving support to industries whose markets have been suddenly cut off. In a totalitarian war, the government directs everybody and therefore has to take the responsibility for everybody. Already, within a year after the outbreak of war, we are closer to the planned war economy than we were in 1918.

Fortunately, the Dominion government is in a much better position to give sustained intelligent direction and to apply comprehensive control in this war than in the last one. The Canadian civil service may still leave a good deal to be desired but it is far stronger than it was twenty-five years ago. After twenty years of growing government intervention in economic matters, much essential knowledge about the Canadian economy is available and numerous techniques of regulation have been worked out. We are still far from having a scientific taxation system but we have had over twenty-five

years' experience in levying an income tax and the necessary statistics for administering an excess profits tax with reasonable efficiency are at hand. Finally, while our experience in the first war does not tell us what to do in this one, it underlines certain things we ought not to do.

It is too early to attempt an estimate of the war effort. We are in the midst of an accelerating transformation of Canadian industry for the purposes of war. Idle labour and resources are rapidly being put to work. The government has received from Parliament all the powers necessary for full economic mobilization under its direction. It is in the driver's seat and the place where we arrive and the speed at which we go depend largely on the vigour and skill it can bring to the task. The nature of the problems it must face have been outlined. The relationship of the government's activities to these problems can be indicated briefly.

On the financial side, very substantial increases in taxation have been imposed. Steps are being taken to encourage everyone to share in lending the sums which must be borrowed. The immediate justification of the unemployment insurance scheme is that it provides for a measure of forced saving by those who come within its terms. About \$100 millions of Canadian securities held in Great Britain have already been repatriated, amounting in effect to a loan of that amount. The far-reaching activities of The Foreign Exchange Control Board are designed to husband our reserves of American currency. Increases in import duties, the War Exchange Tax and restrictions on foreign travel are designed to cut American imports on other than war account.

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board was established at the outset of the war with full power to control the cost of living, if necessary. Generally speaking, adequate supplies of commodities have made it unnecessary to fix prices or to prosecute profiteers. A few prices have been fixed temporarily.

ily and some individuals were prosecuted during the first few months of the war. For special reasons, extensive control is being exercised over the supply and distribution of hides and leather, wool, sugar and coal. In the main, however, the Board has concentrated on the study of current trends in prices, available sources of supply and the means of bringing these supplies to the market. Assuming that inflation can be avoided by the financial policy, these methods will suffice to prevent any substantial upswing in prices until actual shortages of commodities are met. The powers to fix prices and ration distribution are being held in reserve against that day.

In the first month of the war, an Agricultural Supplies Board was set up to direct the production, distribution and conservation of agricultural products. At that time, we anticipated a demand for foodstuffs on the scale of the first war. That now seem unlikely and it affects the emphasis of the activities of the Board. The Board has had the responsibility of ensuring our ability to meet British demands for bacon and dairy products. It has circumvented shortages in such things as seed, fertilizers and insecticides. It has used its authority to relieve genuine shortages of fibre flax, sorely needed by Britain. But its most pressing problem to date has been to find ways and means of dealing with surpluses and assisting producers whose markets have disappeared.

Two entirely new departments of government have been created. The Department of War Services, under whose direction National Registration has just been completed, is to tackle the important jobs of co-ordinating the voluntary war activities of citizens and streamlining the public information service. The principal present task of the Department of Munitions and Supply is that of sole purchasing agent of the government for war purposes. In addition to buying for the needs of the Canadian armed forces, all Canadian orders of the British Supply Board are placed by the Department. It



also has the heavy duty of seeing to it that Canadian industry will be able to meet present and prospective demand. To this end, it is financing plant expansion, building factories of its own and buying the equipment needed for war production. This, in turn, may not be enough to secure speedy action and the Department has power to do whatever may be necessary to put industry on a war footing. Controllers have already been appointed for the timber, metal, oil, electric power, machine tool and steel industries to control available supply and to ensure the war industries priority of access. Six independent public corporations on the model of the Canadian National Railways have been set up to concentrate on different aspects of the supply problem, so vital in a mechanized war.

Other Boards have been set up to regulate labour supply, shipping and transportation facilities. With this organization and the whole-hearted efforts of the Canadian people, the economy is moving rapidly towards full employment of labour and resources. Until this point is reached, no really serious hitches in the developing war effort are to be expected. The different divisions of the Department of Supply and the various war boards and agencies can go forward at their own jobs with relatively little co-ordination. But when this point is reached and passed, the problem of overhead co-ordination of all energies will become crucial. The inevitable shortages of skilled labour and vital materials will appear—are already beginning to appear. Resources will then have to be allotted so as to give the maximum war potential by someone who knows how the maximum is to be achieved. Not only will priorities which hurt many industries have to be established but each decision will have to be related to financial policy, to wage policy and price policy. Otherwise the vast energies released will lose direction and be frustrated by cross-purposes.

This is the ultimate perplexity of the planned war economy. At present, the Wartime Industries Control Board,

composed of the controllers appointed for half a dozen industries, effects some co-ordination within the sphere of the Department of Supply. An Advisory Committee on Economic Policy, composed of senior civil servants and representatives of the special war Boards, is charged with the integration of economic and financial policy. This, however, is only an advisory body. The power of over-all co-ordination rests with the Cabinet but the mounting burden of departmental work is likely to leave little time or energy for this task. In view of the enormous powers the co-ordinator must possess and the number of toes that, unfortunately, must be tramped on, it seems probable that a small inner War Cabinet free from departmental duties, is the only satisfactory organization for the purpose. The economic campaign in this war must be fought under the centralized direction. Effective co-ordination is the key to success. We must realize, at our peril, why *Gleichschaltung* was such an important word in the Nazi vocabulary when they were building the war economy.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### HISTORY AND POLITICS

#### CANADA, THE UNITED STATES AND THE EMPIRE

**CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM.** By John MacCormac. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. 287. \$3.00.

**THE MINGLING OF THE CANADIAN AND AMERICAN PEOPLES.** Vol. I, HISTORICAL. By the late Marcus Lee Hansen. Completed and prepared for publication by John Bartlet Brebner. (The Relations of Canada and the United States: A series prepared under the direction of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History.) Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. xxi+274. \$3.50.

**GOOD NEIGHBOURS.** By Lawrence J. Burpee. (The Contemporary Affairs Series. No. 4. Issued by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.) Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. 30. 25 cents.

**THE BRITISH EMPIRE: ITS STRUCTURE, ITS UNITY, ITS STRENGTH.** By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. Pp. ix+263. \$2.25.

**EMPIRE ON THE SEVEN SEAS: THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1784-1939.** By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. Pp. xi+391. \$3.50.

We all take fewer things for granted to-day than we thought we could afford to do even a few months ago. One of the things that in the past our American neighbours have been most prone to take for granted is Canada. This Dominion is one of the United States best customers and regularly sells it more than any other country, but till recently hardly any other has received less attention from the American press and people. Now it is dawning upon them that they cannot afford to take Canada for granted: they must take her seriously into account. The Government at Washington has shown its recognition of this by sending one of its top career diplomats as its minister to Ottawa, instead of continuing to treat that post as a political plum.

To meet this new American interest in Canada, in Canadian institutions, and in Canadian policies, John MacCormac, a Canadian who was recently the *New York Times* correspondent in Ottawa, has written *Canada: America's Problem*. He insists that the United States is inevitably affected in growing measure by Canada's unique position, which combines a situation as a close



North American neighbour, with a membership in the British Commonwealth reflecting both her political tradition and her large dependence upon economic relationships outside the Americas. Aside from any other factors that might foil American hopes for continental isolation, Canada's present acceptance of extra-American responsibilities would itself prevent an American policy of complete isolation. The war will enhance Canada's importance in relation to Britain, and thereby will vitally affect her relations with the United States.

In lively style Mr. MacCormac describes Canada's political set-up, sketches the growth of the Canadian system, and pictures the country, its resources, and its economic and cultural life as they are to-day. Strict and comprehensive definition of Canada's constitutional position baffles constitutional lawyers, who still, at any rate, disagree. Such matters, and some others, are necessarily handled here superficially, and experts will not at all points be satisfied. The general reader, however, if he reads the whole book, and qualifies the earlier treatment of constitutional questions and policy concerning them in the light of the author's later conclusions, will find himself on balance considerably enlightened.

Isolationism for Canada has been proved, the author thinks, a mistaken policy. Yet he seems to overrate the significance of the official trend towards it in the years prior to the war. It turned out to be less a fundamental national tendency than an Ottawa aberration in line with a negative Utopianism dreamed aloud by cloistered academics. Out of line with the larger facts of a real world or the deeper drift of events it deserves the author's characterization as an "ostrich policy". Nevertheless, perhaps there was a stage when it contributed more to preserve the internal unity of the nation in an era of sectional disgruntlements than the author suggests. That is its only valid defence, if it has any.

Like many others, Mr. MacCormac has failed to recognize the abandonment of isolation by Mr. King's Government many months before the war began. He quotes from the prime minister's utterances in the spring of 1939 words which, out of their context, seem to support the view that isolation was still a hoped-for goal. As a matter of fact, if the Munich agreement had not postponed war in September of 1938, it is commonly known that the Canadian cabinet would then have announced a policy of participation. And in the debate of the following spring, despite the circumlocutions and qualifications that marked the prime minister's speech, there is no ambiguity on the central issue if one takes with it, as was intended, the accompanying speech of Mr. Lapointe. Active Canadian participation in the approaching struggle was then forecast as the Government's policy, and there is good reason to hold that the position then taken was believed by the Government to represent the prevailing view of the Canadian people.

Events since May of this year make parts of the author's discussion no longer applicable. He would hardly now indulge in some of his hair-splitting about the significance of the manner of Canada's entrance into the war. Nor would he now assume that Canada was any longer committed to a policy of strictly limited participation. Neither would he, probably, be now so complacent about the adequacy of the Monroe Doctrine, or of some hemisphere pact, to protect Canada whatever the outcome of the war. Subject, however, to such qualifications, largely inevitable in a work written so much to meet the moment's need, the volume will fill its purpose well. It deserves reading as an analysis of Canadian conditions, resources, and prospects, along with its review of the origins of our present system and the record of Canadian-American relations. The part of French Canada in the national life is admirably sketched.

Whatever the divergences of national interests and policy, these two countries have certainly shared in important respects a common continental life. This is, indeed, even more true of Canada and the United States than it is of the countries of western Europe with their great common heritage, with the possible exception of the Scandinavian group of nations. The series of studies on the relations of Canada and the United States, in course of issue by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace under the general editorship of Dr. James T. Shotwell, is making remarkably clearer our view of the shared aspects as well as the divergent elements of our past and present life. Till now we have had no comprehensive picture of the way in which the two national stocks have participated in a continental movement of population affecting the settlement of both countries. The late Professor Marcus Hansen, a specialist in the history of American immigration, undertook such a study for the Carnegie series, notwithstanding the skepticism of some specialists as to whether adequate materials for it existed. By wide and skilled research he and his assistants did find the materials, and at the time of his death most of his book was drafted. Professor Brebner has done faithfully and well the work that was still necessary to complete it for publication.

The volume as it stands is a basic contribution to the social history of this continent. It is a fascinating story, as readable as it is significant for all readers with an interest in how Canada has been shaped and in Canadian-American relations. It throws, too, considerable light on the making of the American people. In following the course of cross-border movements of population, many a chapter in Canadian settlement is here illumined. Americans moved to Nova Scotia before the Revolutionary War, and to all the old provinces during and after that conflict. After Confederation their largest movement northwards across the border was to



the prairies, but some also came to other regions, particularly with the establishment of branch industries and the development of northern mines. Waves of English-Canadians at various periods moved to New England and New York, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast, and recent times saw a continuous dribble of persons with special education and skills for whom there were sufficient openings only in the larger community. From New France in colonial days went settlers to Illinois and Louisiana, and in the nineteenth century French-Canadians drifted into the states west of the Great Lakes and swarmed into the expanding mill-towns of New England. As all these movements are traced their character is revealed, and they are linked in causes and results with changing circumstances.

The movement of population both ways across the border has more significance for Canada than for the United States. The Dominion Statistician reported in 1937: "If we count all of Canadian stock, perhaps a third of us are south of the line, whilst certainly not more than one per cent of the Americans are north." Obviously this situation provides personal and family cross-border associations for a vastly larger proportion of the Canadian people than of the American. It furnishes one explanation of the disparity between the popular knowledge of one another that is to be found on the two sides of the border. It is nevertheless appropriate that in his foreword Professor Brebner remarks: "Excellent as the reasons may be for warm American loyalty to the United States and equally warm allegiance to Canada on the part of the present generation, these sentiments should never be allowed to exclude an equally justifiable pride in descent from the mingled peoples of the past who created the common North American heritage." Though extensive cross-border migration is no longer encouraged or indeed permitted, the wide mingling of stocks in the past is surely one good basis of hope for permanently amicable relations marked by mutual respect between our two nations.

Another basis of such hope is the unique experiment that is the International Joint Commission, set up as long ago as 1909 by Ottawa and Washington and still going successfully. It is a final court for settling many questions concerning boundary waters; an investigating body for others; and in certain cases it has administrative functions. There is also a provision for its becoming a court of final jurisdiction for any question of any nature arising in either country and involving rights, obligations or interests of either in relation to the other, that may be formally referred to it by both governments with the approval of the United States Senate. Although this last provision has not yet been made use of, the Commission has a distinguished record of accomplishment in matters large and small. Its unbroken success is a good omen, and an even more happy portent is the fact that in its make-up



and in its procedure the two governments co-operate on a footing of complete equality. The Canadian secretary of the Commission has written, under the title of *Good Neighbours*, so especially well-earned in this connection, an attractive sketch of the Commission and its work, with the story of some of its more interesting cases and a description of our famous international boundary. To-day Canadians have more reason than ever to make themselves familiar with the character of this international body, for the future may well prove it a model along whose lines our two nations can provide instruments for handling various types of common interests on a basis of mutual respect and equal jurisdiction. This sort of co-operation can be obtained without jeopardizing for either country its other external associations in any direction.

To-day Canadians are less than ever likely to forget that they have other essential associations besides those with the United States. The values of membership in the British Commonwealth, and our need of its survival, have been made more apparent by the threat to its existence. A senior Canadian economist, who fortunately also wields one of this continent's lightest pens, and an American historian pre-eminent in the art of presenting scholarly history in popular fashion, have each recently devoted a volume to the British Empire. Professor Leacock mingles geography and history, economics and politics, seriousness and whimsicality, in a book that, before you know it, has given you in small compass an astonishing wealth of information and understanding. Mr. Adams writes of the Empire's history with frank sympathy, seeing its growth and its problems since the American Revolution as part of a rapidly changing world picture. Arguing that among the great powers there is none to whom his own country can turn "with more understanding or more hope of being understood", he seeks to help his countrymen to a truer appreciation of the Empire whose history has touched America's at almost every point and whose greatest Dominion is America's next-door neighbour.

Both these writers agree that the destruction of the Empire would be calamitous. "Different peoples," concludes Mr. Adams, "may have different ideals of government, but for those who have been accustomed to freedom of person and of spirit, the possible overthrow of the British Empire would be a catastrophe scarcely thinkable. Not only would it leave a vacuum over a quarter of the globe into which all the wild winds of anarchy, despotism and spiritual oppression could rush, but the strongest bulwark outside ourselves for our own safety and freedom would have been destroyed." North America's paramount need for that bulwark has become clearer to-day in consequence of events since May. It is more obvious now than it has formerly been to some, that good relations between Canada and the United States, no matter how close or indeed integral they might become, could not suffice to

preserve for either of us the essentials of that free life which has been possible during the years when Britain, herself in the van of progress towards larger freedoms, has guarded the world's seaways for us both. Hard events have made it unmistakably sure that there is not a chance in the world of its preservation for us if Britain goes down. But Mr. Adams also says, writing months ago, "If the muddling of the past decade is British, even more so, and more indicative of what the future may hold, is the calm but grimly quiet way in which the men and women of the whole Empire have accepted what they know may be the most terrible experience in the history of the race." There speaks understanding friendship.

R. G. T.

### ECONOMICS AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

CANADIANS IN AND OUT OF WORK. By L. C. Marsh. A survey of economic classes and their relation to the labour market. Published for McGill University by the Oxford University Press, 1940. Pp. 503. \$3.00.

It is fortunate that in recent years there has been much intensive study of the Canadian economy and its problems from the point of view of the social sciences. The McGill University social research committee has already published a series of important volumes studying various aspects of the problem of unemployment, which it has chosen as the particular object of its investigations. This study by the director of this research work is a more general investigation into the underlying aspects of the labour market which condition the incidence and size of unemployment in Canada.

In Part I the author investigates the "occupational structure" of the "working population" of Canada on the basis of detailed data provided by the last Dominion census, 1930-1931. Workers are classified into nine economic groups representatives of most of which will be found in every industry but between which the movement of workers is much less than is commonly believed. Of movement between the various regions and industries in Canada there is a great deal; but very few, relatively, of the children of the most numerous economic groups, "wage workers" and "farmers", ever move into the "higher and middle status groups."

The reason for this is simple. The returns to "wage earners" and "farmers" are too small to permit them to finance the education for their children required to fit them for the tasks of a higher economic group. Each group therefore provides most of its own supply of labour. As there is consequently a small amount of competition in the upper classes from the children of the more numerous classes, the supply of labour in the higher groups is kept

low enough to prevent the returns to the business and professional classes from being reduced greatly.

This social and economic class structure, Marsh finds to be as clear-cut in Canada as in older countries; it underlies the regional, racial and religious differences to which we commonly pay so much more attention. The second part of the volume is devoted to the establishment of this important conclusion. In Canada moreover the social structure is relatively heavy in the ranks of the semi-skilled workers, the unskilled workers and farmers. From the farms the flow of untrained labour to the labour markets of the towns in times of prosperity is very great; and in depression, despite the return of many of these workers to the country, the problem of unemployment is made more difficult than in other countries where the workers with little skill form a smaller proportion of the total supply of labour. The significance of this Canadian peculiarity is elaborated in the third part of the volume.

The final part is devoted to an attempt to answer the crucial question, "What can be done about it?" If the class structure is to be allowed to harden with these relatively large numbers in the lower groups, the working of the Canadian economy will be more erratic and its political stability less than it might be otherwise. Further industrialization affords no automatic assurance that this situation will be corrected. No one factor impedes the working of modern capitalism more perhaps than the incomplete use of the abilities of the people. Because of their numbers, persons with more than average capacity must appear most frequently in the ranks of those lower classes whose educational opportunities are restricted. If free institutions are to survive equality of educational opportunity must be made a reality. Because of the fact of the relative preponderance of those with restricted educational opportunity in Canada, the problem is greater and more urgent with us. Unfortunately we have done less about it than either Great Britain or the United States.

Educationists as well as other social scientists will need to give much thought to these and other aspects of the supply of labour in Canada which are ably and objectively discussed in this volume. Their implications reach far in our national life. The framers of national policy will need to bear them constantly in mind both during and after the war.

**HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR.** By John Maynard Keynes. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1940. Pp. 88.

In this pamphlet, published early this year, Mr. Keynes, the world-renowned British economist, sets forth in greater detail than ever before the proposals for the proper financing of the war which he has set forth on several occasions since it began. His



suggestions are based on a type of economic analysis developed since the last war as to the validity of which economists are unanimous. Governments can no longer take shelter behind the supposed inability of economists to agree upon a programme to meet a national emergency.

The point of the argument is simple even though governments are apparently finding its implications none too palatable. The last war was financed by methods that brought drastic inflation of the cost of living, gross inequality in the distribution of the sacrifices involved and post-war currency dislocations which almost brought European civilization to collapse. The reason for this inflation of prices lies in the fact that the full employment of the national labour force greatly increased the volume of wages paid to workers while the physical volume of consumption goods upon which this enlarged income might be spent was restricted to enable munitions to be made instead. As a result prices of consumption goods rose. The level of taxation imposed, high though it was, did not restrict the purchasing power of the population in proportion to the actual restriction in the volume of things to be purchased. Only if this is done now will inflation of prices be avoided this time.

Mr. Keynes therefore suggests that the situation be recognized frankly. Let the government take from the people enough of their incomes to prevent them spending so much in the market for consumption goods that prices must rise. Part of the amounts so taken he would regard as taxes but the larger part would be deposited in savings banks or other places in accounts from which the owners might not make any withdrawal till after the war. Were the amounts so taken from the people adequate, the cost of living need not rise generally, the cost of manufacturing munitions would then be less and the ultimate dislocation of currencies would be prevented. When munitions manufacture slows down after the war, people would be permitted to draw on their bank balances and the demand for consumption goods would be so increased that post-war unemployment would be mitigated if not prevented altogether.

To this basic suggestion, Mr. Keynes adds many others designed to equalize the burden of the sacrifices which must inevitably be borne by the working classes in a major war. Some of these would permit these workers who have borne already a heavy burden of sacrifice imposed on them by the great depression actually to improve their standards of living somewhat. Allowances for size of family and other inequalities are also suggested. But the basic necessity for a universal sacrifice is kept in mind throughout his analysis.

It is to be hoped that this book will be widely read in Canada. There seems to be a common view that the rich can be made to pay

the real costs of war. They cannot. Nor is the situation much improved when, as in the last Canadian budget, the net is widened to include the middle class. It must be cast wider still. Fortunately a beginning has been made in the wage tax but if it is to effect the restriction really demanded it must be made heavier and more inclusive.

F. A. K.

#### CANADIAN INVESTMENT AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Edited by J. F. Parkinson. Toronto: 1940. Pp. ix+292.

This volume for the most part contains the material presented in two lecture series given at the University of Toronto under the joint auspices of the Department of Political Economy and the Department of University Extension. There are also some contributions by members of the Toronto group of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. The volume is divided into two parts, the first consisting of nine lectures on the general topic of foreign exchange and the second of fourteen lectures on Canadian Investment problems. The various contributors are well-known figures in the academic or financial field in Canada and there has obviously been thought given to the proper weighting of the material between these two fields. Because of this forethought the volume is a success in that the reader has the necessary economic theory expounded in such a way that he can quickly and profitably cover the very informative material on Canadian financial institutions.

The studies in Canadian investment include institutional studies by successful practitioners in the various fields of investment activity. These are informative and useful and were very much worth gathering together. In the foreign exchange studies there are similar contributions by the practitioners along with as good an account as the necessary secrecy permits of the operations of the Foreign Exchange Control Board.

Lifting the volume above the level of good financial journalism attained in the descriptive parts of the volume are some contributions by some of the University of Toronto economists. Included in these contributions are excellent brief discussions of Canada's international accounts, the gold standard, the Bank of Canada, international adjustment mechanism and recent tendencies in Canadian investment. It is to these contributions that the serious student will find himself returning with profit.

It is interesting to observe how a problem which has been concerning theorists for some time and more recently even the politicians in Washington has forced itself upon the attention of these Canadian economists. The problem is whether the institutions of capitalism can continue to function once the rate of economic expansion to which we have been accustomed has begun to decline. This decrease in the rate of expansion is now upon us



and the question is vitally important. At first glance there seems no reason why these institutions should not continue to function but closer study reveals some interesting possibilities. Speaking of the retirement of foreign-owned Canadian securities over the last seven years Professor Parkinson comments: "It is probably significant that a North American country should find it necessary to use its domestic savings and international surpluses to redeem its foreign debts." Professor MacGregor in discussing trends in Canadian investment says: "To the investment expert of an insurance company, an orderly, secure, and improving world would be one in which every investment fulfilled the expectations of its originators in which depreciation and amortization were always covered, and in which accumulations compounded neatly at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or 5 per cent. To the economist such a process is technically impossible in the economic system as a whole, unless the national income grows at an approximately equal rate." Professor Plumptre in discussing the disappearance of the gold standard explains it as associated definitely with the decline of laissez-faire practices of capitalism and says that the standard could not function where the "fine careless rapture of laissez-faire was lacking". Both the gold standard and this fine careless rapture were characteristic of a period of economic expansion and it is significant that they both disappeared when the expansion ceased. And to retreat now from government intervention and control could not possibly recall the rapture of which the professor speaks. Laissez-faire worked because things were expanding and things did not expand merely because we had laissez-faire institutions. They expanded for reasons which lie deep in the history of economic development and that a discussion such as this is taking place at all in Canada marks a significant change in our economic weather.

There is no attempt outside of the chapters on the Foreign Exchange Control Board to discuss the problem of war finance but anyone wishing to understand what is involved in an intelligent approach to that problem cannot overlook the discussions in this volume. The general reader will find the volume very manageable and the more serious reader will find some promising avenues of inquiry suggested.

R. McQ.

**WAGE SETTING BASED ON JOB ANALYSIS AND EVALUATION.** By C. Canby Balderston. Published by Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., New York, 1940. Pp. 70. \$1.00.

"A fair day's pay for a fair day's work", "equal pay for equal work", "prevailing wages"—these are common phrases. The principles they suggest are generally accepted by employers and employees. But in spite of their desire to pay "fair wages" the majority of companies have no systematic programme of wage determination, and as a consequence their wage structures are



replete with strange and unreasonable inconsistencies and discrepancies.

Recent legislation for the regulation of wages and the extension of wage negotiations through collective bargaining have prompted United States employers to rationalize their wage policies. Job analysis—a comprehensive classification that seeks to divide jobs into groups according to the degree of responsibility, education, experience, initiative, and other important characteristics required to perform the functions involved—is being resorted to as a substitute for former methods. Such a classification is made the basis for setting an appropriate rate or rate range for each job.

Professor Balderston in this monograph reviews the techniques of job analysis and appraises them in terms of good industrial relations policy. As the foreword states, “the primary purpose of the study is to serve as a practical aid to industrial relations executives, union officials, and others immediately concerned with wage setting by means of job analysis and evaluation.” After dealing with definitions and descriptions of procedures, the author discusses the problems involved in planning a job analysis project, the actual steps necessary to an analysis of both hourly-rated and salaried work and the application of the rate schedule growing out of an analysis project. Finally, he considers certain limitations on the use of job analysis at the present stage of its development.

Lest the reader conclude that wage setting is primarily a statistical problem to be managed in a cold, impersonal manner, in the concluding paragraph Professor Balderston calls attention to the truism that all labour has a human source in these words: “The problem involves both economic and human considerations: the former because a firm must remain competitive in order to survive: the latter because human beings who provide the labour are influenced tremendously by their emotional reactions. Workers are well aware of the measure of fairness with which their wage rates are determined. Therefore, unless wage setting receives intelligent and systematic attention of management, the personnel programme is weak at its very heart.”

The study is an excellent one and achieves its primary purpose to perfection. J. C. C.

**JOCASTA'S CRIME.** By Lord Raglan. London: C. A. Watts and Co. 1940. Pp. xi+149. 1s. 3d.

In the story of Oedipus, “Jocasta’s action in marrying her son is regarded as a crime, that can be expiated only by her death. Why was it so regarded?” In this little book Lord Raglan attempts to account for the incest taboo. He does so by a consideration of theories and a detailed study of magic and taboo. The great differences that prevail among primitive peoples as regards

customs and beliefs make this study very difficult. The author admits in the preface that he has changed his views in part since he wrote the book.

It may well be that anthropological knowledge cannot solve this problem and that a more fruitful approach lies in biological research. It is apparent that Lord Raglan is not conversant with modern genetics. When he quotes the geneticist as saying that inbreeding is not harmful he lays himself open to the charge of not having read the next paragraph, because all geneticists are well aware that the results of inbreeding in a stock which has not already been subjected to it are often harmful. Indeed the most important single eugenic measure that could be proposed would be to prevent marriage of close relatives.

Lord Raglan comes to the conclusion that the explanation of the incest taboo is to be found in compromises between two ancient beliefs—that it is dangerous to have intercourse with a woman who lives on the same side of a stream, and that in order to ensure survival after his death, a man must marry his sister. Modern biology would suggest that inbreeding has been tabooed because its results have been found to be bad. R. O. E.

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. BONAVENTURE. By Etienne Gilson. Sheed & Ward. 18s.

A COMPEND OF CALVIN'S INSTITUTES. Edited by H. T. Kerr, Jr. Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. (Westminster Press).

THE NEW ENGLAND MIND. By Perry Miller. Macmillans. 19s.

CHRISTIAN NEWS-LETTER BOOKS: *The Resurrection of Christendom*, by J. H. Oldham; *Europe in Travail*, by J. Middleton Murry; *Education and Social Change*, by F. Clarke; *The Message of the World-wide Church*, by W. Paton; *Christianity and Justice*, by O. C. Quick, Sheldon Press, 1s. each.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON EUROPE. By Alec R. Vidler, Longmans. 4 shillings.

THE CHRISTIAN REMEDY. By T. Edmunds. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEACE. By D. R. Davies. Nisbet. 6d. By Pope Pius XII: *Summi Pontificatus*, The Catholic Mind, No. 885, 5c. *Sertum Laetitiae*, The Catholic Mind, No. 886, 5c.; or Catholic Truth Society pamphlet, No. 152, 2d. *In Questo Giorno*, The Catholic Mind, No. 889, 5c.; Catholic Truth Society pamphlets, No. S. 153, 2d. *Statement of American Hierarchy*, Catholic Mind, No. 893, 5c.

There is widespread revolt against the philosophical movement which, taking its rise from Descartes, has for centuries modified and dominated Western thought. The result has been a return to mediæval studies. Protestantism arose at the time of the deepest corruption of the Western Church, and Protestants in the violence of their reaction have been wont to throw over or neglect all the rich treasury of mediæval thought and devotion of which they might claim to be as much the heirs as the post-Tridentine Roman Church.

Only the piteous appeals of St. Bonaventure saved him in his day from becoming Archbishop of York. The cardinal's hat which was ultimately sent to him found him in the kitchen washing the dishes and quite unwilling to receive it till this "chore" was done. He is known to us by his title of "the seraphic doctor" and is regarded somewhat askance by those who have studied and loved Sabatier's famous life of St. Francis of Assisi. His works have been edited in recent years, but one only, the *Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*, has been translated into English. While Thomist studies have advanced, St. Bonaventure has been relatively neglected. We therefore owe the warmest welcome to this exposition by Dr. Gilson. It is no mere text-book epitomizing the teaching of the saint; it is an expository and critical study differing widely in its interpretation from the glosses of the Quaracchi edition of the works. It is as interesting reading as this kind of literature can be: Christian heads will be much enriched by an exposition of the flower of Augustinian thought, and Christian hearts edified by the glowing faith and truly seraphical exaltation of the saint.

The Cartesian philosophy has done much to disrupt Protestant thought in the course of time; it is natural and right that neo-Thomism should be balanced and supplemented by Neo-Calvinism. But the *Institutes* is a somewhat forbidding work for the beginner and not easily obtainable by the indigent. It is a very happy thing, therefore, that Dr. Kerr has given us this admirable abbreviated edition of the *Institutes* in English. He has taken his selection of passages from the 7th edition of John Allen's translation published in 1936. If a lover of Calvin misses passages that he would gladly have seen reprinted, there will be general agreement that Dr. Kerr has done a difficult and most useful task with skill and judgment. Henceforward the thought of Calvin is available for all.

Professor Perry Miller of Harvard affords us a massive, learned and very readable study of New England Puritanism in the seventeenth century. He rightly describes Puritan piety as Augustinian: "I call it Augustinian simply because Augustine is the arch-exemplar of a religious frame of mind of which Puritanism is only one instance out of many in fifteen hundred years of religious history." It is interesting and surprising to learn that "though Puritanism appears in history as an episode in the life of



Protestantism, and though the creed professed in New England is described to-day by the adjective Calvinist, New Englanders themselves did not go directly to Luther or Calvin for the articles of their persuasion. They studied the reformers less than they did a score or more later formulators of Protestant opinion and less than they did Augustine himself".

It might seem a far cry from the ecstatic Bonaventure to the supposedly dour Puritans, but those who know the letters of Samuel Rutherford or the poetry of Isaac Watts will judge otherwise; or consider this from one of the New England preachers: "The Communion the Saints have with God in his Ordinances here: Oh how sweet it is . . . The World knows not, nor can they well express the sweet incomes they have; the heart-raising, yea, ravishing Communion, the Quicknings, Gracious Breathings, the Comforts they meet with in Prayer, sometimes in Hearing the Word . . . in Meditation . . . in gracious Spiritual Conference . . . in the Sacrament of the Supper, where they are refreshed as with new Wine. Why, if dark glimpses through these glasses of the Ordinances be so sweet and glorious . . . what then will the sight face to face be?" St. Bonaventure lived the life of Franciscan poverty; if the asceticism of the Puritans was different, it may not have been easier: "You must not think to goe to heaven on a feather-bed; if you will be Christs disciples, you must take up his Crosse, & it will make you sweat."

We are apt to think of the Puritans as prolix expositors of the Word of God and as having little respect for the natural reason and the humanities. Professor Miller indicates that in fact they were Augustinian in their attitude to the natural reason. "The light of pure reason, said John Norton, is 'an effect proceeding from the Word', but man, endowed with no more of it than remains in him after the fall, is in virtual darkness." Yet the Puritans had a philosophy of their own which, more especially in New England, can be studied by itself. "The intellectual content of Puritanism can be traced in the main to four principal sources. One was European Protestantism, the reinterpretation of the whole Christian tradition effected by the reformers. Secondly, because at the time of the settlement in New England Protestantism was already undergoing transformations, we must consider certain peculiarly seventeenth-century preoccupations and interests. Thirdly, there was humanism, the stimulus and the challenge of the revived learning and the still fresh discovery of classical culture. Fourthly, there was the all-pervading influence of mediæval scholasticism, as yet unchallenged within Puritan hearing by the new physics and the mathematical method." This, it will readily be surmised, is a very interesting and important study, both a tribute and a recall to the historic scholarship of Harvard.

In 1936 a group of Canadian scholars produced a striking book, *Towards the Christian Revolution*. The war and the hopes of a better post-war world have led naturally to deep and anxious thought among the Christians. The pile of little books that lies before me—not the less weighty for being little—shows the trends of Christian thought which are in interesting ways different from those of the Canadian writers in 1936. The difference is theological, not political; these new booklets mark a swing to the theological, not to the political, Right. Few of these writers refer directly, or perhaps even consciously, to mediæval political thought, but the influence of the theo-centric philosophy of the pre-Cartesian era is apparent. There is being set up in Great Britain a Council on the Christian Faith and the Common Life to work in co-operation with that World Council of the Churches which, as we hope, is to be one of the permanent results of the ecumenical Church Conferences which were held in Oxford and Edinburgh in 1937. The British Council is a coordinating and exploratory body; it is committed to no formal Christian social doctrine, but its general outlook is well indicated by the first five of the Christian News-Letter Books.

Of these, Professor F. Clarke's on Education is primarily of interest and importance to the English whose educational system is *stupor mundi*. The rest have a more universal scope. "Whether there takes place a Christian revival on a scale of historical importance", writes Dr. Oldham, "depends on whether the Christian vision is large enough to hold in unity two truths which belong to the life of man. The one is that the true home of man's spirit is not in this world, and the other that it is in the here and now, in the dust and heat of the conflicts of this world, that he is called to fulfil his responsibilities as a son of God . . . One has but to think of the passion with which men to-day surrender themselves to half-truths to realize how great a force would enter into history, if there should arise a body of people free from attachment to earthly goods and yet bound indissolubly to the service of their fellows, whose hearts were centred on a reality beyond time and space, and who, for that reason, took the more active and valiant part in the temporal struggles of mankind."

Both Fr. Vidler and Canon Quick are especially concerned with the dual or dialectical character of history and therefore of the Christian ethic. The former says, "the Christian has to live in both orders, as a citizen of the earthly city, state or commonwealth to which he belongs by nature, and as a citizen of God's eternal kingdom to which he belongs by grace. The former has to be governed by a legal system which makes use of coercive sanctions, and which, though it can always be brought into closer conformity with an ideal natural and moral law, can never achieve more than an approximate distribution of justice. The kingdom of God is a realm



of pure love; in it there is no compulsion of love". Canon Quick discusses the Christian's duty as a citizen of both worlds and is the most serious critic of the pacifists because he condemns their interpretation, not as wholly wrong, but as one-sided.

Both Mr. Middleton Murry and Mr. D. R. Davies have returned to the central Christian faith after wide divagations: both would concur in the judgment that Socialism is not enough, but while Mr. Davies pleads for preachers on the ground that any real peace is impossible without a revival of religion, Mr. Murry puts his finger upon unemployment as the central issue, both moral and political. The fact that the modern world can carry millions of unemployed means that there is in fact a vast surplus of available labour, there are, potentially, goods to be given away. The condemnation of our civilization lies in this that we can only 'give away' in war and thus use the labours of the unemployed. These wronged men might well be employed upon productive and valuable services—but only by a planned economy—which means the repudiation of our present industrial system largely free from State control. Some form of collectivism must come: can we achieve the change freely and by democratic means, or must we also be subjected to dictation?

Theological Liberalism quarrelled with the old orthodoxy nowhere more fundamentally than in its virtual repudiation of original sin. All these writers concur in the judgment that, while the peculiar problems of our time are set by the fact that we have emerged into the machine-age, the root difficulty in all reform is the radical evil in human nature. Mr. Davies expounds this with passion, Mr. Edmunds, another active minister, develops it with reference to the whole range of modern life. The dogma of original sin, says Fr. Vidler, "however misleadingly it may sometimes have been stated, does profound justice to the facts of the human situation". All Utopianisms are out of place. "The idea that the goal of history can be realized within history is an illusion." But that history can be, and is being, changed and transfigured by the influx of strictly supernatural powers is shown by Dr. William Paton in his sketch of the world-wide Church which in spite of all setbacks and all impossibilities has won some of its most striking triumphs in all parts of the world in the very period when secularism has become the dominant philosophy of mankind.

These books and pamphlets are all by Protestants, though some of the writers do not love the name. It is interesting to compare a series of pamphlets, even briefer, but emphatically not less weighty, from the Roman side. The present Pope's first Encyclical (*Summi Pontificatus*) was a notable utterance against Racism and Totalitarianism. His Christmas Allocution (*In Questo Giorno*) offered five principles without which there can be no true or lasting peace, his address to the Archbishops and Bishops of the U.S.A.



(*Sertum Laetitia*) was concerned with the principles of true and false prosperity; more recently, the Archbishops and Bishops of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have issued a careful statement upon Christian social teaching, especially in regard to ownership, property and labour, security, wages, and the establishment of social order. All these, but more particularly the last named with the Pope's Christmas Allocution, deserve the most careful study of all Christians of whatever name.

In the main the Protestants are feeling after a social doctrine, while the Romanists being certain of their principles are able to be more detailed and constructive, but it is almost true and most significant that in all this series of pamphlets here taken into consideration there is scarcely anything that distinguishes Protestant from Roman Catholic. The complaint is often made that the Church fails to give a lead. No one will so judge who reads this literature.

It is to be noted that Faber and Faber have published all the present Pope's important utterances in a volume entitled *The Pope Speaks*, price 7s. 6d. net.

N. M.

RELIGION IN SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION. By Sir Richard Gregory. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. PP. xii+366. \$4.00.

In the editorial pages of "Nature" for many years Sir Richard Gregory has directed the thinking of men of science to the wider issues in which science is inevitably involved. In that contribution alone he made "Nature" the outstanding scientific journal in any language, and, when he relinquished his duties as editor, that position was secure and unchallenged. Fortunately, he found time to gather together into a composite whole his investigations into the background of religious ideas and religious observances, and to link them up with the progress of knowledge of nature and of man. Anthropology and mythology, astronomy and astrology, archæology and the ancient writings—all are called into service in tracing the development of the religious idea as knowledge widened and spiritual understanding deepened. On the whole, the development has been a natural one, and the function of the book is to show how ideas persisted even when the names by which the religions were called changed from age to age.

Although the liberal school in the interpretation of Christianity gains strength rapidly, there is much in the book which would not be accepted by many in the right wing of Christian thought. There is not the distinctive place to Christianity as such which would naturally be demanded. Its central truths have come too easily out of older beliefs. Be that as it may, the book is illuminating. The fertility observances, the Mother-God cult, the adaptation of religious formulae to racial aspirations—these are treated

in a manner provocative to much thought. But it is with the impact of scientific knowledge on religious doctrine that the author is mainly concerned, and in that consideration he has drawn widely from the poets, ancient and modern, to show how spiritual ideas have attuned themselves to a growing realization of the processes of nature. This part of the story has often been told, but not often so effectively.

It is easy to ask too much, when a theme so challenging has been chosen for interpretation. One could have desired, however, that philosophic thought had been treated as fully, and as understandingly, in its relation to religious atmosphere as has, for example, astronomical investigation. But that is a subject large enough in itself, and Sir Richard has touched on many realms as it is. No one can read this book without a sense of stimulation and of challenge. Most important of all, for a book on this subject, the reader is left with the conviction that the author is, in the larger sense of the phrase, a man of devoutly religious mind.

R. C. W.

### LITERATURE

LETTERS IN CANADA, 1939. Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse. Pp. 284-395. Reprinted from *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, Vol. IX, No. 3, April, 1940.

*Letters in Canada* is a most important venture. It bears every evidence of accuracy and discrimination and the editors of the volume as well as the various contributors are to be congratulated on a task well done. A vast number of names are included in the various sections of the work—names whose owners may not, for the most part, be known beyond Canada—or even beyond certain little circles or coteries or interested groups. But the fact that so many people are trying to write and are aiming at a high standard of achievement is evidence that the urge to write is strong in Canada and augurs well for the future when we shall hope to see happier and more tranquil times. Not all the books and poems and articles reviewed, or commented on, or mentioned in *Letters in Canada, 1939* are by native born Canadians. Not all the themes of the writers deal with Canada. But the final impression is that Canadians themselves are becoming more and more Dominion conscious and that the Canadian scene will become an increasingly important inspiration for creative writers. This statement is corroborated by E. K. Brown, who contributes the section on poetry. "In 1939, more than in any other year, Canadian poets have been preoccupied with stresses and blockages in the national society." One of the most important novels of the year, Frederick Niven's *The Story of Their Days*, does not deal, however, with the Canadian but with the Scottish scene.

Writing on Canadian drama, W. S. Milne admits that the great Canadian drama, like the "great" Canadian novel, has not yet appeared. "There are, however, half a dozen competent writers of one-act plays; so we shall not yet give up hope."

The editors of *Letters in Canada, 1939* express the hope that "the volume will be valuable not only as a source of reference, but as an indication of the trend and development of Canadian literature."

J. A. R.

**PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY PIECES.** By Samuel Alexander, O.M. Edited, with a Memoir, by John Laird. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. \$5.00.

This book is as absorbing to read as it is difficult to review. It is a volume of essays on an astonishingly wide variety of subjects by a thinker of very great power indeed. The first essay bears the title: *The Mind of a Dog*. Then follow papers on Dr. Johnson, Jane Austen, Molière, and Pascal, succeeded by several essays on more strictly philosophical topics, chiefly in the field of æsthetics and value theory. The volume ends with two articles on Spinoza. There is also a memoir by John Laird, intimate, kindly, and generous, in which we get pleasant glimpses of Alexander as a teacher, eccentric and well-loved, the champion of education and votes for women, the friend of children and animals. We are told about his cycling, and his clothes, and his dog, and his deafness; and the best comment is Dr. Montefiore's: "You are an old dear, and quite unique. You do walk humbly with your funny God, and are so beautifully unconscious that you are *really* a great swell."

As becomes the philosopher, the essays on literary subjects are made the occasion for handling larger themes. Jane Austen's art is praised, and at the same time the distinction is judiciously drawn between beauty and greatness in art. The essay on Molière seeks also to trace the boundary between comedy and tragedy. The beauty of Pascal's writing provokes the question wherein prose and poetry differ. The bulk of the volume is indeed devoted to æsthetic themes, sometimes the more general issues being introduced through the study of a particular author or artist, sometimes the formal treatment of æsthetic value being directly undertaken.

Alexander is continuously preoccupied with the place of value in a world of fact. He is content at times to "work ploddingly upwards from experience", seeking his clues in the artist's own account of his creative experience. This human approach issues in an account of human sentiments—constructiveness, curiosity, and sociality—which, as psychology, has perhaps now an old-fashioned ring to it. But Alexander was above all a metaphysician. For him "empirical things (including minds) were only whirlpools in the ocean". The concluding essay in this volume, on Spinoza and



Time, shows him at his best in this rôle. The theme has been explored earlier in his Gifford Lectures, *Space, Time, and Deity*. It is proposed to substitute time for thought in Spinoza's doctrine of the attributes of God. The consequences of this drastic substitution are skilfully set forth. Professor Laird reports that Alexander was willing to say "if they inscribe on my cinerary urn *Erravit cum Spinoza*, I am well content." The very boldness and modernity of his divergence from Spinoza attest their intellectual kinship.

H. M. E.

# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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WINTER : 1940

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## THE AIMS OF GUSTAV STRESEMAN<sup>1</sup>

BY GERALD S. GRAHAM

THERE is a bitter pleasure in turning over the pages of an all but forgotten past. A little more than ten years ago I sat in the library of the old Foreign Ministry residence at 17 Friedrich Ebertstrasse, where Gustav Stresemann had written so many of these *Letters and Papers*. The Foreign Minister was dead, but it was my good fortune to live in Germany and to know his family during a time when many of the great events which he described, many of the follies which he mourned and many of the hopes which he cherished were still an important part of the political picture of Europe.

Germany of the Locarno era was a Germany of party furore, reckless speculation, grand illusions and mad hopes. Above the hurly-burly stood the son of a Berlin beer merchant, Gustav Stresemann, confident and strong, with his round, heavy Prussian head, fighting the battle of the Republic against his enemies at home and on the foreign front at Geneva. It was the autumn twilight of the Weimar Republic, —a weird but exciting interval when German students read *All Quiet on the Western Front* and German professors re-

<sup>1</sup>*Gustav Stresemann: His Diaries, Letters, and Papers*. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. Vol. III. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. 636. \$8.00.

vised their historical theories about the sinister character of Edward the Seventh and the British policy of Encirclement. French bayonets still glistened along the Rhineland and memories of Versailles still smarted painfully, but in the university halls and in the beer gardens, Jew and Gentile mingled without restraint and talked about the follies of an unhappy past. On the mantel in Stresemann's study were autographed dinner menus, such as any undergraduate might have, symbols of the new fraternity of Europe, when Austen Chamberlain, Briand and Benes drank to the health of the League.

It was the period of European goodwill and agreement on principle, the period of treaties and pacts, concordats and understandings, elevating theories and magic formulae. In 1926 Briand had announced in unforgettable language the new policy of Franco-German friendship. Two nations, he said, which had won such fame on the battlefield had no need to give the world further proof of their bravery. "The day of the cannon and the machine gun is over." One year later, Stresemann had replied: "A new generation has grown up since the days of the murderous conflict among the nations. It looks with clear eyes into the world; it loves sunshine and Nature . . . If man is the highest achievement of creation upon this earth, then let him turn all the forces of his spirit and his body to the highest end, in the service of himself and those that belong to him, his home and his Fatherland, and beyond the Fatherland, in the service of international cooperation and understanding. Let the world see us in competition to achieve the highest ideals. But let us not see the weapons of the nations again turned against each other."

Such was the atmosphere of Berlin in the winter of 1927-28, and only a few prophets saw danger in the storm clouds which were slowly gathering overhead. A new theory based on Fascist ideology was reported to be gaining ground rapidly. Party struggles were increasing in rancour and there were fist



fights in the Reichstag. Worse than all, Stresemann's health was beginning to fail, and the last two years of his life were a continued conflict with impending death. Yet he tried to maintain his strenuous routine, and neither family nor doctors could curb his reckless energy. In the last year of his life he accomplished one main task—the agreement for the Allied evacuation of the Rhineland, a bargain made possible by German acceptance of the Young Plan. He died suddenly on October 3rd, 1929, at the age of fifty-one. A few days afterward, in a letter of prophetic foreboding, his son wrote to me: "My father died too soon."

During my student days in Berlin and Munich in 1928 and 1929, friendship with the Stresemanns won for me many extra favours from the landlord. (Perhaps Stresemann was right when he remarked in 1927 that two-thirds of the nation supported his policy.) Four years later, it was unwise to mention his name with any warmth, and men cursed the former Chancellor and Foreign Minister as a champion of the despised Weimar Republic and the originator of the ignominious policy of peaceful arbitration. Even in Great Britain and France his reputation has suffered, and long before the outbreak of the present war it had been suggested that under the mantle of international co-operation, Stresemann was working for the same vengeful objectives as Adolf Hitler.

There are certain statements in Mr. Sutton's volume which at first glance might appear to support this accusation. One is contained in notes made by the German Foreign Minister immediately after a conversation with M. Briand at Thoiry on September 20th, 1926.

Briand: What disquiet me are the national organizations in Germany. What is all this business with the *Stahlhelm*?

Stresemann: It is only to be expected that a great army cannot be spiritually disbanded, and memories of old war days survive in all Associations of front-line fighters. These organizations are perhaps a danger in domestic politics, because they tend at the moment to concern themselves with matters

which they do not in the least understand, but from the military point of view they mean nothing. . . . The Republic in Germany has taken no account of the psychological needs of the masses. It is getting hidebound in the dull black jacket of everyday life. Men want colour, joy and movement—hence the success of the Stahlhelm on the one side, and the Reichsbanner on the other.

Briand: That is just how I conceived matters. A man naturally enjoys putting a steel helmet on his head and behaving as though he were still a mighty warrior. I don't attach serious importance to all this, but do what you can to prevent my military men coming to me with all these complaints.

And on November 2nd, 1927, Stresemann angrily denounced Professor F. W. Foerster for his declaration in the journal, *Die Menschheit*, that Germany was playing "a dishonest and disingenuous game with France", and that the responsible rulers of Germany were merely supernumeraries, "behind whom stands a Germany bristling with weapons and inspired by a lust for revenge." To this charge Stresemann replied heatedly: "Not one word is true. To this day, I have not the smallest knowledge of this so-called plan."

In the light of subsequent events, the Foreign Minister thus appears to have been either a very naïve man or a knave. Yet, after reading the *Diaries, Letters and Papers* it is difficult to find him guilty of hypocrisy. Absorbed in the lofty work of European statecraft, he seems to have ignored or underestimated the powers of evil working at home. It was, perhaps, unpardonable short-sightedness, but a short-sightedness which was shared by other statesmen in other lands. Moreover, it is not unlikely that the men who accused him publicly of Machiavellian diplomacy were deliberately attempting to wreck his policy of understanding with France in the hope of wrecking the Weimar Republic at the same time. "I am convinced," he wrote to a friend in November, 1927, "that even to-day the majority of the French nation stands behind M. Briand and supports his policy, but how am I to succeed in

this policy when there are Germans behind my back who continually incite France to make no concessions, but to remain in the Rhineland and continue to occupy German soil."

Admittedly Stresemann sought the liberation of Germany from what he and other Germans termed the shackles of Versailles; but he was convinced that this could best be accomplished by peaceful means. Active co-operation with the individual states concerned and with the League of Nations was, he believed, much more in line with realistic policy than an attitude of hostility and aloofness.

Critics, however, will continue to raise doubts as to his ultimate goal, and historians will scrutinize ever more carefully the record of his methods and his accomplishments. For my own part, on the basis of many personal conversations with his son Joachim and other members of the family during the months immediately after his death, I feel certain of his fundamental sincerity. His library contained many volumes on Napoleon, but if his private expressions of opinion mean anything, he had no love for dictatorship. He was more of a nationalist than some observers of the time were willing to believe, but he was also a genuine liberal, believing in the value of parliamentary government, and eager to shape the constitution in the interest of a stronger democracy founded on a reinvigorated middle class. Unhappily the obstacles were unsurmountable; and the fact that he had to try to reconcile a domestic policy of territorial redemption with an international policy of co-operation has tended not only to obscure his real policy, but to cast doubts on the honesty of his intentions.

That a conflict of ideals existed within Germany, there can be no doubt; but it had no roots in the conscience of the Foreign Minister. Stresemann's mind ranged far beyond the cramping limits of German nationalism. He had as deep a faith as Briand in the value of European co-operation, al-



though as time went on he came to appreciate the difficulties of spreading the new doctrine "into the recesses of a nation's soul". Yet there is no hint in his writings that he despaired of his country's future, and apparently he believed that the Constitution he had helped to nurture would live. It was an ill-founded hope. Even his buoyant leadership could not have sustained the Republic for long against a growing internal restlessness. With his death, sinister forces long pent beneath the surface were released, and in the ensuing struggle German democracy perished.

## AENEAS

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

*Ask the wind if this is my native land,*  
Aeneas spoke out to the twisted wave.  
The sea-tossed raised his sunburned, calloused hand  
And pointed toward the bay, the jutting cave  
Whither the black hull raced. The windy shore,  
Blue as a sea-girt isle of paradise,  
Gave back the night-bird's cry and nothing more.  
Aeneas took one straight look with his eyes  
And blessed that sweet blue coast, then gave command  
For quick oar and full sail to the tawny crew.  
He stood upon the prow and watched the land,  
Mysterious and lovely, sink out of view;  
Then took silence like armour to his breast,  
And steered the dark ship toward the unknown west.

## THIS ENGLAND

BY MARGUERITE EDGELOW

SUMMER burned away around me like a lush gold candle. Three men were working over tar-coated sleepers piled up by the side of the railway line; the dull blue of their shirts picked up the tone of the distant hills and flaunted it back at the blond sun. The oldest of them paused to light a pipe in leisurely fashion. His face might have been shaped from some antique wood with a gloss on it, deeply carved into a network of wrinkles as irregular and broken as the teeth of Time. When his pipe was going to his satisfaction he advanced, his shabby boots moving over the dark flinty surface like misshapen toads. With a ruminative cough he bent over the heap of wood and heaved a single sleeper over on its side. Completely stiff and uncoöperative, it stared back at him in the same silently accusing fashion as an oyster on a barrow.

My terrier leaped over a depression in the track and stalked delicately forward. He looked more like a corpulent caterpillar followed by its young than a mongrel Cairn— young of course being the tail part. In spite of this there was a dignity about him. For some quite unknown reason he evidently cherished great expectations from the old railway-man: instead of barking he gazed up longingly at him with liquid pleading eyes, the whole of his person a-quiver

“Ar!” said the man, and looked down his nose in a most extraordinary fashion. At this point the railway cutting is deep and the bank slopes steeply up from the track. It was covered with the lilac shimmer of scabious, at least half the blossoms further adorned with Five-Spot Burnet moths. They are painted velvet creatures with downy indigo bodies and iridescent indigo wings spotted with crimson: they clung now to the flowers in sleepy passion, sometimes as many as four

on a single bloom, weighing it down. My mongrel had now abandoned the sudden object of his affections and was nosing along the top. He began to descend, lost his footing, and skidded rapidly down through the moths. The strange thing was that not a single one stirred—almost any butterflies would have flown up, and most moths. Not so the Burnets.

I paused to change my basket to the other hand. It was half-full of wild strawberries.

"'Didn' I see ye walkin' along t'sleepers further back?" asked the railwayman. His voice had something of the quality of poured milk, subtly roughened.

I do this several times a week on an average, in full and delicious awareness of the fact that it is forbidden; so I assumed a look of supreme innocence and answered that it was even so.

"'Ar! I thought s'much. It aint allowed. Fined ye might be—forty shillin'."

"'But I've been doing it all my life."

"'Aint you never bin told of it afore?"

"'No, I can't say I have."

"'Lettin' us down!" said the old man in a tone which can only be described as of withering sadness. "'When some'un in authority comes along and tells ye of it—our inspector now, say—then you ups and goes an' says you aint never bin told."

"'Well, I haven't", I said indignantly. Several meadow-brown butterflies passed in their erratic, aimless-seeming flight from one patch of ground to another. If intrigues exist in the world of flowers, meadow-browns must certainly act as go-betweens.

At that moment the dog, who had been sniffing about among the already heavily seeded grasses, began to bark furiously. Startled, I looked round to see him standing stiffly, the crest of hair pricking up along his back like a hog's bristles. He made a little rush forward and as quickly sprang back



with totally altered aspect, tail drooping between his legs, eyes screwed sideways in dejected apology and alarm. A long-drawn whine of woe dribbled from him.

“Fer Christmas’ sake! Has somethin’ bitten ’im?”

Then we saw what it was. In the long grass was a tight prickly ball covered with tiny vicious spines, several of which had lodged in vulnerable parts of the unhappy dog. It stirred slightly. Simultaneously we exclaimed, “A hedgehog!”

It took some time to extract the signs of battle from their resting-places, and it must have been a painful process. The old man gave sympathetic grunts if no active assistance: then he seemed to become aware that all his mates had disappeared—presumably to dinner.

“Must be gettin’ along, Miss. It—I expect it’ll be all right if ye walks along top o’ the bank.” And cramming his old felt hat still farther down he shuffled off. My terrier surveyed him wistfully, his tongue hanging out of the corner of his mouth like a piece of ham with dew on it.

The next strip of bank was given up to the sturdy gold of tormentils. Ever since reading Herbert Palmer’s poem *Rock Pilgrim* I think of them as pilgrims, little determined climbers plodding up the path towards the unknown.

“For me the small yellow tormentil of heath-hill and crag-land.

Man’s days are as grass, his thought but as thistle-seed wind-sown;  
I will plod up the pass, and nourish the turf with my shin-bone.”

It is odd how sometimes one can get a vivid impression of movement and activity from an object which is in itself static; I always do from the tormentil. Tall bents grew below and around these, and on a number of them hung tiny striped snails. I watched one climb higher, leaving a thin gauze trail behind it. This led me to search for more tracks. It had rained recently, which made the task easier. On a bare patch of earth I found the crazy indeterminate scribbling of beetles, and there were fresh rabbit-droppings. Rabbit-tracks led from them, two prints level, two in single file behind: there

were traces of some rather large bird, which had left an intricate feather-stitching further to adorn the good earth. The most puzzling tracks I ever saw were on a strip of damp sand among the dunes near Wissant, in France. They were almost perfect circles, and for a long time I couldn't imagine who or what could have made them. Then one day a gale of wind sprang up suddenly, and the secret was out. The separate blades of bent grass were blown right over and round, in such a fashion that a circle was traced on the sand. It was fascinating to see—I have never seen it anywhere else, but it probably occurs wherever that particular type of grass is found.

The grey hump of a bridge curved against a sky streaked with fine lacy trails of cloud. Some bridges are so care-free in appearance that they merely seem to be stepping from one place to another in nonchalant fashion, but this one was rather stubborn and awkward, a square thickset little person with a will of its own and no nonsense about anything. It looked firmly entrenched indeed and breathed a dour determination only to be matched among the granite crags of Scotland. I should be sorry for anyone who dared to try blowing that bridge up: it would somehow manage to see that all the assaulters did was to burn their fingers and dirty their faces, like so many small boys experimenting with fireworks for the first time. They would have to creep off looking foolish . . . A truly British bridge, and comforting.

But after all, it had its weakness. Right up to the very stone on either side crept trails of lilybind, or bindweed, as I believe the books call it, the pink and white bells so plentiful that they were like spilt milk and wine. They rioted over the base in a reckless profusion of beauty and rang faint chimes that were so triumphantly sweet that even the matter-of-fact bridge listened, and perhaps sighed a little too, because it could never be like them. Not that one would really want to be, of course. But still . . .

Farther again was a great patch of wild strawberries, the plants thickly studded with berries. The sun poured fiercely down on my back and danced along the tarred sleepers and the rails. The dog flopped down in a patch of shade and lay panting. The little scarlet globes shone also, strongly and acidly sweet. In a few minutes my fingers were stained purple and three mosquitoes had taken toll of my bare arms. Honey-suckle grew down a double row of flint stones which had been embedded in the bank, and two silver-washed fritillary butterflies circled over it. The male fritillaries have scent-scales or androconia from which a perfume is given off: I have never detected it, but some people can, and of course others of their own species. The androconia lie along three black lines, each about half an inch in length, which traverse the middle of the forewing; they are not found in the females, who are attracted by the scent — apparently it plays an important part in the butterfly's courtship.

Several freight trains had passed at a leisurely pace. But now an express tore through, carrying a number of soldiers. It was a great sound, rising as it came, which seemed to eat up all other sounds so that they went out as a candle before wind; seemed to eat up the light and the smell of the honey-suckle and all the feeling in my body—even all thought. Light and movement were become part of a dark rushing tempest, rising, unbearable—and suddenly gone, faded to silence as though the world were struck dumb. Yet I was awaiting some further sound, and even as I waited it came. The steel birds ripped through the sky overhead and the nasal whine of their engines—very high up—spiralled through my ear-drums. Two squadrons there were, flying in formation, and in a moment they were past, they were over the woods, they were vanished from sight in the far distance. Yet their passing had chilled the air: a cloud drifted across the sun, the leaves whispered together and the world seized my heart in its hand as a child a small bird.



## CHAUCER AFTER SIX CENTURIES

BY HENRY ALEXANDER

TO pass from Anglo-Saxon literature to Chaucer is like emerging from a rather gloomy forest inhabited by rugged and uncouth creatures into the sunlit spaces of a gracious garden, in which dwell men and women very like ourselves. We are brought into touch with the human comedy; we feel at home; occasionally we are almost startled at the modernity of the picture and the language and find it difficult to realize that we are still in the fourteenth century.

The reason for this change from mournfulness to joy and beauty is not difficult to understand. Anglo-Saxon literature derives from a period when the pressure of material things was heavy, the fate of the individual and the nation was uncertain, the struggle for existence was intense, and there was little time for the more joyous aspects of life. This is clearly reflected by the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon poet towards nature. Natural forces are to be dreaded; the poet tends to concentrate on descriptions of storms, of the raging ocean, the piercing chill of winter, the hoar-frost; nature is in opposition to man's happiness, an enemy to be feared, not a source of delight. With Chaucer all this is changed. By the fourteenth century life had ascended to a higher level, chivalry had developed a new sense of human values, a national consciousness and unity had awakened. England still has her problems—we have only to read *Piers Plowman* to realize this—but we are in a stimulating and inspiring period. Chaucer emerges, and with him a new age dawns in English literature.

As one thinks of Chaucer's work as a whole it is tempting to try to attach a descriptive label that will convey its outstanding quality. Perhaps 'open-air' is the term that is most apt. While reading Chaucer we feel that we are under God's own sky. Practically all his early poems open in a garden;

it may be an allegorical garden, a purely conventional setting for a poetical theme, but the note of reality, of concrete description, is so well maintained that the open-air feeling is always present. When we come to the great work of Chaucer's middle and later periods the phrase is still more justified. The Canterbury pilgrims journey on the open roads of the English countryside; they tell their tales, we feel, under a smiling spring sky. Some of the best of these stories have the same open-air atmosphere: for instance, *The Nun's Priest's Tale*, with its setting in a farmyard, though the cackle of geese and crowing of cocks and barking of dogs are strangely mingled, in a truly mediaeval manner, with echoes of the doctrine of predestination. And in Chaucer's greatest complete work, *Troilus and Criseyde*, the same quality is present; we see Troilus riding through the streets of Troy in battle array, apostrophizing Criseyde's empty house after she has abandoned him, and standing on the walls of the town, gazing out to the Grecian camp, waiting and watching in vain for her return. If we try to sum up Chaucer in a phrase, rather than an adjective, we cannot improve on Dryden's sentence written nearly three hundred years ago: "Here is God's plenty".

Chaucer's career, like Shakespeare's, is a striking disproof of the popular idea that the man of letters is a recluse, shutting himself off from humanity and drawing his inspiration from some mysterious power entirely within himself. Like Shakespeare, he touched life at many points. He starts as a page in a noble household—the usual mediaeval mode of education for a boy of good birth; he goes to France as a soldier, is captured, held prisoner, and ransomed; on his return he is attached to the court and sent on various diplomatic missions to France and Italy. These experiences will explain the chivalrous and courtly side of his writings. But later we find him as Comptroller of Customs for the port of London, a post that would bring him into daily touch with all types of humanity.

Here he would meet with the prototype of the merchant and the shipman, possibly even the good Wife of Bath; a first-hand acquaintance with the bourgeoisie would supplement his previous knowledge of kings and courts. Still later he becomes a King's Forester; now he will encounter the characters of the English countryside; he will find people like his reeve and miller, with their roots deep in the soil of England and their racy and rather gross humour. And throughout his life he would of course have ample opportunity to observe the ecclesiastical figures that are so well represented in his gallery of portraits.

These varied occupations of Chaucer are important because of another kind of contact which they brought about. His foreign journeys introduced him to the literature of the Continent—first, that of France, where writers such as Guillaume de Machaut and Eustace Deschamps were producing delicate poetry and where the curious work *Le Roman de la Rose* was still exercising its influence on contemporary literature. Of greater importance were the Italian journeys, which brought Chaucer into contact with the writings of such men as Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, whose influence pervades a great part of his later work. The usual threefold division of Chaucer's life and work into French, Italian and English periods must not be carried too far, but it is useful as a convenient method of classification and most of his poetry can actually be placed in this framework.

The earliest group of works—those written under French influence—are not among Chaucer's greatest products. They are obviously prentice work: the poet is feeling his way, learning to use the tools of his craft. The most interesting is his fragmentary translation of *Le Roman de la Rose*, because it provided him with ideas and a technique for his later work. This remarkable poem, written by two men, starting with a distinctly mediaeval conception of idealistic love and orthodox



religious belief and branching off towards the scepticism and realism that we associate with the end of the Middle Ages, is a great storehouse of mediaeval ideas and had an enormous germinal effect on Chaucer's genius. It influenced him in two main directions. First, perhaps unfortunately, it gave him the allegorical framework that he uses in most of his early works—the garden in spring, with its trees and flowers and song of birds, a garden inhabited by figures that are more or less abstractions. It is a scene that enables the poet to produce delicate and beautiful effects, even though it ultimately becomes conventionalized and unreal. A second contribution of the *Roman* is the satiric method of portraiture so often adopted by Chaucer. This is a much more useful inheritance; it fits in well with his own temperament and becomes a medium in which he is unsurpassed. The highest achievements in this field are found later in the descriptions of the Canterbury pilgrims.

With the next stage—the so-called Italian period—we see a marked advance. At least one of Chaucer's greatest works—*Troilus and Criseyde*—now appears, and even in the minor pieces we begin to detect the new note of humour and of concrete reality that we expect from him. *The Parlement of Foules* is still an allegory, it opens with the inevitable garden setting, but the assembly of birds are remarkably like human beings and their proceedings have the same inconsequence and display of human frailty that can be found in a real parliament or other gathering. Here, too, Chaucer shows his unrivalled command of racy colloquial English, much of which has an exceedingly modern note. Thus the duck exclaims, rather inappropriately, *By my hat!*, the goose disrespectfully says of the proceedings, *Al this nys not worth a flye!*, and the turtle-dove is described as *waxing for shame al red*, an example of the happy incongruity that is one of the humorous features of this poem.

But we must turn to *Troilus and Criseyde* for the finest work written under Italian influence. Chaucer took the Italian version of this famous love-story in Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* and modified and expanded his source into one of the finest poems of the Middle Ages. One needs leisure and patience to read the *Troilus*, but it brings its own reward. There are moments of irritation at the long-windedness of the narrative, the digressions, the inevitable catalogues and accumulation of parallels, yet the central plot is well organized and executed and the writing often achieves a high level of dignity and beauty. Two qualities show Chaucer as a pioneer in English literature: first, the dramatic structure of the poem; second, the skill in characterization. If the drama had been developed by this time as a literary medium, Chaucer would have been our first great playwright and the *Troilus* our first major dramatic work. As it is, the poem shows a distinct anticipation of later dramatic technique. Its five books correspond closely to five acts of a play. The initial situation is unfolded in the first two books, the rising action reaches its climax in the third with the successful culmination of Troilus and Criseyde's love-affair, and the last two books show the falling action and the ultimate tragic separation of the two lovers after a brief period of happiness. Another dramatic device is the use of dialogue to indicate a great part of the action. Many portions of the poem could be presented almost unchanged as scenes in a play.

In characterization the greatest achievement is Pandarus. Both hero and heroine are a little unconvincing to a modern reader, although, if we allow for the conventions of the age in which Chaucer was writing, their actions and sentiments are natural enough; the ritual of their romance fits in with the curious doctrine of the courts of love. But Pandarus is a figure that will stand comparison with any character in drama or fiction. He is portrayed with the same concrete realism

that Chaucer shows later in his pictures of the pilgrims, but here the poet is working on a larger scale; we have a full-length portrait of an astute but good-hearted man—not a little, one imagines, like Chaucer himself—anxious to help his young friends Troilus and Criseyde as go-between in their love-affair, but also eager, as a shrewd man of the world, to keep their secret and cause no scandal. His motives are good; his joy when his plans seem to succeed and his sorrow when they fail are genuine. He shows no trace of the lasciviousness of Shakespeare's Pandarus, who is a distinctly repellent character. Chaucer's Pandarus, though conceived and portrayed largely in a spirit of satire, is purged of offence by the spirit of wholesome humour that underlies his nature and shows itself in his speeches and actions. He scatters pearls of worldly wisdom—often a trifle Polonius-like—but he can laugh at himself; his advice to Troilus on how to write a love-letter is a pure gem of comedy and strikes a modern note. Reading his racy speeches, we are continually reminded of the comedy of manners of the seventeenth century, with its rather amoral attitude towards life; it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Chaucer here almost anticipates the salty dialogue of Congreve. Or we may look upon Chaucer as our first great anti-romantic—a fourteenth century G.B.S.—hitting at the outworn conventions of chivalry and the doctrines of courtly love and using as his weapon the wise and witty Pandarus.

But Pandarus is largely the comic relief in a poem that is essentially tragic, and though Chaucer is not really a great tragic writer—his finest achievement is in ironic comedy—the central theme of the desertion of Troilus by Criseyde gives him an opportunity to indulge in some magnificent rhetoric. How far he is writing with his tongue in his cheek is difficult to say, but it has the true ring. Look at Troilus's invocation as, wandering through the streets of Troy, he stands outside Criseyde's empty house and meditates on her flight:



O! paleys desolat,  
 O hous of houses whilom best iight,  
 O paleys empty and disconsolat,  
 O thow lanterne of which queynt is the light,  
 O paleys, whilom day, that now art nyght,  
 Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye,  
 Syn she is went that wont was us to gye!

O paleis, whilom crowne of houses alle,  
 Enlumyned with sonne of alle blisse!  
 O ryng, fro which the ruby is out falle,  
 O cause of wo, that cause hast ben of lisse!  
 Yet, syn I may no bet, fayn wolde I kisse  
 Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route;  
 And farwel shryne, of which the seynt is oute!

This may be a little too ornate for modern taste, but it is the stuff of great poetry. Such language seems to refute Arnold's contention that Chaucer is incapable of the "grand style". These occasional passages of noble writing with a continuous command of racy dialogue make *Troilus and Criseyde* the greatest complete work in mediaeval English literature.

Turning to the final stage of Chaucer's career we find his most important work, *The Canterbury Tales*, which, begun about 1387, occupied the rest of his time until his death in 1400. The recital of a series of stories has always been a popular human pastime, probably originating in the East, with fantastic legends of the Arabian Nights type, and persisting to the present day. Chaucer's cycle may be compared with the series written by Boccaccio forty years earlier in his *Decamerone*. Boccaccio plans to tell a hundred stories, Chaucer rather more, but less than a quarter of Chaucer's programme was accomplished. But Chaucer, both in his framework and in the stories themselves, shows much greater variety and human interest. Boccaccio imagines ten young men and women of noble birth who have fled from Florence to escape the plague and who amuse themselves in a country house by telling stories. We have thus a uniform social group as compared to Chaucer's collection of representatives from almost every social class—from the noble knight to the humble ploughman. Moreover, Boccaccio's setting is static, Chaucer's dy-

namic; his pilgrims make their way along the highroads of England and their adventures and dramatic encounters prevent the story from degenerating into a purely mechanical framework.

It was a happy inspiration that made Chaucer choose a pilgrimage as the excuse for his story-telling. Nowhere in the Middle Ages except within the church could one find so democratic an assembly. But although the pilgrimage was originally a religious rite, it had become considerably secularized by the fourteenth century, and the atmosphere of Chaucer's pilgrimage is that of a Bank Holiday excursion rather than a holy mission. There are moments when the religious background emerges, but mine host of the Tabard Inn, rather than the Parson or Prioress, gives the note to the proceedings—a somewhat Falstaffian note. It was a holiday; spring was here, the seclusion and darkness of winter, more acute in those days than now, were over, and the trip to Canterbury was mainly an excuse to appease the *Wanderlust*. Progress was leisurely—about fifteen miles a day; it took four days to make the journey, the pace being regulated by that of the poorest horse and rider and the exigencies of story-telling. The dramatic clashes between the miller and the reeve and professional rivals such as the summoner and the friar, who vent their spite by telling mutually abusive stories, and the occasional outspoken comments of that self-appointed literary critic, the host, keep the narrative alive. And so the stories run on, admirably varied in spirit, content and form to suit the narrator—another dramatic element in the scheme—until the towers of Canterbury are almost in sight.

Of even greater interest than the stories and the account of the pilgrimage are the preliminary descriptions of the group in the famous *Prologue*. Here is a gallery of portraits unsurpassed in English literature, drawn with superb technique and economy, vivid and concrete like all Chaucer's figures. Recent

research has been able to suggest, from the evidence of contemporary records, possible originals for a number of these characters. The host, Harry Bailly, seems to have been a Member of Parliament for Southwark (where the Tabard Inn was) in 1376 and 1378; the Prioress probably a nun at Bromley, near Stratford-atte-Bowe; and a guess has even been hazarded as to the identity of the Wife of Bath. But this does not mean that Chaucer has given us any purely photographic descriptions. His people are not merely of their age, but for all time; they have that touch of universality requisite for great art. The gentle prioress, with her careful manners and her interest in deportment, has often been compared to the headmistress of a finishing school for girls. The Wife of Bath combines, in an extraordinary fashion, the aggressiveness of a Mrs. Jiggs with the amorousness of a Mae West; her outspoken monologue on the purposes of matrimony might have come direct from James Joyce. When students write about her, as they do with great joy, they generally say that her counterpart is to be found in their own home town. The monk is the English "sporting parson". One could go through the list of pilgrims and by citing modern parallels prove the universality of his portraiture. Their outward trappings may be mediaeval, but their fundamental humanity persists through the ages.

This combination of universality and definite historical truth and accuracy is the chief feature of these matchless descriptions. The social historian who wishes to find out what people wore, what food they ate, how they made love, what games and amusements they had, how they fought, what was the state of the church, of medicine, of science, and a dozen other subjects will find a rich quarry in *The Canterbury Tales*. They shed a clear light on practically every aspect of English life in the fourteenth century, except, curiously enough, politics, where Chaucer, with his diplomatic experiences, should have been able to give us valuable information. He lived



through the stirring times of the Peasants' Revolt and possibly saw the insurrection at first-hand, but the only references to it all are a couple of joking lines in *The Nun's Priest's Tale*, where he compares the noise in the farm-yard to the yells set up by Jack Straw and his followers when they killed the Flemings. Apart from this and one or two general references in his *Ballades*, Chaucer is silent on the troubles of the age.

Finally, a brief word about Chaucer's influence. From his own day onwards Chaucer has exercised an almost continuous effect on English poetry. He had many imitators in the fifteenth century, especially the so-called Scottish Chaucerians. The sixteenth century saw his greatest disciple, Spenser, who did him the doubtful service of using what he thought was Chaucerian English in certain of his works. The neo-classical age was not much interested in Chaucer—it thought early English literature rather crude and barbaric—but Dryden was an honourable exception, writing a noble appreciation of Chaucer and modernizing some of his stories, though he did not understand Chaucer's rhythms. In the nineteenth century Wordsworth again attempts modernization, and partly directly, partly through Spenser, Chaucer influences Keats and Tennyson. The Pre-Raphaelite school is obviously indebted to him and by the end of the nineteenth century scholars have once more discovered the secret of his versification and shown that he was a melodious as well as a realistic writer. In our day the most striking example of his influence is to be seen in Masfield, who is by far the most Chaucerian of our contemporary poets. He shows the same intimate and loving knowledge of the English landscape and the same consummate ability to depict the people who live their lives against this background. In *Reynard the Fox* we get a picture of the English countryside that might have been written by Chaucer, and the poem begins with a description of the members of the

hunt that is an exact twentieth century counterpart to Chaucer's fourteenth century picture of the Canterbury pilgrims.

Chaucer rests in Westminster Abbey, the first great name on the glorious bead-roll of English poets. Born six hundred years ago, he has bequeathed to us an immortal picture of his times, has become a vital force in our literary tradition, and, throughout the ages, has brought light and joy to the spirit of man.

## FLYING, CLOUDS, AND WINTER JOURNEYS

BY BARRY SULLIVAN

WHEN I made my first flight, from Paris to London in the first autumn of war, my exhilaration was so great that it seemed some of the power and energy of the great airliner stirred in me also. And while thoughts, released for the first time, tumbled through my head, I remember how the pattern of the countryside unfolded itself. The woods were russet and gold, the fields pale green after rain. For all the world I might have been looking at coral beds on the floor of the sea, so startling and bright was the colour of the woods in the sun. Though we flew low, so as to be easily identified by watchers for enemy aircraft, we skidded through snatches of gossamer mist that had strayed down from the quieter clouds a thousand feet higher. Over the channel we clearly saw the zig-zag track of ships; then the cliffs like a rampart; behind them the pale-washed downs, the distinctive close-packed landscape of England. In twenty minutes we would drop onto the airport.

But other images chase swiftly through the mind. Already I am away on another journey I made to the North at the New Year, with all Europe under a terrible cold. When we left Amsterdam we did not at first climb to the clear upper atmosphere. It was dawn, and we were imprisoned in the grey sterility of deepest winter between the slate-coloured snow-clouds and the flat land which in the murky air gave no shape or colour to the fallen snow. Then the pilot pressed his stick, the plane tilted, and we rose into a different, more luminous land, a land of incredible softness and serenity, breathing the light of the pale sun, which was beginning to break across horizontally from the east.

This new world, which I had never visited before, was strangely beautiful. As the light grew to full dazzling brightness, we passed every shape and form of cloud. First, they



were tight-pressed in stationary waves, like mile upon mile of a quilted counterpane; where the wind had been at them, they separated into balls of grey-white cumulus, and in the pits between them we could see the blue-broken sea, like an eternal, black virgin forest. Presently enveloped again in mist, we climbed to seek another sunlit place: rising clear, we poised above clouds so closely knit that it seemed they had been gently smoothed by a camel's hair brush. Soon they began to curl up out of their beds again, while sunlight streaming across from the right cast shadows, making long uneven troughs of dark amid the whiteness. The light and shade became more pronounced, the surface more uneven and ragged.

Now we advanced on a formation of turret clouds, which stood out against the crisp morning sky like an Alpine range. When we reached them, were among them, it did indeed seem as though here and there a fistful of vaporous matter was a solid protruding mountain top, left in authority. The plane, close to one such peak, changed its direction sharply to the right as if by an accustomed landmark—we were making an angle far out over the North Sea, so as to avoid the German coast. When we left the mountains behind, the surface of cloud was gradually transformed till it resembled the ribbed sea-sand; there were more turret clouds—fantastic outcrops, like the rock pillars that are found in the Arizona desert; but a little later the scene was unearthly. Great abysmal craters scarred the surface, too forbidding to wander near their lips; here were treacherous crevasses, thinly disguised; there some wispy giant might have spent the night, tossing, churning in his sleep. . . It was full of wonder, a visit to this place. Under a thin sun and pale sky we trespassed on a kingdom of weird, antarctic loneliness.

I wonder if an airman can love his oceans of clouds as a sailor loves the sea. It is hard to tell. The airman's appreciation is different, more subtle, the urge less tangible. The sea

is always strong and binding beneath a sailor, and in wind and storm he must endure it; but when an airman sets forth, he and his craft are a concentrated essence of power and delicate mechanical skill, for a few hours suspended and victorious in a strange element. In evil weather he can often find refuge on firm land; but mostly it is in his power literally to rise clear of the smothering clouds and eddying wind to a region as serene as a summer evening. This is his unique privilege and his great joy, and this is why flying is such a release for the spirit. High-level mountain climbers have something of the same experience.

There is another aspect. When the sailor commits himself and his ship to the waves, it is an act partly of daring, partly of surrender: daring, because he accepts a challenge, but surrender also, because he is hemmed and constricted by an element which demands patience and resignation to slow movement. But when the airman launches his craft into the sky, it is an act all of daring, without pause or quiet from striving. The symbol of this in fact is the restless drone of the motors, and the strains set up under the necessary speed; the symbol in thought is the restlessness of the mind, seeking new triumphs. Just as the conquest of the air has brought greater knowledge of the surface of the world, it will also lead to the conquest, by some means or other, of other worlds. Flying, the great modern field of endeavour, implies infinite liberation; it kills the spirit of resignation, and—among the young—it gives the lie to the philosophy of quiescence.

I am speaking merely of the joy and the struggle of flying, not of that other great romantic urge, which drives to the tension of personal combat in the air, or of raids into enemy skies. It is true that the pressing home of a bomber attack against a well-guarded objective is no less a part of human endeavour. These deliberate acts of courage are necessary now, and right; but the thought of them makes a tightness

over all the organs of sense, indicative of their folly. The other, the ideal, nature of the struggle remains, which is being lost sight of for a time. It may be objected that mine is too romantic an appreciation of flying, a common thing to-day, to-morrow as popular for travel as ships and trains. But flying not only makes practical use of a new dimension; it liberates both thought and imagination. There are no physical, or even pretended boundaries in the air, and there are no sworn enemies. Instead, there is infinite peace to be found. One day I hope to find this peace among my clouds. Perhaps I shall love them, though in a different way, as much as a sailor loves the sea.

All these things crossed my mind that morning as we flew to Stockholm over the snow-clouds. In imagination I was the pilot at the prow, but for all I know he was sitting in his cockpit reading a newspaper, having set his course by wireless. I looked at my companions, who were all asleep or reading, or maybe thinking of politics and business deals. For sure, there is nothing more disheartening than to contemplate one's fellow-passengers in an air-liner. They behave as though they know indeed that they are so many parcels of freight, carefully weighed and calculated by kilos, to be delivered with all possible speed, entered in a book and signed for. They are not labelled individually, but you should see them in some airports waiting in their various pens, marked according to destination, before they are released to walk across to the waiting plane. And if anyone should stray, what infinite care the official takes to put him back in the right pen! Once in the cabin, they stay put, huddled in their deep seats, strapped, berugged, cottonwool in their ears, angry that they cannot smoke, taking everything else for granted. Insignificant and petty are human beings in transport through the sky. No wonder, then, that among these dumb, helpless creatures the pilot feels like a shepherd.



Saint-Exupéry, the finest interpreter of flying, has described him as a shepherd as he moves across the sky from one little township to another, gathering them, as it were, to one another, counting them, watching over them. On that day, as we flew farther into the north and east, we interrupted for a moment the loneliness of many a log hamlet, encased in snow, lost in this whole country subdued by the winter. Even the sea water far out from the broken Baltic coast line was hardly to be distinguished from land, and the lakes became as frozen earth. Ski tracks were plainly visible, pencilled across frozen creeks and rivers, pushing out past overturned skiffs and wherries on the shore. A turret of smoke sometimes betrayed a woodman's cabin among the spruce trees. Who does not know that the North is the land of the woods? In winter, it is true, the snow defeats the forest, but in summer, when the cold blackness of the forest has miraculously come to life, its presence dominates all the land. When you fly, you see this most clearly of all. But is it not strange, you think, to be visiting in this way the home of all the Norse legends, the land of childish secrets and dreams—it might still be a dream, for you may come no nearer, since it is hostile country if your frail craft should want to land.

But wait a little! Before long you will wake up with a shock to pedestrian life, dropping safely down to a white bowl which is the Stockholm airfield, down a lane of crushed snow, marked clearly at intervals with branches of evergreen. Through the windows of the plane as it taxis to the hangars you will see fine-looking men in astrakhan hats, made of white or black Persian lamb. Then as you feel the ground you will remember that you are merely one of a motley herd of passengers, to be delivered and signed for with all speed. And you will know that the cold is greater than you have ever felt before.

Arrival is almost always an anti-climax, apart from the graceful hovering sweep of landing and the thrilling sensation it brings. But not always. There is one arrival I shall always remember, when, a few weeks later, I flew to Finland. It was twilight when we left Stockholm, in an old noisy machine. We took off along a lane of coloured lamps which were just beginning to glow. In the half light the outskirts of the city were hardly visible, so gently did they merge into the frozen countryside. Gradually everything became dissolved more and more, made equal under the stern gaze of the sky. We crossed a vast sheet of steely white, seared with fantastic patterns—the Gulf of Bothnia, frozen in all its motions. All the way over it was frozen. We flew over the Gulf without lights, since we were entering a country at war. Only there was a dull red glow from the sparking under the cowling of each engine. Below, we soon saw the stepping-stone islands which mark the way to Abo, and the bigger ones which clutter the approach by sea. Then we left them and began to chase inland.

Suddenly in the blackness sparks were spinning out behind, and the engines stopped their roar. At the same time the wireless operator began to signal with lights which spat forward from the wings. There was an answer from the ground, to which the operator replied, and in a trice there appeared an arena of coloured beacons, a pool of light in that vast area of limitless forest. We wheeled and glided towards it as to a magnet. Then, suddenly, when we were very close, arc lights were switched on, lighting the place where we were to land. Under them each particle of snow seemed to scintillate; the whole effect was one of unimaginable brilliance in contrast with the darkness all around. This was the haven into which we came, half-blinded—one thought of a moth drawn to a lamp turned on for a moment by a sleeper. As soon as the plane touched the snow, lurching at first on its pitted, crusted surface, the arc lights went out. For barely a minute

had they shone. For a little longer, till we came to rest by a sentry-guarded cabin, the border-lights remained, set on hillocks round the airfield. They stared at you like the eyes of a pack of timber wolves making a ring about you in a forest clearing. Then these were extinguished, too, so instantaneously that one thought he must have closed his own eyes. The passengers groped the rest of the way to the cabin.

Journeys by air are rarely exciting like this, but often an adventure, and never prosaic or dull. Let the man be cursed who, flying over a sea of clouds, is not transported with the wonder of it, or, poised at so great a height above the earth that he can see its curvature, is not filled with the awe of it.



## CANADA AND FOREIGN POLICY

BY A. R. M. LOWER

**I**N the modern world of ruthless power politics there is grave danger of secondary powers becoming nothing more than mere pawns in the game. Great powers are not apt to allow considerations of generosity or sentiment to stand very long between them and the attainment of their own interests. It has therefore become urgent that Canadians should think out for themselves the implications of their geographical position and of their political relationships. This is a task that for a people with so short a period of independent national life behind them as we have, bristles with difficulties. Virtually the whole history of our waking to national self-consciousness lies within the last forty years. Perhaps we may be pardoned if we are still more or less asleep.

After the Boer war Sir Wilfrid Laurier in well-known utterances laid down the principles that we should not seek to know the secrets of British foreign policy because knowledge meant responsibility, and that although when the Empire was at war, Canada was at war, yet we were not obligated to take active part in all Imperial wars. In other words, Laurier, like the generals, was fighting the last war, not the one to come. It would have been possible to keep out of a minor British war, but not out of one which was a life and death struggle. Before 1914 Laurier apparently did not foresee this.

The World War, Sir Robert Borden's efforts and claims to the contrary, did not greatly change Canada's position. Such developments as the Imperial War Cabinet, the manner of the signature of the peace treaties, their approval by the Canadian parliament, gave us a kind of legal nationhood, but did they do much more? Throughout the war, our effort was confined to the supply side—the provision of men and materials for the British fighting forces. We did not get within

hailing distance of the military high command. There is no record that we offered any advice on matters of military strategy and wide policy or had any ideas of importance about it. In this sphere we were probably less prominent than the Belgians.

In the loftiest altitude of all, that of high policy, we were not such complete minors, but made a little ground. Dominion statesmen sat in the War Cabinet and while they had no access to the innermost circle of the allies, they at least could make their voices heard in British circles. Yet a reading of Sir Robert Borden's *Memoirs* will not convince one that he was a formative figure in this sphere. It is difficult to believe that Canada had a significant place in the direction of the last war. Sir Robert demanded and was given an admission ticket to all the big shows, he was a zealous guardian of Canada's interests when they came up, but the vital decisions were made by others.

"Bordenism", as it might be called, that is the policy of sharing responsibilities even if in a junior capacity, was projected into the inter-war period by Mr. Arthur Meighen. Mr. Meighen was in large part instrumental in securing the agreement to try for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which prevented serious divergence in foreign policy arising between Canada and the rest of the self-governing empire. The British Empire at the Washington Conference of 1921-22 thus was still a diplomatic unit.

It was to be the task of Mr. Meighen's successor, Mr. Mackenzie King, to destroy that diplomatic unity without finding something to put in its place. This was accomplished through various well-known acts, such as Chanak, the Halibut treaty of 1923, and Locarno. For these declarations of Canadian autonomy Mr. King at the time received more praise than blame. They were inevitable, for the edifice of nationalism could not be left half-built: the legal acknowledgments

of maturity given Sir Robert Borden would have meant nothing if they had not been implemented by independent decisions. The difficulty lay in the way in which Mr. King halted half way over. He was bold and decisive until 1926; then he stopped and has never since moved. He completed the necessary and somewhat negative preparatory task of securing our freedom of action but he proved incapable of forging a positive policy. He took his stand either on the easy ground of associating the country with rhetorical gestures such as the Kellogg-Briand pact, or on the negative position of no commitments, expressed in the phrase "Parliament will decide". "No commitments in advance" is the time-honoured basis of both British and American policy, arising out of the same factors in each case, insularity and internal differences of opinion. For Canada, even more insular than either and with more acute internal differences, it was also a natural policy. It was really the old policy of Laurier put into new words: ignorance was to be bliss, by avoiding knowledge we would avoid responsibility and yet we knew well enough that in the end we would incur all the consequences of responsibility. If Laurier could look back on the Boer war as the example of a war in which it was optional for us to participate actively, King had the World War to look back on, one in which from the nature of the struggle and from our own psychology, it was not optional. And he could be sure that any struggle to which he looked forward would be of the same nature.

Commitments or no commitments, circumstances did not permit complete Canadian detachment from the international scene. After 1918, Canada made three irruptions into high policy. These took the form of Mr. Meighen's stand on the Anglo-Japanese alliance, Mr. Cahan's speech at Geneva in December, 1932, and the Riddell incident in connection with oil sanctions against Italy in 1935. The two latter were con-



tributed by the Bennett and King governments respectively. Mr. Cahan went to Geneva as our representative on the League Assembly and as is well known made a speech that carried considerable comfort for Japan. Mr. Cahan was apparently without precise instructions and up to the very day before he made his speech he seems to have been undecided himself as to what line he should take. In the following February, the carefully prepared statement read to the Assembly by the permanent Canadian representative with the League virtually repudiated him and he was left to make his own explanation to the people of Canada.

The Riddell incident of 1935 was similar. In the Sanctions Committee of the League, the resolution for oil sanctions against Italy was moved (though probably not initiated) by Dr. Riddell, our permanent representative, without previous consultation with the cabinet. The government was silent for a month and then disavowed his actions by a statement in the press.

Two clumsier examples of amateur diplomacy could hardly be cited. It is clear that as late as 1935, Canada still had a great deal to learn about the conduct of international affairs. No further blunders have since occurred—perhaps because from 1935 on, with the closing of the theatre at Geneva on which she had been expected by men such as Sir Robert Borden to play a considerable rôle, Canada withdrew into her shell and once more contented herself with the apparently safe and sane (in reality the dangerous and foolish) course of closing her official eyes to what was going on in the world. In other words, Canada had reverted to the old pre-Laurier position of colonialism and had given full power of attorney to the persons who were in those days conducting what passed for foreign policy in Great Britain. No amount of assertion that we “had no commitments” could obscure the fact that to the consequences of their conduct we were committed. Those

persons who, like the present writer, claimed that Canada, if she so desired could shape her own fate, knew very well that nothing was less likely than that she would do so: their position was never more than educational, an attempt to arouse their countrymen to the necessity for making their own decisions and primarily in their own national interests, if Canada were ever to occupy a place in the world and in the Empire worth having.

To such persons nothing could have been more disheartening than the behaviour of large and important sections of Canadian public opinion over Munich. Most Canadians had been quick to recover their former antagonism towards the old enemy and from the seizure of Austria on, if not from the entry into the Rhineland, Canadian anger against Hitler rose rapidly. It was at fever heat in the tense moments of September, 1938. No worse douche could have been applied to it than Chamberlain's surrender. Yet within a day or two a certain great newspaper that had been thundering for war to the knife against Hitler, was off on its new course, solidly tucked in behind the British Prime Minister. It was representative of much of Canada. Such incidents rendered it obvious that the dominating elements in Canadian life were not guided by a conception of Canadian national interests and had little insight into the international situation. They could be depended upon to echo the policy of the government of Great Britain, no matter how dark a mystery that policy constituted.

When war at last broke out, most Canadians acquiesced in our participation in much the same way as they would acquiesce in getting caught in a thunder storm; it was unpleasant but inevitable. Once more the lead of men over whom we had no control, who were not our representatives, had been accepted without criticism, and certainly without Canada having made any effort to shape the kind of world in which she preferred to live. A gesture in the direction of independent

Canadian action was made in the separate declaration of war and to that extent still another step was taken in the legalism of nationhood. Of real nationhood, that spirit which insists on attempting to control one's own destiny, on independence of character and of will, there was not much evidence.

The nature of our original war effort confirms this judgement. Once more, as in 1914, it consisted in supply and subordination—the supply of troops and munitions, and the acceptance of the policy of the current ministry in Great Britain, both in the direction of the war and on the political front.

In the spring came the series of disasters that changed the whole picture. The defects in a conception of warfare which had refused to set much more than a peace-time pace in supply could not be concealed even from Canadians. But as Canadians we were committed to the follies of, though we had no control over, the leaders who had allowed themselves to be outflanked in the north, rolled up in the centre and out-manceuvred politically in the south. Luckily and characteristically the British themselves took much more drastic decisions than Canadians ever would have dared to do and were (and are) infinitely more critical, both of their military leaders and of their government.

Still, even in Canada, there was considerable commotion and a more energetic group of ministers came to the front at Ottawa. As we all know, supply was proceeded with most vigorously so that to-day on that side of our war effort Canada is making remarkable progress. Another change also occurred and a more important one: the war became a Canadian war and we really began to make a national effort, this of course for the same reason as has altered the course of American life, the breaking of the barriers between us and the enemy.

The interesting question is whether in this new war we are going to assume the rôle of a principal or whether we shall continue to be a subordinate. In England, there is reason to



believe that in decisions involving military policy the voice of General MacNaughton is weighty. If so, it is a tribute to him personally and to the "token" value of the troops under his command: they represent a potential weight out of proportion to their actual numbers. In Canada, the necessity for the defence of our own country is forcing independent decision upon our authorities. If the supply of material and the training of troops is being accompanied by a proportionate amount of hard thinking upon the wide problems of Canadian defence, upon the strategy and tactics involved, then our fighting services will emerge from this war national and non-subordinate forces to a degree undreamed of during the last.

Whether the same assertions could be made in the sphere of high policy is another matter. It is doubtful if the gaze of the present government has yet got far beyond the boundaries of Canada. It has concluded the defence agreement with the United States and it has taken over the responsibility for Newfoundland, but the Prime Minister has expressly put off any responsibility for decisions about the West Indies. This being so, it is unlikely that there has been any official Canadian thinking about more remote problems that have a vital bearing upon our national well-being. Probably in the spring we felt that Norway was the business of Great Britain and France, not ours. Since then we have had the similar though lesser incident at Dakar. Do we still believe that how the government of Great Britain directs the war is no business of ours? Have we no counsel for these major operations, which if mismanaged may have fatal results? If we had no men in England, probably we would not be entitled to have opinions on such high matters, but as we have men there, everything that affects their fate becomes our business. This has been clearly grasped in Australia where "in discussion of the Dakar incident military and other press commentators demanded an Empire war council. . . . the Australian imperial force had been stationed in

England and spokesmen argued that it is up to Australia to see that her soldiers are used to the best advantage" (CP. cable). It is inevitable that the power of attorney given to British military and political authorities in the last war must sooner or later be revoked. Ill-considered efforts such as Dakar hasten the approach of that day. The alternatives to subordination are either separate national efforts, the Imperial council the Australians suggest or, still better, an allied council on which Canada shall have a place of exactly the same nature as that of Great Britain, Holland.

Such a council would have to be responsible for the higher direction of the war. This war may easily be lost in, say, Ireland or in India. Is the policy of the ministry in Great Britain towards those countries no business of a nation such as ours which is straining every effort towards winning the common war? In the case of Ireland, Canadian intervention might rescue a most unfortunate situation. Judging from 700 years of history there is only one prediction that can be made about the relations of England and Ireland, they will shortly take a turn for the worse. But Canada could speak as a sister Dominion with no record of ancient grudges to mar friendship.

The sooner our authorities learn that our responsibilities extend to every sphere of the war, the better: the sooner they get out of the Canadian parish and into the stream of world affairs, the better. Canada can never pull her full weight until Canadians overcome the notion that their place is a subordinate one, their business mainly to work hard and think little, until in short they accept the full burden of nationhood.

The new relationship into which we have entered with the United States entails the same benefits and the same dangers as the traditional association with Great Britain. There is however the difference that our attitude towards the United States is not much coloured by sentiment. There will thus be a good deal of healthy realism in our new association. Is it necessary

to add that our association with Great Britain would also be more healthy if there were more unbiased realism about it?

If the new American defence agreement, which must necessarily grow more complex as time goes by, is not from the first looked at realistically, Canada will find that she is no more mistress of her own life *vis-à-vis* the United States than she has traditionally been *vis-à-vis* Great Britain. American policy will be decided and executed without reference to us but we will be dragged into its results. Thus if the United States should intervene in South America, the tendency would be for Canada to be passively belligerent as she was in Great Britain's secondary wars of the last century. If however the United States engages in a major war, such as one with Japan, would not Canada be as automatically involved as when Great Britain went to war? The only obstacle to our becoming a mere satellite of the United States is that of a clear-sighted foreign policy of our own, an imaginative policy and one a good deal bolder than anything we unfortunately have any reason to anticipate. It is the man who knows his own mind who carries the day. Is there any prospect of Canada, internationally, knowing her own mind, or must she merely become the tail to another kite? She has been a tail to the British kite: if she now becomes a tail to the American also, her fate will be sad indeed. It will be sad even providing that the two kites fly exactly parallel courses. If they diverge a little, it will be too bad for the tail.

Is there any possibility of our working out a clear-sighted foreign policy of our own, one that would serve our national interests and enable us to exercise a proper degree of influence upon the decisions of the great powers to which we are bound? Whether we can eventually do so or not, there are two conditions that first must be met.

To begin with, we must realize ourselves as a people, learn to regard ourselves not merely as a detached part of a greater



whole, but as a state with its own way of life and its own outlook upon world affairs. This is the course upon which our feet have been set for many years and the probability is that we shall not reverse it, though it will be a slow business.

Secondly, we must have knowledge. At present there is hardly a newspaper in the country that could write an authoritative editorial on the politics of those parts of the world outside the Anglo-Saxon circle. In the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa there is only a corporal's guard of experts who know in any intimate way anything about foreign governments and foreign peoples. In all our universities, there is only a handful of professors who know very much about foreign affairs except at second hand, through the medium of books and periodicals. We thus at present have little information upon which to base a correct attitude towards this country or that. In the country at large we have a dark Philistinism which is satisfied with irrationalism and even actively hostile to intelligent leadership, as is shown by the present pressure against merely liberal education as an unnecessary wartime luxury.

The only road to an adequate body of knowledge lies through our universities, through the faculties of arts and particularly through the social science departments. That road leads logically to the Department of External Affairs. Instead of the few overworked men—men of the highest calibre—now constituting it, it should be enlarged many times over, and it should be sending its young men to its ministries throughout the world, which instead of three or four should be numerous.

If we had the necessary expert knowledge, we have some good cards to play it with. We can always drive a good bargain with either Great Britain or the United States in military policy. With the one we have the ace of supply, with the other the ace of geographical position. Both will listen to us if we play our cards well.

## TO SEA-GULLS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Voyagers, voyagers frail  
Yet resolute onward to sail  
O'er gray waste solitudes—gliding  
Down airy chasms and chiding  
The shrill, impetuous gust  
Whose sudden buffet and thrust  
Fling you afar from your flight  
Till you balance, to bank and alight  
With spumy wings folded, at ease  
On weaving, weltering seas;—

Voyagers, voyagers, we,  
Like you, in processional throng,  
Follow and wheel and flee  
Across an antiphonal sea  
Long flowing and lapsing long:  
Like you, we are weak and strong,  
Tireless and tired, and we know  
And know not whither we go.

## HEREDITY, ENVIRONMENT AND TWINS

BY H. H. NEWMAN

SCIENTIFIC enquiry, as the term implies, is a matter of asking questions of nature. If the researcher, or inquirer, expects to get at the truth about nature's secrets he must be very careful to ask sensible questions. Sir James Jeans, the eminent English astronomer, remarks that "it is frequently easier to get some sort of answer from nature to a nonsensical question than it is to frame a sensible question to start with".

Many nonsensical questions have been asked about heredity and environment. One of these is: 'Which human characters or traits are hereditary and which are environmentally induced?' This question admits of no sensible answer, for every character is the result of the interaction of hereditary materials with environmental factors. Only slightly less nonsensical is the question: 'Which is more important in determining what a person grows up to be, his heredity or his environment?'

Since heredity and environment are both essentials for the development of an individual, the question as to the relative importance of two essential factors is nonsensical. It is like the question: Which is more important in the production of sugar by green plants, sunlight or carbon dioxide?

To the foolish question, 'Which is more important, heredity or environment?' many absurd and exaggerated answers have been obtained. Extreme hereditarians have sometimes gone so far as to say that what a man actually *is* is determined almost solely by the genes he has received from his father and his mother. What he *does* with his hereditary endowment is often determined for him by his environment. Heredity determines what he *is* and environment determines only the extent to which his heredity will be given a chance to realize its full potentialities.



In a sense it is probably true that only potentialities are hereditary, for no characters, as such, are hereditary; but when it is stated that every human trait that actually appears in an individual must have been potentially present in his germ-plasm, the whole problem becomes stultified. We see then how absurd an answer can be given by nature when a nonsensical question is asked.

Another answer to this foolish question is obtained by extreme environmentalists, who are inclined to rest their case upon constitutional authority. The United States Constitution states in one of its best known sentences that "all men are born free and equal". This dictum has been frequently misinterpreted as meaning that hereditary differences do not exist and that what a man becomes is entirely a matter of environment, training and opportunity. One of our leading modern psychologists, J. B. Watson, asserts that were he given full charge of any normal, healthy infant, he could make of him anything he desired, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief". This seems to imply that all infants, unless deformed or defective at birth, have equal hereditary potentialities. Here we have another absurd answer to our nonsensical question.

When, nearly fifteen years ago, my colleagues, Dr. Frank Freeman (a psychologist), Dr. Karl Holzinger (a statistician) and I (a biologist), decided to pool our various abilities and techniques in an attack on the heredity-environment problem, we were very careful to start right in two respects:

1. We selected for our research material human twins, for we realized that, for reasons I shall soon disclose, twins are the only human beings that are at all likely to give reasonably accurate answers to our questions.

2. We were careful to ask only sensible questions that nature (twins in this case) could answer. Two main questions were asked:

(a) What fraction of the variability in various physical, mental and temperamental traits, found among children reared together in the same environment (*i.e.*, the same home) is due to hereditary differences?

(b) To what extent do environmental differences acting upon persons with identical heredity modify their physical, mental and temperamental characteristics?

### *Twin Studies*

Human twins are of two kinds: one-egg (identical) twins, and two-egg (fraternal) twins. One-egg twins, since they are the product of the division of a single mother-cell, are identical in their heredity make-up. They are always of the same sex in a given pair and are usually so extremely similar that they can only with difficulty be distinguished. Two-egg twins come from two separate mother-cells and may consist of two boys, two girls, or a boy and a girl. They differ as much, except for being of the same age, as do brothers and sisters of the same family. The members of each pair of two-egg twins differ in their hereditary make-up.

We collected from the Chicago schools fifty pairs of one-egg and fifty pairs of two-egg twins, which we compared, measured and tested in a multiplicity of ways, to see how they differed with respect to physical, mental, and personality traits.

Nature has furnished us here with an almost ideal set-up that closely approaches a controlled scientific experiment. The one-egg twins, alike in their heredity, are also alike in their environment, for all pairs were reared together in the same environment, so far as this is possible. The two-egg twins were also reared together and we assume that they have a common environment, but they differ in their heredity. Hence the extent to which two-egg twins (boy-boy and girl-girl pairs) differ more than do one-egg pairs must be due to hereditary differences.

By the use of approved statistical procedures it was then possible, for each character studied, to determine the percentage of their intra-pair variability that is due to hereditary differences. A simple equation was set up that gave us the following information:

The relative share of heredity in determining intra-pair variability in fraternal (two-egg) twins differed for every character studied. Some characters, such as hair-colour, eye-colour, features, general body build, finger and palm prints, etc., turned out to be from 90 to 95 per cent. hereditarily fixed. That is, the differences in environment modify them either very little or hardly at all.

It was next found that a considerable number of physical characters, such as height, body weight, head length, head width, etc., showed a percentage of hereditary determination of from 75 to 81. Then come differences in mental ability, which varied according to different tests and measures from 65 to 80 per cent. hereditary. Scholastic achievement came next with a percentage of 64. Differences in temperament and emotional stability showed a hereditary percentage of only 30.

From these results it is safe to draw the following conclusions:

1. That some types of human characters are very much more strongly fixed by heredity (*i.e.*, less modified by existing environmental differences) than others.

2. Hence, in attempting to estimate the relative shares of hereditary and environmental factors in determining differences in individuals, it is necessary to study each character separately.

3. That physical characters have the largest hereditary component, mental ability next, scholastic achievement next, and personality traits least.



4. Since two-egg twins are no more than brothers and sisters born together, the shares of hereditary and environmental factors responsible for intra-pair differences, apply also to pairs of brothers or sisters, when age differences in the latter are taken into account.

5. The results obtained by the twin method are far more scientifically accurate than those reached by any other method, because they have been obtained by more scientific procedures. We have asked of nature sensible questions and we believe that we have received sensible answers.

*Nature's Second Twin Experiment*  
(*Identical Twins Reared Apart*)

By statistical comparison of one-egg twins reared together with two-egg twins reared together we have been able to determine the relative share of hereditary factors in determining two-egg-twin differences when the environment has been as nearly similar as possible. Next we wanted to know what would be the effect on human characters when individuals with identical heredity are subjected to considerably greater environmental differences than those encountered when they are reared together in the same family.

The only material suitable for answering this question consists of one-egg twins separated in infancy and reared apart under all sorts of different environmental conditions. Such a project was far easier to plan than to carry out. It was decided that twenty pairs of such separated twins would be necessary for statistical treatment. A larger number would be better, but it required nearly ten years of persistent effort to reach the number of cases needed. In finally reaching this goal it was necessary to offer to many twins on our list all-expenses-paid trips to the Chicago Century of Progress Fair. During the years 1933 and 1934 we spent several thousand dollars of our research funds in bringing pairs of separated

one-egg twins to Chicago, sometimes from great distances. In 1935 we completed the study of twenty cases of separated twins, a unique collection not likely to be duplicated, for we have almost exhausted the present crop.

These pairs of twins were for the most part separated through adoption by different foster parents during early infancy and kept apart till about the time when we brought them together in Chicago for intensive study.

The environmental contrasts were varied and frequently extensive. In some cases the contrast was largely in educational advantages. The greatest difference in this respect was found to consist of thirteen years of schooling, one sister having left when in the third grade of a Canadian school while the other went on to graduation from a good American college and was a teacher in a Detroit school. Three or four other pairs differed from five to eleven years in the amount of schooling.

In several pairs of twins there had been marked differences in social environment. In three cases the economic status of the two foster families had differed greatly, one twin having been reared by wealthy parents and the other by parents on the verge of poverty. In two cases the contrast was between a home characterized by unusual culture and one of almost the opposite sort.

In several other instances the contrast was one of health and physical condition. There were two cases in which one twin was a chronic invalid and the other healthy. There were others in which two individuals differed sharply in general vigour and muscular development as the result of having lived very different lives. An example of this is the case of two Ohio twins, one of whom had for many years lived the life of a busy and active farm woman, while the other had lived in the city and spent most of her time clerking in a store and

teaching music. The farm woman was robust and muscular, while the city woman was thin and delicate.

In order to determine the effects of different environments on hereditarily identical pairs of individuals we need only to compare the differences previously determined for the fifty pairs of one-egg twins reared together with those found in twenty pairs of one-egg twins reared apart. Obviously, the only difference between the two groups is environmental, for both groups consist of hereditarily identical pairs.

When the identical twins reared apart were compared with those reared together with respect to the average intra-pair differences, the following facts came to light:

1. With respect to all physical characters, except one, the separated twins were on the average just as similar as those reared together. This seems to mean that environmental differences subsequent to birth are little if at all effective in changing normal physical characters.

2. The one physical character that was markedly influenced by the differences in environment was *body weight*, a character well known to be readily modified by differences in diet, exercise and health. The average intra-pair weight differences of twins reared apart were more than twice as great as those of twins reared together.

3. Differences in mental ability were definitely greater in separated than in unseparated twins, though not so much greater as those in body weight. Yet there is a marked similarity with respect to the influence of different environments between these two characters, mental ability and body weight. Both are definitely plastic characters capable of considerable modification up or down by favourable or unfavourable environmental factors. Yet both are fixed within fairly rigid limits by heredity. In the case of body weight, some persons are destined by inheritance to be rather stout, others rather slender. The hereditarily stout individual can by diet, exercise and hy-



giene become somewhat less stout; the hereditarily slender can take on some extra weight by richer diet, rest and hygiene; but the modification in either type is limited. Similarly, the hereditarily able person can by lack of training become somewhat mediocre or else become a more than usually able individual through extensive training; on the other hand, the hereditarily dull or mediocre individual may through lack of training become really dull and backward, or through good training may become bright enough to play a more or less useful rôle in society; but training will never make a dullard into a genius, nor will lack or inadequacy of training change a hereditarily able person into a dullard.

Mental ability is not fully fixed by heredity, as some over-enthusiastic writers on eugenics claim, but it is somewhat plastic and amenable to improvement by training. This is encouraging for educators.

It was further discovered that scholastic achievement, which was previously shown to be less fixed by heredity than is mental ability, is much more modified than the latter by differences in training.

Temperament-emotional traits, as determined by a considerable series of tests, did not seem to have been consistently modified through differences in the environment when only average differences of the twenty pairs were taken into account, but when the case-study method of study was employed, it was found definitely that such personality traits are indeed strongly influenced by environmental factors of the kinds that might be expected to modify such traits.

#### *What Particular Characters are Modified by Particular Environmental Differences?*

Realizing that the environment is extremely complex, we decided to attempt to break it down into three categories: educational, social, and physical-health.

When the separated pairs were with us we took great pains to discover the kind and extent of the environmental differences the members of each pair had encountered. In this way we were able to compose for each pair as complete life-histories as possible. These life-histories were then submitted to five judges, who independently rated the differences with respect to the three types of environment (educational, social, and physical-health) in terms of from 1 to 10 points. When the ratings of the five judges were compared it was found that they were over 90 per cent. in agreement, which is regarded as highly satisfactory for statistical purposes and therefore more than commonly reliable.

It was then possible to determine what kinds of differences are correlated with each of the rated differences in environment. It was found that differences were correlated with differences in mental ability, according to various tests, from a low of .46 to a high of .90. This means, roughly, that 46 to 90 per cent. of such differences are due to differences in education. It was also found that differences in mental ability were correlated with differences in social environment, largely of the cultural sort, to the extent of from 32 up to 53 per cent.

There was very little correlation between environmental differences of any sort with differences found in personality tests. This probably does not mean that personality is unaffected by differences in environment—far from it—but merely that the environmental categories we have rated are too rough and crude to be closely related to the content of the specialized personality tests used.

There was a string correlation between body weight and physical-health environmental differences, a small correlation between differences in health and mental ability, and fairly high correlation between health and scores on the Downey Will-Temperament test, which tests persistence, resistance to

opposition, and other similar character traits, through procedures of a somewhat exhausting nature.

Assuming that the degree of the correlation between differences in our three environmental categories with each type of measured difference (physical, mental, and temperamental) is in proportion to the relative influence of these different types of environment upon the various characters, it was then possible to calculate the contribution of each of these environmental factors to the total difference found for any character studied.

Thus it was found for differences in Stanford Binet I. Q. that:

- 50 per cent. of the difference was due to educational differences.
- 10 per cent. of the difference was due to social differences.
- 12 per cent. of the difference was due to combined educational and social differences.
- 9 per cent. of the difference was due to physical-health differences.
- 19 per cent. of the difference was due to unknown causes.

This is about the limit to which it is possible to go in assigning the responsibility of different environmental factors for human differences in this particular group.

The first of the twin set-ups, that involving a comparison of one-egg twins and two-egg twins, both sets reared together in highly similar environments, showed us that each separate character (physical, mental and temperamental) is different with respect to the extent to which it is hereditarily fixed. Physical characters are most fixed, mental ability is next, scholastic achievement next, and personality traits least fixed. Mental ability differences as determined by intelligence tests may be said to be about two-thirds hereditary and one-third environmental, at least between brothers and sisters.

The second twin set-up, that between identical twins reared together and those reared apart, agreed with the first set-up in showing that physical characters (except body-weight) are least modified by differences in environment, that



mental ability next, scholastic achievement next, and personality traits, indeterminate by statistical procedures, but by study of individual cases, are most modified.

### *The Case-Study Method*

Whereas the statistical method yielded inconclusive evidence as to the effect of different environments on personality traits, the study of individual cases brought out many striking instances of the strong influence of differences in environment and experience upon different special elements of personality.

We make no claim to have solved the whole heredity-environment problem. What we think we have done is to show that there is no single problem, but a multiplicity of minor problems. The whole field seems now more complex than when we began. There is much left to do. We have gathered and published a considerable mass of basic data which are published for the benefit of future workers in the field. These workers are at liberty to re-evaluate them as they please and to reinterpret them in the light of future research. We are satisfied to have laid some of the foundations as to materials and methods of research and to have traced out some of the threads in the tangled web which constitutes the organism we call man.

## THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

**T**HROUGH level lines of streaming snow, a huge figure loomed large and portentous. Vanishing in blinding gusts, it ever and ever appeared again, thrusting itself onward with dogged persistence. Across flat and frozen plains forged the great piston-like legs, driving down his snowshoes with a clocklike regularity that suggested, rather than told of, enormous muscular force. Behind him, knee-deep, toiled five yellow-coated, black-muzzled dogs, their shoulders jammed tight into their collars, their tawny sides rippling with the play of straining tendons; and, last of all, a long, low toboggan lurched indomitably on, the trampled trail breaking into a surge of powdered snow under its curving bow.

Into the teeth of the gale pushed this pigmy caravan—a gale that was born on the flat shores of Hudson Bay, that breasted the slopes of the Height of Land, that raged across the blank white expense of Lac Seul, and was now shrieking down, dire and desolate, to the ice-bound and battlemented borders of Lake Superior. It was a wind that had weight. Tom Moore felt its vast and impalpable force, as he leaned against it when he stopped for breath. It assaulted him—it tore steadily, relentlessly, at him, as if seeking to devour—it lashed the stinging grains into his face, and into the open mouths of his panting dogs—it smoothed out the crumpled trail as the wake of a ship is obliterated by closing waters—till, a moment after his passing, the snow ridges lay trackless and unruffled. Still, however insignificant in these formless wastes, that silent progress held steadily on; and so it had held from early morn. These black specks on a measureless counterpane, guided by some unfailing instinct that lurked far back in the big half-breed's brain, were making an unswerving line for a wooded point that thrust out a faint and purple finger, far ahead in

the gathering dusk. As they drew slowly in, the wind began to abate its force, and Tom, peering out from the mass of ice that was cemented to his mouth and eyes, looked for some sheltering haven. The dogs smelled the land, and more eagerly flung themselves into the taut traces, while over them gathered the shadows of the welcome woods.

Peter Anderson, the Hudson's Bay factor at Lac Seul, was low in provisions, and had sent to the Ignace post a curt suggestion that the deficiency be supplied; and Tom Moore's laden toboggan was the brief but practical answer to his letter. The three-hundred-pound load was made up of the bare necessities of life—pork, flour, and the like; these, delivered, would be worth seventy-five cents a pound and thirty dollars a sack respectively; and Tom was the arbiter of transportation. In summer his canoe thrust its delicate bows through the waterways that interlaced the two posts, and in winter his snowshoes threaded the stark and frozen wilderness. He had always travelled alone on the ice. Nature had moulded him with such a titan frame, so huge and powerful a body, so indomitable and fearless a soul, that he had become accustomed to laughing at the fate that overtook many of his tribe. They disappeared every now and then, utterly, silently, and mysteriously; but ever Big Tom moved on, the incarnation of force and of life that mocked at death.

When, two days before, MacPherson had summoned him to the Ignace post, and pointed to the pile of provisions; and said laconically: 'For Anderson, at Lac Seul,' Tom had merely grunted, 'How,' and set out to harness his dogs. But the last day had brought him more serious reflection. By the flight of the goose it was two hundred miles and by the winter trail perhaps two hundred and fifteen; and of these forty now lay behind him.

He made his camp, he lit his fire, he flung to each ravenous dog a frozen whitefish, and ate, himself, almost as sparingly;



then, rolled in his rabbit-skin blanket, he lay down on his back, and looked up at the winking stars.

About midnight the wind changed and veered into the south-east, bringing with it a clammy drizzle, half snow, half rain, that plastered the trees with a transparent enamel, and spread over the surface of the earth a sheet of ice, half an inch thick, and exceeding sharp.

In that shivering hour which heralds the dawn, a branch cracked sharply a little distance from the camp. One of the dogs twitched an ear, and Tom was too deep in sleep to notice it. The five huskies were buried in snow beneath a tree, from a branch of which swung a sheaf of rigid fish, suspended in the air for security. But, in the half light, something moved, a something that turned upon the smouldering fire great luminous eyes—globes that seemed to receive the glow of dull coals, and give it out again in a changing iridescence. Around the eyes was a white-grey mask, crowned by short, black-pointed ears; behind the ears moved noiselessly a tawny body with heavy legs and broad, soft pads. It slipped from tree to tree, touching the ground lightly here and there, till the great lynx hung, motionless and menacing, above the sleeping camp. It stopped, sniffed the tainted air, and then stared, fascinated, at the sheaf of fish which hung, slowly revolving, in tantalizing proximity. Silently, with dainty and delicate caution, the lynx laid itself out on the branch, and, clinging tight, stretched out a curved forepaw; it just touched its object, and set it swaying. Again the paw went out, and again fell short. A quicker thrust, and the big pads slipped on the frozen wood, and, with a scream, the great cat fell fair on the sleeping dogs.

In an instant the air split with a frenzy of noise. Tom sprang up, and saw a maelstrom of yellow forms, a convulsive, contorted mass, from which came the vicious snap of locking jaws, the yelp of agonized animals, and the short, coughing

bark of the lynx. Around and in and out they rolled, buried in fur and snow. The wolf was born again in the huskies, and, with all their primal ferocity, they assailed each other and a common enemy. Two of them crawled away, licking great wounds from deadly claws; and then gradually the battle waned, till it died in a fugue of howls, and the marauder escaped, torn and bleeding, into the silence from which he came.

Tom stood helpless, and then, when the three came limping home, went over to where his two best dogs lay, licking great gashes—for the lynx had literally torn them open. As he approached, they lifted their black lips, till long fangs shone, ivory white; and death and defiance gurgled in their throbbing throats. A glance told him that nothing could be done; frost was already nipping the raw flesh till they snapped at their own vitals in desperation. He raised his axe, once, twice—and his two best huskies lay on a blanket of blood-stained snow, with twitching bodies and glazing eyes.

Now, very soberly, he examined the others. They were still fit for harness; so, in the yellow light that began to flood the world, he shortened his traces, twisted his feet into the toe straps, and, with never a look behind, faced again the burden of the day.

The trail was hard to break. The crust, that would not carry the dogs, was smashed down, and tilted cakes of ice fell over on his shoes, a deck load that made them a weariness to lift. Behind floundered the toiling huskies, the leader's nose glued to the tail of the trailing shoes. What vast reserve of strength did man and beast then draw upon, Tom could not have told you; but, hour after hour, the small, indomitable train went on. As the day lengthened, Tom shortened his stride; for the dogs were evidently giving out, and his thigh muscles were burning like hot wires. At four o'clock the team stopped dead, the leader swaying in his tracks. The big half-

breed, running his hands over the shaking body, suddenly found one of them warm and wet—it was sticky with blood. Then he saw blood on the trail; looking back, he saw crimson spots as far as the eye could distinguish them; lifting the matted hide, he revealed a gash from which oozed great, slow drops. The valiant brute had drained his life out in the gory baptism of that killing trail. At this Tom sat down in dumb despair, took the lean yellow head upon his knees, smoothed the tawny fur back from those clouding eyes, and set his teeth hard as the dying beast licked his caressing hand in mute fidelity.

The great frame grew rigid as he watched, and slowly into the man's mind, for the first time in all his life, came doubt. Perhaps it was more of wonderment. It was not any suggestion of failing powers, imminent danger, or impending hardships; it was rather a mute questioning of things which he had always heretofore accepted, as he did the rising and sinking of the sun—things which began and ended with the day. His reasonings were slow and laborious; his mind creaked, as it were, with the effort—like an unused muscle, it responded with difficulty. Finally, he saw it all.

Long ago, when his mother died, she had warned him against the false new gods which the white man had brought from the big sea water, and in her old faith had turned her face to the wall of her teepee. She had been buried in a tree-top, near a bend of the Albany River, where it turns north from Nepigon and runs through the spruce forests that slope down to Hudson Bay. But Tom had listened to the new story—more than that, he had hewed square timber for the Mission Church at Ignace; and now—retribution had come, at last. No sooner had the idea formulated itself, than it seized upon him; and then there rose to meet it—defiance. Grimly, he slackened the collar from the dead husky, and laid the empty traces across his own breast; savagely he thrust forward, and started the toboggan, and the diminished company stayed and stopped not till, once again, the darkness came.



That night the two surviving dogs eyed him furtively when he flung them their food. They did not devour it ravenously, as was their custom; but crouched with the fish under their paws, and followed with shifting look every move he made. He was too weary to care; but, had he watched them an hour later, the sight would have convinced him that there was an evil spirit abroad in those frosty woods.

Noiselessly they approached his sleeping form, sniffing intently at everything in the camp. He lay, massive and motionless, wrapped in an immense rabbit-skin blanket, one fold of which was thrown over the bag that held his provisions; his giant body was slack, relaxed, and full of great weariness.

The dogs moved without a sound, till they stood over the sleeping man. The long hair rose in ridges along their spines as they put their noses to his robe, and sniffed at their unconscious master; for, whether it was the fight with the lynx, or that yellow body out on the ice, some new and strange thing had come into their blood; they had reverted to the primal dog, and no longer felt the burden of the collar or the trace. The labour of the trail had passed from them.

At first, the smell of man repelled them, but it was only for a moment; the lean shoulders swayed as their twitching noses ran over his outline, and then a new scent assailed them. It was the provision bag. Gently, and with infinite precaution, they pulled it. Tom stirred, but only stirred. The sack was trailed out over the snow, and the tough canvas soon gave way before those murderous teeth. In silence and in hunger they gorged; what they could not eat was destroyed, till, finally, with bulging sides, they lay down and slept in utter repletion.

It was the sun on his face that woke Tom to a consciousness of what had happened. He felt for the bag; finding it not he looked at the dogs, and on seeing them raised his hand in anger. Now, this was a mistake; few dogs will wait for

punishment, least of all a half-savage husky who expects it. He approached, they retreated; he stopped, they squatted on their haunches and eyed him suspiciously; he retreated, they did not move; he held out a fish, they were supremely indifferent. They had entered a new world, which was none of his; they suddenly found that they did not have to obey—and when man or beast reasons thus, it spells ruin. All his arts were exhausted and proved fruitless, and then Tom knew that an evil spirit—a Wendigo—was on his trail.

To push forward was his first instinct. Slowly, he rolled up the blanket, and laced it to the toboggan; and, as the sun topped the rim of the land, the unconquerable breed struck out across the ice, the traces tugging at his shoulders. A few yards behind followed the enfranchised team, drunk with the intoxication of their new-found liberty. Never did he get within striking distance, but ever he was conscious of those soft, padding sounds; he felt as if they were always about to spring at his defenceless back, but all through the weary day they followed, elusive, mysteriously threatening.

He pulled up, faint with hunger, in mid-afternoon, and went into a thicket of cedar to set rabbit snares; but no sooner had he turned than the dogs were at the toboggan. A ripping of canvas caught his ear, and he rushed back in fury. They fled at his approach, and lay flat on the snow, their heads between their paws; so Tom pulled up his load, built a fire beside it, and watched the huskies till morning. He had now one hundred miles to go; he had three hundred pounds to pull, and no dogs; he could not, dared not sleep; and he had no food, but—Anderson was waiting at Lac Seul.

Who can enter into those next days? Through the storms—and they were many—moved a gigantic figure, and after it crawled a long coffin-like shape; while behind the shape trotted two wolfish forms, with lean flanks and ravenous jaws. Across the crystalline plains plodded the grim procession, and at night

the red eye of a camp fire flung its flickering gleam on those same threatening forms as they moved restlessly and noiselessly about, watching and waiting, waiting and watching. As his strength diminished with the miles, Tom began to see strange things and hear curious and pleasant sounds. Then he got very sleepy; the snow was just the colour of the twenty-dollar blankets in the Hudson's Bay post; it was not cold now; he experienced a delicious languor, and people began to talk all around him, only they wouldn't answer when he shouted at them. Then the Wendigo came and told him to lie down and rest, and, as he was taking off his shoes, another spirit called out:

'Kago, kago—nebowah neepah panemah.'

'(Don't, don't! You will find rest by and by).'

At noon, on the eighth day after Tom left Ignace post, Peter Anderson looked across the drifts of Lac Seul, and shook his head. The horizon was blotted out in a blizzard that whipped the flakes into his face like needle-points, and the distance dissolved in a whirling view. The bush had been cleared away around his buildings, and in the bare space a mighty wind swooped and shrieked. As he turned, the gale lifted for a moment, and, infinitely remote, something appeared to break the snow-line at the end of a long white line of dancing wreaths; then the storm closed down and the vision was lost. Keenly he strained through half-closed lids; once more something stirred, and, suddenly, the wind began to slacken. In the heart of it was staggering a giant shape that swayed and tottered, but doggedly, almost unconsciously, moved on into the shelter of the land; behind trailed a formless mass, and, last of all, the apparitions of two lank, limping dogs.

Drunkenly and unseeingly but with blind, indomitable purpose the man won every agonizing step. His snow-shoes were smashed to a shapeless tangle of wood and sinew; his face was gaunt, patched with grey blots of frost-bite; and



through his sunken cheeks the high bones stood out like knuckles on a clenched fist. Ice was plastered on his cap, and lay fringed on brow and lids, but beneath them burned eyes that glowed with dull fires, quenchless and abysmal. By infinitesimal degrees he drew in, with not a wave of the hand, not a sign of recognition. Up the path from shore to trading post shouldered the titan figure, till it reached the door. At the latch, stiff, frozen fingers were fumbling as Anderson flung it open; then a vast bulk darkened the threshold, swung in helpless hesitation for a fraction of time, and pitched, face foremost, on the rough pine floor.

A few hours later, he looked up from the pile of skins upon which Anderson had rolled him: his eyes wandered to the figure of the trader, who sat, serenely smoking, regarding with silent satisfaction a small mountain of provisions.

'All here, boss?'

'Ay, Tom, all here, and I'm muckle obliged to ye; are ye hungry, Tom? Will ye hae a bit sup?'

'No eat for five days; pull toboggan. No dogs.'

Anderson stiffened where he sat. 'What's that? Haulin' three hunder' of grub, and ye were starving? Ye big copper-coloured fule!'

'No packer's grub, boss; Hudson's Bay grub!'

It was almost a groan, for Tom was far spent.

Involuntarily the quiet Scot lifted his hands in amazement, then hurried into his kitchen, murmuring, as he disappeared: 'Man, man, it's with the likes of ye that the Hudson's Bay keeps its word.'

## MOZART AND THE CRITICS

BY COLIN D. GRAHAM

**B**ERNARD Shaw remarked once that it was Mozart who first taught him to discuss serious things with wit. This was a shrewd musical comment as well as a confession, and its characterization of the Mozartian style is one which might be studied with advantage by certain musical critics. For the use of wit as a vehicle for serious thought, to judge by its results, has one important drawback: Mr. Shaw's readers and Mozart's listeners alike have too often shown the same capacity for ignoring seriousness as for enjoying wit. Particularly has this been the case with Mozart. His superficial qualities are so bewitching and obvious that casual critics have regarded them as his sole artistic attributes, and have thought that he is but a simple singer of ingenuous happiness, an artist gay and pure and perfect, a "period composer" whose music is redolent of the age of the peruke and the dancing-slipper.

The approach of the 150th anniversary of Mozart's death provides a moment as convenient as any for reconsidering the whole body of criticism relating to him. To be reminded of what has been said of him by generations other than our own is both arresting and salutary. It is more than that: it is disconcerting. If popular ideas about his art have tended on the whole toward a somewhat shallow unanimity, the serious judgements of past generations show great diversity.

Pessimistic melancholy, for example, was what his contemporaries considered the most noticeable trait in his work. To be sure, they appreciated the vivacity of such a comic masterpiece as his opera *The Marriage of Figaro*; but more often the music struck them as being gloomy and even at times bleak. Then, in the romantic period that followed Mozart's death, opinion became divided. One school pointed to the many signs of storm and stress in his works and conceived an idea of him

as a genius somewhat after the romantic style. Another talked chiefly about those of his characteristics that were most in opposition to the tendencies of their own time: his poise, his restraint, his measured grace and perfection of form—in short, his classicism. Of this school Robert Schumann furnishes an illuminating example. Discussing the famous fortieth symphony, in G minor, he strangely commended it for its “light and fresh Hellenic grace”. Later in the nineteenth century came a sentimental version of the earlier, romantic view. “Victorian schoolgirl nonsense” is roughly Mr. Shaw’s opinion of this trend. And quite rightly. The idolaters of the period, who seemed determined to give the object of their worship their own kind of apotheosis, led Mozart up the *Gradus ad Parnassum* in the character, of all things, of an immortal simpleton. The legend they created is with us yet. Nevertheless, it ought to be remarked in fairness to them that, from the point of view of most of the theories of musical history then prevailing, there was something to be said for their attitude. At that time, the vast importance to the history of music of the five centuries of development that preceded Bach was largely unsuspected. Modern music—whatever that meant—was considered to have begun only with the invention of the symphony, the string quartet and the sonata form: in other words, during the lifetimes of Haydn and Mozart. These two musicians came, therefore, to be looked upon as ‘primitives’, innocent geniuses in whom emotional complexity and subtle shades of meaning were not to be sought. The deepest critics of our own time have taken quite another view. Partly in reaction to the Victorian attitude, but also as a reflection of the gloomy turmoil of the post-war *Zeitgeist*, they have arrived at a verdict on Mozart that bears scarcely any resemblance to that of the Victorians. We are told now—weird contrast!—that the essential Mozart was both violent and dæmonic. None of the fiercer emotions is denied him.



Confusing and strange these contradictions certainly are; but do they necessarily mean, as they may seem to do, that the inner substance of Mozart's music is so elusive as to evade all analysis? Hardly. It is reasonable to suppose that each generation has tended to see only a few of the facets of the many-sided Mozartian jewel, and those chiefly that reflected a spiritual quality congenial to the mood of the time. More than this, only now, perhaps, has a ripe understanding of Mozart become at all possible. For we have the warning perspectives of a century and a half of criticism to guide us, if only we will consent to make use of them.

The Mozart that emerges from a judicial balancing of the several views—assuming that there exists a basis of truth in each of them—is certainly not the Little Lord Fauntleroy of music envisaged by the later Victorians. It is a deeper, stranger, more serious artist. The fact that both our own and Mozart's contemporaries have found an underlying gloom and darkness in his music is more than coincidental. Moods and colours of this character were an essential part of his nature. And only against such a background can the lighter elements of his art be properly placed and understood.

To what extent was Mozart a child of his century? What aspect of that century predominated in him? Was it Rousseau and 1789, or Gluck and the *ancien régime*?

The answers to these questions provide the clue to a great deal in Mozart. Artistically speaking, he was the product of many influences, but chiefly of two: rococo and romantic. Thus he was the creator not only of the most perfect of all rococo operas, *The Marriage of Figaro*, but also of the first great German romantic opera, *The Magic Flute*. These two æsthetic elements often appear together in his maturer compositions, and it says much for the power of his artistry that he was able to achieve, if not their complete fusion, at least their harmonious reconciliation. What could be more perfect, for

instance, than the balance of rococo and romantic in the great G minor symphony? But in Mozart the man, where the same duality is clearly evident, the result was anything but happy. He had all the appearance of a lively eighteenth man of sense. A small, birdlike figure, he had a droll humour and an acidly sardonic wit. But he had also a tendency to flare up into hot-headed intractability, moments of vehement instability and effusiveness, and they were like the shedding of a mask. They revealed the incipient romantic. And in fact, though he seems never fully to have realized it, his nature was in constant revolt against the world of the rococo. He was at once an independent bourgeois, a "citizen of the world", and an unsuccessful courtier. As a rule, he disliked aristocrats. He persisted in judging them, not by their rank, but by their worth as men and women; and as he used neither the tact of a Haydn to charm them nor the titanic vehemence of a Beethoven to compel their admiration, his relations with them were generally unsatisfactory. In addition to this, he had the romantic's incapacity for dealing with the hard practical world. Not unnaturally, the result of it all was a life of grinding worry, desperate financial trouble and disappointed hopes. Mozart had considerable talent for enjoying the good things of life, but there can be no doubt that he was a fundamentally unhappy man.

Evidence of this fact in his music is not difficult to find. As early as his eighteenth year there came from his pen a symphony in G minor whose stormy mood is eloquent of some deep-seated discontent. It was the first of a series of outbursts that occurred throughout his life, terminating with such compositions as the more famous symphony in the same key and that most lyrical of all expressions of despondency in music, the G minor string quintet. And doubtless these 'confessions' would have been even more frequent had the taste of the time condoned excursions into subjective moods. "Oh,

what I would give", Mozart once confided to a friend, "to be able to write as I should like!" But that was not advisable. Both his father and grim economic necessity were continually counselling moderation and deference to the prevailing taste.

So far there has been no hint of that dæmonism which the criticism of our times has discovered in him. If such is to be detected we must look for it, I think, in connection with his religious beliefs. Brought up a Catholic, he later turned seriously to Freemasonry. He was deeply influenced, as we know from *The Magic Flute*, by its more mystical aspects. Nevertheless his views on the whole seem to have been strongly independent, taking on something of the force and colour of his genius. In a letter to his father, written shortly after the death of his mother, he declared, "We see men stagger and fall over dead . . . when the time comes no physician, nothing can avail . . . it rests in the hands of God." In the stark fatalism of this passage we see for a moment something of the most obscure side of his mind. It seems linked in meaning with the great, driving episodes in the D minor and C minor piano concertos, in *Don Giovanni* and the D minor string quintet, with their veiled menace and vague, dreadful shudders—made all the more sinister by the uncanny formal control Mozart exercised over even the wildest of his inspirations.

It is too much to suggest that dæmons held a place in the Mozartian eschatology, however etherealized their form. Yet the visions he seems to have had suggest an awareness of the supernormal. Very strange things, for instance, happen in the most innocent-looking of his compositions. In the development sections of movements in sonata form and in isolated episodes of rondos and variations, the music is often suddenly deflected into weird moods in minor keys. A cold veil is drawn over the harmonies and the rhythm becomes startlingly tense. But it is all so delicately, even equivocally, done that often it is only after long acquaintance with a work that the listener becomes aware of what is happening.



Of much significance in the light of this phenomenon is the fact that toward the end of his life Mozart's preoccupation with death came close to morbidity. Several years before he died he had already arrived at a state of weariness where, as he told his father, death was no longer to be feared; he welcomed it, he said, as the "dearest and best of friends", and he often thought of it with longing. No night passed in which he failed to remind himself that he might not awaken in the morning. The well-known incident of the commissioning of the *Requiem Mass* by a mysterious stranger in gray, which Mozart interpreted as a warning of approaching death, shows to what lengths this tendency could go when aggravated by the effects of an illness. About many of his later works, such as the clarinet quintet and the isolated adagio in B minor, there clings a remote and unearthly spirituality which, though masked as usual by graceful formality, seems distinctly related to his morbid premonitions.

As for his vision of the normal as opposed to the supernatural world, this is best delineated in his operas. Yet even here, where the music is so closely allied to visual images, we cannot be sure that we know more than a little of what lay in his mind. Eckermann reported Goethe as saying that "knowledge of the world is inborn in the genuine poet . . . he needs not much experience to represent it adequately. I wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen* at the age of two-and-twenty and was astonished ten years later at the truth of my delineation. I had not experienced nor seen anything of the kind, and therefore I must have acquired the knowledge of human conditions by way of anticipation". This Mozart also could do. Paradoxically, he understood the world better when he portrayed it in opera than when he had to deal with it in reality. With his artist's intuition he had only to set to work upon a libretto, even a superficial one, to fashion it into a world of depth and truth.

With the exception of *Così fan tutte* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, which in several respects are alike, each of the greater operas deals with some different aspect of the world. Each is a world in itself. *The Marriage of Figaro*, a subtle portrayal of the aristocratic *milieu* of the eighteenth century, is brilliant with polish, intrigue and gaiety. But no one seeing this work at the time of its first production could have imagined its composer to be capable of so utterly different a feat of invention as *Don Giovanni*, which followed *Figaro* after two years. In place of the disciplined *esprit* of the latter one finds in *Don Giovanni* a passionate dynamic, an indescribable excitement; instead of a world of clear, sustained brightness we are shown one of sombre shadows and "burning half-lights"; instead of visibly defined limits there is constant suggestion of infinity. As a mirror of the universe and a commentary on human fate it is a thing of inexhaustible depth and subtlety. Such being the case, one might suppose that Mozart had at last set down definitely a picture of things as he saw them. But no. In *The Magic Flute* the scene is transported to yet another world, a world where in music clear as the night sky, farraginous nonsense is set beside the most solemn symbolism, and the tenderest naïveté is intermixed with the profoundest wisdom.

When he wrote *Don Giovanni* Mozart had treated both his villainous and his virtuous characters with impartial understanding. This was not, as Beethoven thought, the result of immorality on the part of the composer. It was a statement of things as they were. In *The Magic Flute*, on the other hand, such diabolical realism is replaced by clear-cut distinctions between good and evil. With calm sanity, yet with intense feeling, Mozart stated his idealism fully; for this opera was truly his *Ninth Symphony*. It belongs not only to a different genre than *Figaro* or *Don Giovanni*, but also to a different realm of the spirit.

Mozart died in his thirty-sixth year. Looking back over his unparalleled series of dramatic inventions, one wonders what other and still greater worlds a longer life would have led him to reveal. Not only do we not know the full magnitude of his vision; we have not even an idea of how much of that vision he was able to disclose before he died.

There was, however, a certain deficiency in Mozart's outlook which stands out clearly from the music, though as yet it does not seem to have been noticed. It is, that he possessed no deep nature-feeling. Through and through his mind was urban and cosmopolitan. The greatest of Europe's artists, from Shakespeare and Rembrandt through Goethe to Schubert and Wagner, have shown in one form or another an eye for landscape, a feeling for the mysteries of the forest or joy in the coming of spring. But Mozart had an eye only for the thickly peopled world of the cities, parks and palaces. When he gives us a nocturne, as he often does, for instance, in the slow movements of his piano concertos, we feel its setting to be a cultivated park or the grounds of some ducal palace, never a lonely rural retreat such as the environs of Vienna so dear to Beethoven.

It cannot thus be claimed for Mozart that he was a poet of universal sympathies; yet in those fields of life to which his nature directed his imagination he has not been surpassed for inventiveness or depth of insight. In the deft drawing of human character he had, as perhaps no other composer of opera ever had, the Shakespearean quality of boundless human understanding springing equally from compassion and insight. He had even the Shakespearean knack of making his stage characters speak, or rather sing, in idioms peculiar to their individual psychology. He seems to have loved them all without discrimination; for at bottom his nature was an affectionate one. And it is the quality of love, in the most comprehensive and unsentimental sense of the word, that for many people



constitutes the most appealing element in his art. Stendhal, the psychological novelist of love, was able to point to no higher embodiment of all that the word meant to him than the corpus of Mozart's compositions.

It is one of the mysteries of his artistic personality that, musically speaking, his gay and generous emotions were usually alloyed with darker ones. More often than not his most characteristic themes, those of tender warmth or of scurrying frivolity, are accompanied by undertones of sadness and something more. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else in his works, is to be found the real, unfathomable Mozart.

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

No more fitting epitaph could be found for Mozart than these lines of Keats, for never has so much that is sad and meaningful been concealed by an artist under a mask of delightful melody and graceful, witty badinage.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### THE UNITED STATES ELECTION

BY GEORGE V. FERGUSON

**T**HERE is some analogy between the re-election of President Roosevelt in the United States and the victory of Mr. Mackenzie King in this country last March. An important factor in both results was the reluctance of the electors to change their leadership in the midst of a crisis, and this reluctance was intensified by a belief engendered by the campaigns in both countries that no great issues separated the competing candidates for office. This belief may have been right or wrong but that it existed in very many quarters in Canada last spring and in the United States this autumn there can be no doubt. Beyond this fact, however, the analogy does not extend, and Canadians should be carefully warned against drawing undue conclusions from the voting in the United States. They should remember that the election was decided in the main upon issues that were of purely American domestic concern. They had to do with the content of New Deal in all its many aspects, the administration of the New Deal, and its social consequences. They had to do also with the constitutional issue of the "Third Term", a peculiarly American business; and on few of these subjects are outsiders qualified to speak or to pass judgement. All that we can say about them can be phrased only in the most general terms, making them as nearly as possible objective reflections devoid of the heat and passion which all these issues are bound to engender in the minds and hearts of American citizens.

In the closing stages of a furious campaign, Republican campaign headquarters notified its branches throughout the country that some 450,000 Canadians (no one knew how this figure was arrived at) were writing to friends and relatives in

the United States urging them to vote for President Roosevelt. The writer, in common with other editors in Canada, received both warnings and protests from Americans that such a drive from this side of the line would be unwelcome and harmful. So far as is known Canadians generally had more sense than to interfere in the domestic affairs of their neighbours, and it is fortunate that they had, for few things would be worse for the relations of our two countries than to give the impression in the United States that Canada identified herself with the Democratic administration. Canada has too many friends in every political party in the United States to jeopardize their friendliness in such a way; and it is true also that the policy of "all possible aid to Britain" is supported regardless of party by a vast majority of the American people. In these circumstances and in view of the fact that foreign policy was not an issue in the election, it was up to Canadians to stay out of the fight, and this they undoubtedly did.

On one point, however, Canadians had a right to be jubilant over the re-election of the President. Our Axis enemies, rightly or wrongly, wanted his defeat and the Nazi propagandist machine made one of its few serious mistakes by openly urging his defeat. The Axis press and the Axis short wave alike condemned the President as a war-monger and urged Americans to vote against him. As this inevitably was an open suggestion that they should vote for his opponent, Mr. Wendell Willkie, it is reasonable to suppose that the Axis efforts swelled the Rooseveltian vote, for Americans are a proud people strongly averse to being pushed about by outsiders. The episode was bad luck for Mr. Willkie. There is an amazing amount of evidence, published and unpublished, that the Republican candidate was even more convinced than the President that Britain must be sent every possible help. There is evidence, too, which will come out in due course, that he definitely refused on more than one occasion to make politi-



cal capital out of this conviction of his lest by doing so he drive the President off his line. It is therefore the more trying for him that there pushed into the varied camp of his supporters all the more vocal appeasers, Fifth Columnists, Jew-baiters, bundists, isolationists and the like, all of whom docilely raised the cry that was heard in Rome and Berlin that the President was a war-monger.

The success of the President therefore was a heavy blow struck at the morale of Canada's enemies, and to that extent we can properly rejoice in the turn that the voting took.

In this period of the election's aftermath, when the whole American people are girding themselves to re-create the spirit of national unity which the past few years have impaired, it would be a pity to dwell to any extent upon the extreme savagery that marked the campaign itself. It would, in a way, be better to emphasize such incidents as the short but emphatic address made by Mr. Alf. Landon on the night of the election itself. He spoke on the radio from his home in Topeka, Kansas, before the results were fully known but an hour after the *New York Times* had conceded the President's re-election. Mr. Landon chose to address himself not to the American people but to the Dictators. This he made clear in so many words in his opening sentence, and in the next sixty seconds he referred to the high hopes held by the Dictators that the Americans had become a hopelessly divided people. He said such hopes were false and concluded his moment on the air by saying that the man who was at that moment being elected by the choice of the people would be his President for the next four years.

Some reflections, however, are possible. Since 1933 the United States have gone through a violent though bloodless revolution. A whole mass of legislation initiated by the Administration and passed by large Congressional majorities has effected changes in the social, industrial and agricultural life

of the American people analogous to those that were made in Great Britain over a period of 40 or 50 years. The important thing about the American movement was its overwhelming speed. The tempo was really revolutionary and the result of the rapid change-over has been such as to leave many deep scars in the body politic. Millions of Americans had reached the honestly-held belief that President Roosevelt was a malign and sinister figure bent upon the destruction of American democracy. Millions more, acquitting him personally of that charge, regarded him as a weak and erratic man hopelessly enchained by a group of evil and brilliant bureaucrats avid of power and heedless of the democratic way of life. And a still larger group, accepting the changes wrought by the New Deal, sought to elect Mr. Willkie on the ground that he would, without sacrificing the good in the reforms achieved, so administer and consolidate them as to give the American people a breathing-space in which they could once more gain some true perspective of their country. These were the people who supported the Republican candidate, the ablest man thrown up by a Republican convention certainly since the nomination of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes in 1916.

Because there was official Republican acceptance of the New Deal legislation, the Willkie campaign based itself in the main upon the bid of the President for a third term. Mr. Willkie referred almost exclusively to "the third term candidate", and alluded repeatedly to what he called the false doctrine of "indispensability". It was obvious that he and his advisers (irreverently referred to by the newspapermen on the Willkie train as "the squirrel-cage") considered this their strongest card. The results were disappointing for reasons that have never been set out with greater clarity than by Mr. John W. Dafoe, the Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, writing in his newspaper a day or two after the election was over:

"From the examination which will now be made by the political scientists and the practical politicians, it may be found that the [third term] issue, on balance, was in Roosevelt's favour. If this was the case it arose from a circumstance easily visible on the surface of things, but to which most of the opponents of the President were blind. Except in the Southern States where technical party regularity, irrespective of what this may imply in the field of policies, is a controlling law of life, the battle which ended on Tuesday was not, except nominally, between the Republican and the Democratic parties. It was a battle between New Dealism and Conservatism. President Roosevelt, in mid-term addresses on the occasion of party celebrations, made it a custom to declare that the Democratic party must be transformed into what he termed a liberal party if it was to have an assured future. (The political term "liberal" in the United States has a left-wing significance which is absent from its use in other English-speaking countries.) The party was thus transformed; and the nomination of Roosevelt, regardless of the third term prohibition, followed. The neo-Democratic or New Deal party was so concerned with the present and the future and so bent on making things over to meet to-day's conditions on what seemed to them necessary lines, that inherited prohibitions and traditional attitudes of mind for them fell into a state of "innocuous desuetude", to use a phrase made notable both by Grover Cleveland and Winston Churchill.

As the issues became clear, conservative-minded Democrats moved into the Republican ranks with a good deal of clatter because they were mostly people of substance and importance; and the movement became so widely publicized that it suggested a vast change-over in public sentiment. What the election returns make plain is that there was a counter-movement, of radically-minded persons from all parties into the Democratic ranks, which attracted no attention. The re-



distribution of political strength on lines of social and economic policy is now far advanced in the United States; and power remains with the party which has more and more absorbed within its membership those citizens who think radical departures are necessary for the future. That they should be debarred from having as leader the man, whose leadership to them seemed necessary for victory and success, by a rule of conduct laid down for other times and occasions five generations ago, must have appeared to many of them as highly typical of the very political system they were seeking to repudiate—one which invoked the faiths of the past to build barricades on the road to the future. So they brushed the anti-third-term tradition aside.

Probably the objection to a third term will disappear from the United States political armoury as an effective political weapon. Its disappearance is one of several signs that the traditional United States political system of checks and balances is breaking down as its inadequacy to meet the demands of the world of to-day grows more evident. This convention was rooted in a fear of able men; all the quotations which have been thrown at the United States electors during the campaign were warnings against the supposed danger of continuing leadership by men who had demonstrated a capacity of leadership. This idea is so alien to the political methods of the other English-speaking democracies that they find it hard to understand the philosophy behind the convention. Its effect is to prevent any man in the United States from giving direct leadership to his party for more than eight years of office. This distrust of experience and talent it is difficult for Canadians and Englishmen to understand, since they hold firmly to the view that continuing party leadership, where it is capable, is a public asset. It would be difficult even to try to imagine what the consequences would have been to the countries interested if the eight years' rule had been applied to the great

political leaders who have directed the fortunes of Great Britain and Canada during the past seventy years. Continuing leadership in office in these countries has been no apprenticeship for dictatorship."

What most Canadians will want to know, of course, is what effect if any the election will have upon the foreign policy of the United States. They have heard so many of their friends across the line saying for the last nine months or a year, "Just wait until we get our election out of the way." A word of caution should be expressed to those who have absorbed the idea that the morrow of the election would see the active intervention of the United States into the war. No prophecies are possible. That man is a fool who says that America will (or will not) enter the war. What can be said is this: regardless of the campaign, the last six months has seen a probably permanent revolution take place in the thinking of the American people on international affairs. The fall of France and the assault upon Britain drove home to the mass of the people as it was never enforced in the last war that the real security of the United States is based upon the maintenance of sea-power in friendly hands. If France and Britain are unable to maintain that power, the United States will have to take over the task. That is the real basis for the repeated successes of the 740 William Allen White Committees to Defend America by Helping the Allies. That is the reason why no significant political group suggested any alternative foreign policy for the American people during the campaign. That is why the preachment of isolationism has fallen so completely silent in the face of the grave and terrible threat that emerged with such startling suddenness last May and June on the beaches of Dunkirk and the battlefields of the Somme. The reason for the policy of "all possible aid" is therefore an American reason, founded upon enlightened self-interest, and it may be noted also that it lies behind the creation of a Canadian-Ameri-

can joint defence board and the naval base-destroyer deal as well. All three peoples, Canadian, American and British, are being driven together by the realization of a fundamental identity of interest.

But the desperate urgency that drove the British and Canadian peoples into this new channel of co-operation is still lacking in the American people as a whole. They have accepted it. They have approved it. But their deep-rooted isolationism has been to some extent replaced by a fearful caution that they must not become too much involved in the war lest the British suddenly go down to defeat, leaving them alone and unarmed to face the fury of the victorious Nazis. This fear will leave them as their own preparedness advances. They will adjust themselves more logically to the situation that faces them, and they will then take such action as appears, at that future time, essential for American security. Meanwhile they remain a people equally torn by a conviction that a British victory is essential for their own safety, by a psychopathic dread over sending armed forces abroad and by steadily growing fatalism that the deep tide of world events will sweep them into war whether they consciously will it or not. It is significant that two such strongly isolationist organs as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *St. Louis Post-Despatch* take it for granted that war will come; and there is also a knowledge that events either in Europe or the Far East or both may take such a turn that the question of war or peace will not rest in American hands. The Axis grouping may make that decision for America.

What is most hopeful about the situation is, however, that if events sweep the remaining shreds of American neutrality into limbo, the United States will enter the war for no reason of emotional altruism but for hard-headed practical reasons of American safety. More than this: the lesson of the past six months shows signs of having been very thoroughly learned.



American isolation and detachment from world affairs has become a thing of the past. All over the United States voices are being raised recanting the beliefs that led to the disappearance from the council-chambers of the world of the voice of America. It is recognized now that this was an error; and come what may it is altogether likely that that mistake will not be repeated in the future.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### SOCIAL SCIENCE

REASONS FOR FRANCE. By John Branzwyn. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1939. \$3.75.

Throughout history one of the wonders of France and of its people has been their apparent indestructibility; after the Wars of Louis XIV, to go no further back; after the Wars of the Revolution, one physical effect of which was to reduce the average height of the population by five inches; after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and again after 1918, French resilience and power of recuperation have astonished the outside world; whether that wonder can be repeated after the present war is a matter of very real interest to the whole world of to-day, and the answer turns largely on the national character and its inherent economy.

This book, with its suggestive title, although written shortly before the outbreak of war, is therefore topical, and, unless the picture that Mr. Branzwyn gives is utterly and fundamentally wrong, France will once more astonish the historian by its renaissance, in spite of what at the moment appear to be insuperable difficulties. The tale that he tells is what he terms "the romance of French industry"; it is more than that and infinitely more interesting than the term would suggest. He leaves out Paris and Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles, to take us to the real France, which lies chiefly outside the cities and larger towns, and introduces us to the small producer, whose continued existence seems vital to France, "the direct descendant of the Gallic and pre-Gallic worker in metal, leather, clay and wood," the 50,000 vineyard owners, and the 40,000 gardeners—that host of workers who, with typical French individualism, are subject neither to Big Business nor to the Labour movement; we travel, for example, the little town of Graulhet in the Farn, with 7,000 inhabitants, which claims a world monopoly in fine leather linings for shoes, dressing fifteen million skins a year, or to a yet smaller town which turns out thirty million briar pipes every year.

One may perhaps quote one passage in order to show how neither Paris nor the great cities have a monopoly in brains or enterprise or anything else.

"In the towns themselves my habit was to ask in the first bookshop I saw the name of the man who was considered the best authority upon the history of the place. Sometimes there was a moment of pause; it is probable that no one had ever put that question before. But, in all the towns where I have asked this, I have never had to leave without the name. When it was not the librarian, or the abbé, or the conservator of the museum, it might be the "professor" of history, or, as at Romans, the name of a

teacher who devoted his life to rural schools, with the idea of making every child who came to them aware of his *petite patrie*, his immediate surroundings, and conscious of the beauty of rural life, in spite of all its hardships.

"What an evening I spent in his apartments above the school, leaving with all that he had written for other teachers . . . and with his book on the Tricastin, which had been crowned by the Academy!"

Charmingly written, and illustrated by sixteen unusual photographs, the author has given us a delightful as well as instructive picture of that past and present out of which France will once more rise.

P. G. C. C.

THE STATE IN SOCIETY, A Series of Public Lectures delivered under the auspices of McGill University by Robert Warren, Leo Wolman and Henry Clay. Oxford University Press, 1940. Pp. 140. \$1.50.

Nine lectures sponsored by McGill University are made available to the public in this volume. There is a foreword by L. W. Douglas, lately Principal of McGill, and a concluding address by Lord Tweedsmuir, both pleading for an end of isolationism in social studies. Mr. Douglas explains that the purpose of the lectures was "to recapture a sense of the eternal unity of the social problem". The title suggests the aim—a consideration of the State in relation to society as a whole.

Messrs. Warren and Clay apply themselves to this broad theme throughout their lectures. Professor Wolman restricts himself to a narrower, but nevertheless extensive, field—the changing relations of the State to the labour factor in the industrial equation in the last thirty years. He deals with government policies towards unemployment, the vicissitudes of the trade union movement since the war of 1914-18, as well as the progress—and failures—of industrial democracy. The discussion ranges over all the larger industrialized countries and suggests various reasons why free associations of workers have been suppressed in a number of countries.

Professor Warren describes the changes which the twentieth century is making in the social structure it inherited from the nineteenth century. He shows, in revealing perspective, how the State is expanding its sphere of action at the expense of the family, the church and the business organization, the other three principal associative forms. Readers will find the discussion of the causes for this profound change very illuminating, although many will probably disagree sharply with the judgement that Rousseau was the arch-apostle of liberal individualism and the chief detractor of the State. There were more than one Rousseau and the one



who proclaimed the identity of community and State with all the collectivist implications which that involves has, in the long run, been much more influential than the one who cried out against men being everywhere in chains.

Mr. Clay is on sounder ground when he links Rousseau with Hegel. He is clear that it is Rousseau's General Will, speaking the accents of integral nationalism, which energizes the twentieth century Leviathan. His main concern is to estimate the probable effect of continued aggrandizement by the State on individual freedom and representative government. He thinks the effect will be disastrous and gives an admirable statement of the liberal case against the State as the director of all economic and most social activity.

Unfortunately, from the point of view of helping to find a viable alternative to the omnipotent State, Mr. Clay's argument suffers from a vice frequently found in liberal thought—oversimplification. "... most of the problems of society after all," he says, "are technical, or at most matters of convenience, involving no moral decision." This makes everything much too simple and suggests one reason why liberals find it so hard to understand what is going on in the world. Until yesterday, liberals easily took it for granted that the development of the giant corporation was merely a response to a technical problem. In fact, as Professor Warren makes clear, it was laden with immense moral and social significance which many liberals failed to see. This defect does not in any way invalidate the thesis that, when the State is all things to all men, it will also be their master. But it does keep Mr. Clay from a consideration of the most vital issue of why liberalism has fallen on such evil days.

J. A. C.

**OUT OF REVOLUTION:** Autobiography of Western Man. By Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy. New York: William Morrow. 1938. Pp. xii+795. \$6.00.

This is an extraordinary work, thought-provoking if only by the reactions it sets up. It is tantalizing and baffling. This reviewer has spent many hours wrestling with it—and will probably spend other laborious but fascinating nights in grappling with it. At times he has believed he has pinned down, say, a shoulder in a mastering, but on its touching ground, Antaeus-like, it has received refractory energy and eludes the grasp. It is not easy reading; the sequence of thought is often difficult. Teutonic philosophical sociological reasoning is assuredly not for light reading, with feet toasting before a fireside!

Professor Rosenstock-Huessy is a scholar of wide erudition in psychology, history, economics, education and other fields, while as a man of action, before he found refuge in the U.S.A. at Dartmouth University, he had been founder of the German Labor

Camp movement, head of the Academy of Labour, Vice-Chairman of the World Association for Adult Education, worker in a German automobile factory, and during the First World War commander of the German railroad system in front of Verdun. It was in the Verdun crisis that he conceived the idea of this book, which came to birth nearly twenty years later. His experiences in the war fashioned his new concepts of history.

Like so many participants in that cataclysm of war, he has sought to look beyond the minutiae, and to descry broad general principles and world-trends. The sphere of philosophies of history in the post-war period has been enlarged by the stimulating if unequal contributions of Teutons like Spengler with his much-discussed *Decline of the West* and Friedell's *Cultural History* and of the Catholic Latin interpretations of Maritain and Sturzo and of the Anglo-Saxons in Curtis' *City of God* and Toynbee's monumental *Study of History*. All seek to trace the strong flow of the tides rather than analyse the tiny drops of monograph research material. So Rosenstock tells us he has eschewed a ten-volume work to condense and compress his main conclusions in a single volume. It is solid pemmican. The work is a study in the Revolutions which have moulded the last millenium. The narrative starts with the contemporary Russian Revolution and goes back in time to the great French, English and German Revolutions. Then he examines the great clerical Revolutions associated with the mediaeval Holy Roman Empire and the "Revolution of the Holy See" followed by the Second Clerical Revolution in Italy, the garden of the Renaissance, and the survival in Austro-Hungary. The "half-revolution" in the United States is discussed. In a short review it is impossible to convey the cumulative burden of his argument. Suffice it to note that he sees in the four modern Revolutions examples of the ancient forms of government described by Aristotle; the German Revolution of the Protestant Reformation was marked by monarchy; the English Puritan Revolution and the Common Law was ascendancy aristocratic; the French Revolution was bourgeois and democratic whilst Russia ends the series by returning to the form of dictatorship. These forms of government follow each other in order, but not within the same country. Yet once they have appeared, each in its own country and in its proper order, they coexist; kings, parliaments, capitalists and proletariat rule simultaneously. "The great revolutions break out whenever the power which has governed heaven and earth dries up at the fountain-head. The great revolutions seem to destroy our existing order; but that is not true. They do not break out until the old order of things has died, and is no longer believed in by its own beneficiaries."

Rosenstock-Huessy sees the origins and conception of the great Revolutions in an event which neatly takes place almost

exactly a century previously. Thus the German Revolution manifested in Luther's publication of the Theses in 1517 went back to Huss' death in 1415 and the Hussite Wars. The English Puritan Revolution of the 1640's reaches back to Sir Thomas More's execution by Henry VIII. The expulsion of the Huguenots led a century later to the French Revolution of 1789. The 1825 conspiracy of the Dekabrists was however less than the century before the 1917 Soviet Revolution owing to wars hastening the incubation. Moreover, it took half a century for the Revolution to be firmly rooted in its principles in its own locality. Furthermore, serious troubles had to be faced before the Revolution could spread successfully beyond its own frontiers; thus Germany had to endure the Thirty Years' War, France had to lose the war of 1870 and England her first Empire in 1783 before the Republic could become an exportable model or Parliament the Mother of Parliaments.

These argumentations are oftentimes suggestive, but occasionally one is led to query the validity of certain assumptions. Is the execution of Sir Thomas More so important as an initial link in the chain of the English Parliamentary Revolution as the author contends? Was it only after 1776 that England's parliamentarianism began actively to work (e.g. in America)? There are indeed frequent questions raised that one cannot always accept the author's answer. Yet there is a tremendous fund of unfamiliar and out-of-the-way information that is indeed valuable, not only on, for example, aspects of the Soviet Revolution but on mediaeval society. His stress on the significance of calendar Church and holiday festivals and their changes opens up one vista that is comparatively new, to this reviewer at least. His linguistic studies on the different interpretations put on words in different countries are full of suggestiveness and value, not least in the understanding of international relations. The choice of plates too is excellent. There are minor slips, e.g. in the index for *Ortegay Gasset*, p. 414 for 474, Henry VI (1307-13) for Henry VII (1308-13) on p. 501. Has Rostenstock not failed to descry the signs of the present times with regard to the importance of the Nazi Revolution, which should have been given more adequate treatment? Would he say in 1340 that the Nazi Revolution "needs world peace more than anyone else" (p. 624)? Nevertheless the work as a whole deserves most careful attention and study as a mirror held up to our chaotic age and civilization.

A. E. P.



## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

**NORTH AMERICA AND THE WAR: A CANADIAN VIEW.** By Reginald G. Trotter. Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1940. Pp. 40. Ten cents.

**INDIA.** By L. F. Rushbrook Williams. Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 32. Ten cents.

**TURKEY: THE MODERN MIRACLE.** By E. W. F. Tomlin. The Thinker's Forum. London: Watts & Co. Pp. 46. Six pence.

**THE UKRANIAN QUESTION:** Remarks on Prof. Watson Kirkconnell's book, *Canada, Europe, and Hitler*. By M. I. Mandryka. Winnipeg: Canadian Ukranian Educational Association. Pp. 57.

Canada has long been a bridge between the new world and the old, and from this bridge Dr. Trotter has for many years played the part of a shrewd and ever-alert watchman whose observations on changing currents in Anglo-American relations carry the weight of experience and learning. No one is better equipped to explain and analyse attitudes and policies in Canada and the United States, and few could have made so clear and cogent an interpretation in forty pages. The Monroe doctrine, he concludes, "has been and still is dependent for its validity upon the existence of British seapower", and he might well have added, that British supremacy in the Atlantic is worth more to us and to the Americans than all the military works and shaky parliamentary institutions south of the Rio Grande.

India, if she remains within the British Commonwealth of Nations, will, according to Professor Rushbrook Williams, constitute another bridge, that between the two great world civilizations of the East and the West. His essay is a brilliant interpretation of British policy in India.

*Turkey, the Modern Miracle* is produced by the Rationalist Association of Great Britain, whose editors suggest that what the world needs in the twentieth century is "not more unrestrained emotion but more quiet reasonableness". Mr. Tomlin's pamphlet is reasoned, but it is terribly dull.

*The Ukranian Question* is a biting answer to Professor Kirkconnell's book, *Canada, Europe, and Hitler*, which in the opinion of the author, Dr. Mandryka, gave, among other things, too favourable a view of the Polish case at the expense of the Ukranian. Many of his arguments are sound, but now is hardly the time for academic controversy over past history and abstract justice. Unless Poles and Ukrainians can somehow manage to bury the hatchet and work for a common end, the restoration of the so-called "artificial Poland", there will be no Ukranian question to worry about.

G. S. G.

## RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

**THE CHURCH AND THE WAR.** By Arthur C. Cochrane, Ph.D.  
Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1940. Pp. xxix+152.  
\$1.50.

This book by the minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Tillsonburg, Ontario, deals in an interesting way with the vital question of the Church's attitude to the present war. The position taken up and defended is that the present war against Nazi-ism is a just war inasmuch as it is a war in which we are engaged "to preserve justice, freedom and peace", and that therefore the Church is called to support the State and to co-operate with it in the present struggle.

The grounds on which the justice of our cause is recognized by the Church, however, it is asserted must be properly "biblical" or "scriptural". And when we ask what these are, the answer given by the author of this book seems less than satisfactory. The question for the Church of whether a war is just or unjust "must be answered", he says, "in relation to Jesus Christ, to the Church's preaching of the Word of justification, and not in relation to certain moral principles". "The just State can only be known in relation to the Gospel of Jesus Christ", and to "the Church's freedom to preach this Gospel." "For the Church", he says again, "the knowledge of whether a war is just or not is a provisional insight given to the Church by the revelation of God in Jesus Christ which is alone testified to in Holy Scripture," and "such knowledge is entirely dependent upon the free grace of God speaking His Word to His Church."

Does this mean that the Church can recognize the justice of the war and of any war only through the special revelation of God given in Jesus Christ, and not already through moral principles which may be recognized even by those outside the Christian Church? If so—and there seems to be no doubt that this is the author's meaning—it is an unsatisfactory position and seems rooted so far as the author of this book is concerned in the undue control of his thinking by the Barthian limitation of Divine revelation to the special revelation of grace made in Jesus Christ,—“the one and only revelation of God” he calls it. Apart from this specific Revelation the Church, he says, is “by nature so blind, deaf and dumb to the ways of God that unless God in His infinite mercy reveals His Will in His word, she walks or rather stumbles in impenetrable darkness”.

The unsatisfactoriness of such a position,—a position which seems to involve an impossible dichotomy between Scripture revelation of conduct and that indicated by conscience, the dictates of moral justice and international law,—is evidenced among other things by such a statement as the following, a statement the first

part of which is emphasized by being put in italics: "The rightness of our cause does not justify our action in administering justice, in restraining and punishing evil doers, in waging war to put down tyrannies and to prevent the shedding of innocent blood . . . 'By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.' We are justified by faith alone; and not faith in ourselves or in the rightness of our cause but by faith in Jesus Christ. . . . All political law and the State's enforcement of law is legitimate only on the ground of the State's justification through Christ's death at the hands of Pontius Pilate." It is a position this which many Barthians themselves would not assent to, and seems to find little support even in the letter of Karl Barth to the author printed in the Preface to the book.

J. M. S.

### BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

#### HARDY OF WESSEX: HIS LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER.

By Carl J. Weber. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. Pp. 302. \$3.00.

Professor Weber's book is well organized and, in point of information, both old and new, generally accurate. Critically, however, it is less attractive, especially in its treatment of the poems, *The Dynasts* and *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall*. Its author has done much to promote the study of Hardy by establishing and drawing upon the fine Hardy collection at Colby College, Maine, of whose staff he is a member, and in the present volume he has included the results of some of his earlier investigations. The chief merit of the book lies in its patient tracing of relation between biographical incident and artistic performance, a method which sometimes proves really illuminating. The chapter on Hardy's first (unpublished) novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady*, is important and the candid analysis of the character of Emma Lavinia Gifford, Hardy's first wife, was needed. The review of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is thoughtful and valuable, although it ignores Havelock Ellis's opinion of this novel, while citing elsewhere his defence of *Jude the Obscure*, and although Professor Weber ranks *Tess* above either *Jude* or *The Return of the Native*, as "the greatest of his novels". Nevertheless, the author's choice of the six foremost Wessex Novels seems unimpeachable.

While the diction and even the syntax of *Hardy of Wessex* are not always satisfactory, yet occasionally we find phrases that transcend the normal level of the style, such as the statement that *Under the Greenwood Tree* is "full of country tunes and birds' notes". We can hardly agree that "*A Laodicean* is the poorest novel Hardy ever wrote" or that many of the words that appear



in the poems are "like sand in honey", clever as that phrase may be. Professor Weber allows the presence of such words to disturb him overmuch. They are—to Hardy at least—natural and legitimate, as both intellectual and æsthetic symbols, and their absence would make Hardy the poet less himself. The author is mistaken also in his judgement that "the reputation of Hardy's poetry is to-day lower than that of his prose". This may be popularly true: it is not critically so. Indeed, during a conversation with Hardy in 1922, he indicated to the reviewer his own preference for his poetic work as against his fiction, and agreed that any really worthy expression by one man in prose and poetry is likely to be better in the latter than in the former. As for the chapter on *The Dynasts*, which Hardy himself regarded as his masterpiece, Professor Weber fails to recognize that neither England nor Napoleon is the true hero of this noble epic-drama, but rather Humanity at large. The tragic conflict, as the Phantom Intelligences know, is between "the feverish fleshings of Humanity" and the Inadvertent Mind of *It*—the fundamental though impercipient projector of all being.

The useful appendices include, with other things, a Genealogical Chart, Notes on the Poems, Hardy's Debt to Shakespeare, Notes on the Wessex Novels, and Hardy's Manuscripts.

G. H. C.

THE LADY OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE; The Life of Julie de Krüdener. By Ernest John Knapton. New York: Columbia University Press. 1939. Pp. ix+262. \$3.00.

Titillating fragments of the career of Julie de Krüdener, magnified by legend and distorted by pruriency, have long been known to historians. But not until she fell into the competent hands of Professor Knapton, a former Rhodes Scholar from British Columbia and now Associate Professor of History at Wheaton College in Massachusetts, had she found a biographer sufficiently expert and strong-minded to put her in her place. The result is a distinct gain, both for history and biography. On the historical side, we are now able to perceive exactly how great, or, rather, how small, was the part she played in bringing about the Holy Alliance. The narration of her bustling and scheming career gives us a more precise knowledge, not only of the life of the *ancien régime*, but also of the fashionable literary circles of Europe during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras and of the interesting religious sects which pullulated in the Germanies in the years following the downfall of Napoleon. Biographically, we are treated to the spectacle of a moth-like woman who was resolved to be in the limelight even if it devoured her. She was erotic until wrinkles made her pious. Her novel *Valérie* achieved popularity without being precisely original. Using all the devices of literary puffery, Madame

de Krüdener was determined to be, if not famous, at least notorious. Her career was sometimes brilliant, sometimes shabby, but it was always interesting, and it ended with just the right nostalgic touch, in a far-off place, amidst the ashes of memories and the frustration of yearnings.

Dr. Knapton has admirably collected a wealth of greatly dispersed material, much of it previously unpublished. No less admirably has he written his book, which has distinction of style. Although it cannot be said that the format of this biography is as coquettish as was its subject, it is probably equally beautiful, and beyond a doubt incomparably more chaste. Reproductions of rare prints and portraits embellish a text of which, both in form and substance, the author has a right to feel proud.

A. M. W.

THE DIARY OF ALEXANDER JAMES McPHAIL. Edited by Harold A. Innis Toronto: The University of Toronto Press, 1940. Pp. 289. \$2.50.

The rise of state capitalism in totalitarian countries and the present necessity of our imitating this form of economic organization raises the problem of democratic control of large scale business, private and public, in an acute form. Though the past record of government enterprises is not encouraging it needs to be appraised in the light of the situation in large private businesses and especially of the record of large scale private organizations which have been democratically controlled. Of the latter there is no better recent example than the Canadian Wheat Pools.

A. J. McPhail was not only the most important personality in the co-operative grain marketing movement in western Canada but he was also a reasonable man, not a fanatic. He was interested enough in the problems of government to see the difficulties of his own organization in a wider setting. His experiences with the most thoroughgoing recent attempt to make a reality of democratic control of large enterprises are therefore of great significance to-day. Professor Innis presents in this book the pertinent parts of McPhail's diary with just enough of introductory and marginal comment to make it intelligible. With the aid of these notes anyone may follow the development of the problems which were produced by the rapid expansion of the co-operative marketing of western wheat in the late nineteen-twenties. Acquaintance with the technical details of the grain-trade is not necessary to appreciate the human situations that were bound to occur in a co-operative society managed by a Board of Directors elected annually by its members, a Board whose ability to sell over one-half the western wheat crop profitably was of crucial importance to all the people of the Prairie Provinces. As its President, McPhail was not only able to create one of the largest businesses in the

world by purely voluntary organization but was able to select its staff so well that the Central Selling Agency for the Pool was for years an acknowledged success.

Despite the legitimate criticisms which have been directed against the organization and conduct of the pools, it is no discredit to McPhail that the marketing of wheat had to be undertaken by the Government during the depression. The price for wheat which any private agency might obtain for the western farmers is still too low to maintain, on the Prairies, a minimum Canadian standard of living. The Federal Government must therefore continue to support the price of wheat at the expense of the country as a whole until some solution for the wheat surplus has been worked out. In that solution the experience of the Pools will be a most important element.

Professor Innis is to be congratulated therefore on making McPhail's diary generally available so soon after his death in 1931. Despite many deletions, some now living may not appreciate the light in which they there appear. If this provokes further revelations of pertinent material while the history of the Pools has still a bearing on current policy, it will be all the better. The volume is given an excellent form by the University of Toronto Press.

F. A. K.

TRELAWNEY. A MAN'S LIFE. By Margaret Armstrong.  
Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 379. \$3.50.

The name of Trelawney brings to most readers a thought of the Cornish song—"And Shall Trelawney Die?"—or of Shelley's friend. This book tells of Edward Trelawney, who snatched Shelley's heart from his funeral pyre, and whose ancestor was the Trelawney of the song. The Trelawneys have been said never to lack courage. Edward Trelawney certainly did not, and as he combined a protecting love for the weak with a passionate hatred of tyranny, he found himself very often in the attitude of a rebel.

From an aristocratic but neglected childhood, after a fierce initiation into independent life in the Navy of Nelson's day, Trelawney passed to the career of a corsair, preying on British as well as French ships. He married, romantically, a beautiful and adoring Arab princess, who might have been the prototype of Byron's Haidée, and it would have been well for him had she not died an untimely death. Much later he met Shelley, who in a few short months made an undying impression on him. He went, with Byron, to fight for the freedom of Greece, and spent months with the Greeks in a cave on Mount Parnassus. Altogether the events of his life go to support Charles Reade's idea that truth is stranger than the wildest fiction.

This is one of the best recent biographies not only on account of the thrilling interest of the matter, but because Miss Arm-



strong's presentation of it is more than adequate. She combines admiration and sympathy for her hero, (for such he really was,) with a judicial evaluation of all his circumstances in a way that makes one assent to her claim that this "is fact". An interesting list of sources is attached. E. H. W.

### HISTORY

**THE BATTLE OF THE PLATE.** By Commander A. B. Campbell. Longmans. \$2.50.

Readers of this book, especially if they have also read *I was a Prisoner on the Graf Spee*, by Captain Dove of the tanker *Africa Shell*, will obtain a very complete understanding of a cleverly planned and magnificently executed sea exploit, worthy of the noblest traditions of the British navy.

Modern experts often succeed in making clear the tactics involved in such operations, and of unveiling something at least of the intricate mechanisms of gun-laying and torpedo launching. Commander Campbell's enquiries among the personnel who manned the conning-towers and fought the guns in those stifling turrets present us with a moving account of the parts played by individuals and groups through those desperate hours.

It is good to realize that in Captain Langsdorff of the *Graf Spee* our men had a knightly foe, courteous and even indulgent to the merchant captains who became his prisoners, and imbued with the same high sense of honour which adorns the men of our naval service.

The tale is completed by an account of the tracking down of the ghostship *Altmark* by the destroyer *Cossack* in a Norwegian fjord, with the release of three hundred British men of the merchant marine.

These are stories that would have stirred the hearts of Drake and Nelson and we lay them down with an overwhelming sense of what we owe to the men of those two great services—the British navy and the British merchant service. T. G.

**THE COD FISHERIES:** The History of an International Economy. By Harold A. Innis. (The Relations of Canada and the United States: A Series prepared under the direction of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History.) Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. xviii+520. \$4.00.

**THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS.** By Father Gabriel Sagard. Edited with introduction and notes by George M. Wrong and translated into English by H. H. Langton. (The Publications of the Champlain Society, No. 25.) Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1939. Pp. xlvii+411.

LA PENETRATION DU CONTINENT AMERICAIN PAR LES CANADIANS FRANCAIS, 1763-1846: Traitants, Explo-rateurs, Missionnaires. By Benoit Brouillette. With a preface by M. L'Abbé Lionel Groulx. Montreal: Libraire Granger Frères Limitee. 1939. Pp. 242. \$1.00.

CANADA'S ROMANTIC HERITAGE: The Story of New France. By E. C. Woodley. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. Pp. 288. \$3.00.

Within the last twenty years, the history of Canada has been largely reinterpreted and rewritten; the monograph has taken the place of the chronological history, and emphasis on political and institutional factors has given way before the onward march of economic influence. The time will come when Canadian scholars will have to learn again to write good general history. Meanwhile, however, the spade work had to be done, and to this vital task no one has made a more distinguished contribution than Professor Innis.

His great book on the *Fur Trade in Canada* possessed, because of the centralizing tendencies of that trade, a unity which this last volume on *The Cod Fisheries* could not have. In the *Fur Trade* we were provided with a fairly well-knit frontier thesis; Canada moved steadily westward over the dead bodies of the beaver. In the case of the fisheries, the pull is not inward and continental but seaward. "The influence of North America became progressively weaker as the fishing regions extended to the northeast and were offset by the increasing influence of Europe." Although the author demonstrates the influence of the fishing industry on the political and economic organization of eastern Canada and Newfoundland, none the less, the complications of international diplomacy make the study almost as much a part of European as of Canadian history. The Newfoundland fishery was an important element in the European balance of power; from the fifteenth century to the present, through eras of wars and territorial disputes, the cod fisheries played a part of vital importance in the diplomacy of Spain, Portugal, France, England and, subsequently, the United States. To realize the truth of this, it is only necessary to read the stipulations regarding the cod fisheries in almost every treaty made with the United States or France up to 1815. England, declared William Pitt in 1763, would not surrender her exclusive right to the Newfoundland fisheries even though the enemy was master of the Tower of London. In the age of sail, strenuous experience on the Grand Banks was considered as the best training for the sailor who might eventually be summoned or dragged to man His Majesty's ships of war.

Competition with the aggressive New Englanders increased after the fall of France in 1763; but it may be doubted if many

American historians would accept Professor Innis' conclusion that friction between the commercialism of New England and that of England led to the American Revolution.

A review of the voluminous footnotes (which might perhaps have been reduced) will give the layman some idea of the well-nigh overwhelming complexity of the theme. Partly as a consequence, the book does not make easy reading, and sometimes the author says in a paragraph what might well have been rendered more clearly in a page. With Professor Innis, condensation of thought comes close to being a vice. But no one can fail to appreciate the superb quality of scholarship which has given life to a vast conglomeration of logbooks, letters, diplomatic minutes, trade reports and navigation returns. His conclusion, in which he sums up his narrative from the sixteenth century to the present time, is a masterpiece of logical synthesis and disciplined thinking.

Sagard's *Grand Voyage*, in the words of the editor, completes a trilogy of the early history of French effort in Canada published by the Champlain Society. Lescarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* in three volumes appeared in 1907-14, and the six volumes of Champlain's *Works* were issued in 1922-36. Sagard's story, first published in Paris in 1632, is a fascinating narrative, as well as being one of the most valuable sources of our knowledge of Huron Indian civilization. The author, a lay brother with the Recollets, is less of a romanticist than his contemporary, Lescarbot, and therefore a more dependable observer. He has all the realism and devoutness of Champlain with even more vivid powers of description than had the founder of Quebec.

Sagard came to Canada in 1623 and returned to France in 1624. During his brief visit he spent most of the time with the natives near Georgian Bay, and day by day he made notes on all phases of their life from birth to death, with special attention to their language and their music. Despite the sordid features of Indian life and the frightful cruelty which marked the periodic tribal strife, Sagard developed a real respect and affection for the Hurons which was apparently reciprocated. He had the patience, the courage and the tremendous faith which characterized the missionaries whom Parkman has immortalized. What he endured during his travels almost passes imagination. Yet he could write: "... for that matter the savages are quite kind, at least mine were, indeed more so than are many people more civilized and less savage. ... This gave me much to reflect on, and made me wonder at their firmness and the control they have of their feelings, and how well they can bear with one another and support and help one another if need be. And I can truly say that I found more good in them than I had imagined, and that the example of their patience often led me to force myself more resolutely to endure with cheerfulness



and courage everything vexatious that happened to me, for the love of God and the edification of my neighbour.”

Although many English Canadians and Americans have written about exploration and fur trade in North America, it is a pleasure to have a book on this theme from the hands of a French Canadian historian. In *La Pénétration du Continent Américain par les Canadiens Français, 1763-1846*, Dr. Brouillette writes with justifiable enthusiasm of the men of his own race, without whose initiative as guides, voyageurs and interpreters, the opening of the interior in the years after the Seven Years War would have been well-nigh impossible. The book is divided into three parts, fur trade, exploration, and missions. With regard to the first two sections, most of the ground has been covered by Innis, Burpee, Grace Nute and Stewart Wallace. To these the author has made generous acknowledgment, although, in view of the fact that westward development followed the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, it is a little curious that he has not mentioned D. G. Creighton's recent volume on *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence*. On the other hand, Dr. Brouillette has, in short synopses, based on documentary research, thrown new light on many important but relatively obscure travellers and traders, especially in the Illinois country. He has no comprehensive thesis to establish, and the book lacks integration; but he has demonstrated once again the great qualities of his race as pioneers. Before the Conquest, the French had explored North America on a line from north to south. During the forty-five years after 1763, they penetrated from east to west. From the point of view of the English Canadian, the most useful section is that on Missions, which deals with Roman Catholic enterprise in the Illinois country, Detroit, the Red River and, finally, on the Pacific coast. There is a good map tracing the principal routes of the French Canadian explorers, and there are a number of interesting illustrations.

*Canada's Romantic Heritage* is, as the title implies, not a work of critical scholarship, but a re-telling in simple, sometimes naïve, language of the history of Canada under French rule. Mr. Woodley, who is a graduate of McGill and at present connected with the Department of Education of Quebec Province, has used the most important source materials to give colour to his story, which is enhanced by splendid illustrations many of which were supplied by the Public Archives of Canada.

G. S. G.

## POETRY

## GERMAN LYRICS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Edited by A. Closs and W. F. Mainland. London: Gerald Duckworth & Co. 1940. Pp. xvii+94. 6s.

The Baroque period in German literature has been a favourite of students and critics in the last twenty years. Formerly little-known and much-abused, it has since received a measure of appreciation which can be explained only as the expression of a profound sympathy. The present generation finds itself in a world not unlike that of the Thirty Years' War, and its ears are attuned to the lyrics of a similarly troubled age.

Three anthologies of Baroque verse appeared before the present one. Martin Sommerfeld was first in the field (1929), offering a selection of the most characteristic, rather than the most beautiful, pieces. Faber du Faur's volume (1936) attempted to gather what is finest and noblest in seventeenth century verse. Herbert Cysarz compiled a comprehensive survey in three volumes (1937). Another anthology should justify itself either by the excellence of its selection or by making available material not yet readily accessible in modern reprints.

Unfortunately, Professors Closs and Mainland meet neither of these requirements. They have largely failed to draw upon primary sources, their claims in the Preface notwithstanding. Of the 72 poems chosen by them, 58 are borrowed from the three earlier anthologies (47 are found in Cysarz, 15 in Sommerfeld, 12 in Faber du Faur; some occur in more than one of these). Nine additional poems are available in, and were probably taken from, well-known modern reprints. Thus only five poems remain as a contribution to the store of reprinted literature.

Nor is quality stressed. The anthology has 72 poems by 54 different authors (Faber du Faur has 199 by 38, Sommerfeld 189 by 63). It would have been wiser to reserve the available space for the ten or twelve great poets of the age or, at least, to exclude those that are not even second-rate. More than half of the authors fall into this category. The editors, it appears, were following Sommerfeld's rather than Faber du Faur's principle of selection. But since they did not have the scope necessary to give the great poets their due, and since they did not accept Sommerfeld's arrangement according to themes, the anthology fails to convey a clear impression either of the greatness or of the peculiar flavour of seventeenth century verse. It is not really an original piece of work but rather an injudicious extract from the three anthologies already in existence.

The editors should have acknowledged their obligation to Sommerfeld, whose material they quote in several notes (pp. 13, 52, 87; the last is incorrect). The poem on p. 37 is attributed (with

Sommerfeld) to Sigmund von Birken; Cysarz gives it to Klaj, apparently with greater justice. Another poem, on p. 40, is given as anonymous. It is by Johann Rist. In his *The Genius of the German Lyric*, p. 159, Closs also fails to identify the author.

H. H.

**BREBEUF AND HIS BRETHREN.** By E. J. Pratt. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. 65. \$1.25.

The years 1615 and 1616 marked the beginnings of the French efforts to convert the Hurons to Christianity through the ministrations of Father le Caron, of the Order of Recollets. The Jesuits followed, under Father Brébeuf, in 1626. *Brébeuf and his Brethren* is a stirring narrative poem written in flexible blank verse. The opening is excellent and the story moves with sustained dramatic vigour through twelve parts—scenes of preparation, sacrifice, battle, torture and death—to the doom of Brébeuf and Lalemant. Professor Pratt uses his sources with close fidelity and with a fine imaginative sympathy, recreating the Huron and Iroquois way of life and the deeds of the devoted missionaries with a rare understanding of human loyalties, fears and antagonisms. Especially noteworthy are the account of Brébeuf's linguistic toils; the picture of the eclipse of the moon on August 27th, 1635; the words of Brébeuf in his exhortations to his fellow-priests and in his letter to his brethren in France; and the moving tale of the martyrdoms of Jogues, Daniel, Brébeuf and Lalemant. The metrical modifications in the last section, as the finale is approached, are felicitous and the workmanship generally is sound and strong, save in a few instances—the somewhat too prosaic tone, for example, of most of the fifth section. The prophetic incidents pointing toward Brébeuf's heroic end are skilfully managed and the reader's interest in both the story itself and its poetic medium is quickly engaged. The marginal reminders of the passing of time (1625-1649) and the convenient lining-paper charts of Huronia help to identify place and moment on the factual side without interfering with the flow of narration. Dr. Pratt is to be heartily congratulated on this new achievement, for the poem is even subtler in its feeling and richer in its humanity than his widely popular sagas of the sea, difficult as any critical comparison must prove. There are to be found here many memorable lines, but perhaps the most effective lyrical passage is this:

The bell each morning called the neophytes  
To Mass, again at evening, and the tones  
Lured back the memories across the seas.  
And often in the summer hours of twilight  
When Norman chimes were ringing, would the priests  
Forsake the fort and wander to the shore  
To sing the *Gloria* while hermit thrushes  
Rivalled the rapture of the nightingales.

G. H. C.



THE JACKDAW'S NEST: A FIVEFOLD ANTHOLOGY. Made and edited by Gerald Bullett. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 1008. \$3.50.

Mr. Bullett has tried to make what he calls "a peaceable anthology"—a friendly book intended to promote serenity and hope. The five parts include narrative poems, essays, nocturnes and pastorals, miscellaneous brevities and prose tales. The collection has been made with taste and skill and the format is exceptionally attractive. It is a fireside and bedside companion that will feed well the receptive mind.

### DRAMA

MASTERS OF THE DRAMA. By John Gassner. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. xvii+804. \$4.25.

*Masters of the Drama* is not just another book on the theatre; it is a John W. Gassner history of the drama from primitive times to the present day. It is an encyclopædia of the theatre in which the author discusses the social, economic, political, as well as æsthetic, significance of the drama. In this encyclopædic digest he has expertly picked the brains of numerous eminent authorities—"those busy gnomes, the scholars," to use his own epithet; and if he has not always specifically acknowledged his debt to them in his notes, he has provided a discriminating bibliography. This could have been still more catholic, and some learned readers may regret certain omissions; but his list of reference works, like his text, reflects the bias in his interpretation of the masters of drama, whom he analyses as "the children of life".

His bias is probably due to the conditioning that he has undergone during his career. He is well qualified, as head of the play-reading department of the New York Theatre Guild and as instructor in the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research. Hence it is natural that he should write:

If historical tendencies and broad cultural trends enter into this story it is precisely because the theatre is so close to human history. . . No record of the drama can be adequate if it considers ideas or reflected historical facts apart from the living quality of the play. . . From the dynamic nature of man's collective, as well as private, life . . . the drama has gathered its impetus and derived its content, meaning, and value to humanity. . . The drama has inevitably reflected or represented conflicts of principles, philosophies and interests, whether of states, classes or religious groups.

This point of view is his approach to the masters of the drama and he has done them service with a modern interpretation. Thus, for example, Euripides "managed to create the most forceful realism and social criticism of the classic stage" and "much of his

work must be considered in relation to the political changes recorded by the Athenian historians". Thus, in the Middle Ages, "the theatre veered with the wind of social and political change;" and one of the famous Wakefield shepherds threatened "some new-fashioned I.W.W. sabotage". Thus, too, the hero of Shakespeare's *Henry V* "is at times a glorified boy scout" but also "the first imperialist of the English theatre and a practical John Bullish one"; and "*Julius Caesar*, the familiar drama of tyrannicide and civil war . . . is one of the most vital political plays of the world". Jonson's *Sejanus* is a "remarkably modern play", presenting "the ways of political tyranny" and the destructive efficiency of dictators, "as relevant to our own day as it was to the author's". G. B. Shaw doth bstride the narrow world like a Colossus and "perhaps he should have been England's Prime Minister, and it is the English people's loss that he became a man of letters instead!" As Professor Gassner says, matters of interpretation are also matters of controversy, yet his analysis of Shaw, like that of the other masters, is to be respected as intelligent, modern, and mature.

The book is divided into seven parts: the first six devoted to the drama before the nineteenth century, the seventh dealing with the dramatists from Goethe to Clifford Odets. More than half the book devoted to the moderns. Of these there are probably many to whom a statement of Gassner's may be applied: "Time . . . will probably be merciful to . . . them, even if they are certain to look smaller at a distance".

W. A.

### LANGUAGE

**LEWIS AND CLARK: LINGUISTIC PIONEERS.** By E. H. Criswell, Ph.D. University of Missouri Studies, Vol. XV, No. 2. Pp. ccxi+102. \$1.25.

This elaborate monograph contains an analysis of the vocabularies found in the journals kept by members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804-1806. Starting from Washington in 1803, these explorers reached the Pacific in 1805 after a journey full of dangers and hardships. The return journey to St. Louis was almost equally hazardous. Several members of the group kept records of their experiences and these have now been investigated by Dr. Criswell with a view to their contributions to American lexicography. A good many new words, chiefly of a scientific nature, have been discovered in the Journals and the occurrence of other words has been established at earlier dates than those previously recorded in the dictionaries. The naïve spellings are also revealing because of the light they throw on contemporary pronunciation, but this part of the material does not seem to have been worked out in any detail and needs special study by an expert phonologist. The author has been able to discover a total of 703 unrecorded terms which, though many of

them are of a technical nature, is an important contribution to lexicography. He has also drawn up comprehensive lists of survivals, archaisms, and miscellaneous peculiarities that are illuminating to the linguist. Besides its purely philological interest the book provides a lively summary of the vicissitudes of those pioneers on their historic journey. It is a good illustration of the intimate connection between life and language. H. A.

### FICTION

LIVE AND KICKING NED. By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1939. Pp. 477. \$2.75.

BASILISSA. By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. 307. \$2.75.

Mr. Masefield's tone as man and artist has always been gentle, his approach companionable, his wisdom deeply human. Although he may have been too prolific a writer, his best work, in both prose and verse, has reached a high level. Posterity will not soon forget his noble sonnet-sequence on the meanings and manifestations of beauty; his narrative poems, especially *Dauber*, *Reynard the Fox*, and *The Everlasting Mercy*; his moving poem of the Great War, *August, 1914*; his plays, *The Tragedy of Nan*, *The Trial of Jesus* and *End and Beginning*; and, among his stories, *Multitude and Solitude*, *The Bird of Dawning* and *Victorious Troy*.

*Dead Ned*, reviewed in these pages (Winter, 1938-'39), belongs among the better tales, and its present sequel impresses us even more favourably. It continues the history of the young doctor, Edward Mansell, an innocent fugitive from justice ("there is a lot more law than justice in this world"), who sails from England on a slaver; has tragic adventures on the high seas and in Africa; saves, with his friend Edward Quichet, a strange white race beleaguered by their enemies; marries Yvonne, a girl of this Kranish people; and returns to England, where his name is cleared and he achieves peace and happiness at last. The style kindles as the story tells of the moods and hazards of the sea, and describes African forests, birds and beasts, mountains, cliffs and waterways. Mr. Masefield, like sailors generally, loves rivers, lakes, bays, seas, harbours, waterfalls and rain. "Surely of all things on earth water is the best and the most beautiful."

Only a poet could produce such haunting prose rhythms and harmonies as those that delight the ear and stir the imagination in the finer passages of this tale. Its character-drawing is sure, whether momentary or cumulative; its plot and movement are picaresque; its tempo—if too abruptly changed at times, especially when the account of the siege approaches its conclusion—has something of the pace and excitement of Defoe, of Marryat, of Stevenson. But Mr. Masefield is still peculiarly his own man and has long since proved himself—in such lesser tales as *Sard*



*Harker and Odtaa* — extraordinarily fertile in devising dangers and confusions and in creating nervous suspense. His abounding narratives evoke a romantic response, although his use of accident is perhaps too ready; and at the same time they enlarge the mind with their warm and wise humanity.

This novel employs also on occasion some symbolic and some more immediate satire—the more effective because of its restraint—upon the errors of governors and politicians, the administration of law and order, and the causes and conduct of war. On the whole, however, its author's understanding tolerance incommodes him as a satirist. His humour is too kindly, as a rule, to sting or bite; but a few of these passages have social value, as in the parabolic account of the unpreparedness and excessive conservatism of the Kranois.

In *Basilissa*, Mr. Masfield finds another opportunity to express his distaste for the schemes and shifts of partisan politics. Sosthenes, master of the theatre and synthesizer of the arts, "loathes politics of every kind. He says that they are sham oppositions invented by the devil to check progress and fetter genius".

*Basilissa* is the story of Justinian I (483-565), the most important of the rulers of the Eastern Roman Empire, during the years immediately preceding his accession; and, more particularly, of Theodora, actress and courtesan, whose physical and intellectual charms so captivated Justinian that he married her about four years before he succeeded his uncle, Justin I, as Emperor. Procopius is the chief authority for the events of this reign, but he evidently hated Theodora, for in his unpublished *Anecdota* he writes most spitefully of her. In modern times Débidour, in his critical study of Theodora (1885) has defended her against Procopius. Before *Basilissa*, Sir Henry Pottinger had dealt with her in his romance, *Blue and Green* (1879), and she is the heroine of two plays (1884) by Rhangabé and Sardou, respectively.

Mr. Masfield's own imaginative contribution is sensitively conceived and has the humane wisdom and the spare, clear style which delight his readers. Although he interprets and embellishes history to suit his portraiture, this is his right as an artist, and the drawing and painting may even have more in them of 'true truth' than the historical actualities, which in any case remain controversial and hard to disengage. The author's Theodora is a brave, thoughtful, self-consistent woman, but in characterizing her Mr. Masfield sometimes makes his Justinian cut too sorry a figure. This is in some degree inevitable, perhaps, since the prince's character must needs provide much of the background for that of the more resourceful Theodora, but unfortunately this necessity somewhat mars the treatment of the man she loves. The author's account of the contemporary theatre and of the work of Sosthenes is especially interesting, in view of his own theories

and experiments, and the artistic quality of Macedonia, the queen of dancers, is admirably set forth. Among the more memorable *obiter dicta* are these: "Men have more will than wisdom"; "She remembered how Timotheus had said that if a man showed readiness for great things the spiritual powers blew strength into him so that he might attempt them"; "A thing is dead, and without meaning; a genius turns it into its constituents and mixes them anew; then there is life again."

G. H. C.

HE AND HIS. By Reginald Carter. Toronto: Nelson. Pp. 460. \$3.50.

MR. LUCTON'S FREEDOM. By Francis Brett Young. Toronto: Ryerson. Pp. 456. \$2.75.

SONS OF THE OTHERS. By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: Ryerson. Pp. 288. \$2.50.

That during all the anxieties and readjustments of the war, English authors should still be producing novels which have humour and gaiety is another proof of the vigour of the nation. *He and His* has a distinct flavour of Trollope, although the ending is a much more dramatic one than he would have been likely to create. The scene is Mid-Victorian England and the main figure the squire, who, being much ahead of his times, starts a train of practical difficulties such as sometimes follow the emancipated. Conceived with generous appreciation, the Squire is a figure of heroic mold. His mother, Lady Emma, is the authentic Victorian lady, exempt from criticism even by her creator, but around all the other characters his humour plays with a penetrating flame.

Mr. Brett Young's book would seem to provide a mood of escape for the author, and the reader, as well as for the main character. This is Mr. Lucton, a business man whose material success is not accompanied by much personal satisfaction, and who escapes by a series of accidents, to a short time of freedom incognito in the Welsh marches. Those who know the country will enjoy the descriptions of it, and this is a good story even if Mr. Brett Young has done better in better times.

There is nothing escapist about *Sons of The Others*. Sir Philip Gibbs seems to be writing a serial history of the war by means of successive novels in which he indicates the main events of the times and the currents and reactions of feeling and opinion. This third instalment is the history of the B.E.F. up to its astounding withdrawal from Dunkirk; and French and British characters and points of view alternate in the analysis of the causes of France's downfall. It cannot be other than a tragic story, but it is well for us to remember the sufferings and confusion of the people of France, betrayed, as seems indicated here, by ineffectiveness in the high command, whatever other factors may have been present in the situation.

E. H. W.

**THIRTY ACRES.** By Ringuet. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 324. \$2.50.

**OLIVER WISWELL.** By Kenneth Roberts. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 836. \$3.25.

*Thirty Acres* is a translation, (and a good one,) of a novel written in French by a French Canadian, which under the title of *Trente Arpents* received in 1939 the Grand Prix du Roman from the Académie Française. The author is one of the many novelists of our time who combine the professions of doctor and writer. He is Dr. Philippe Panneton, a native of Montreal, who uses the pen-name of Ringuet.

In this realistic study of a French Canadian farmer, an honest, decent, hardworking, loyal fellow, whose family has held its "trente arpents" for over two hundred years, we see something of the way in which social and economic change reacts upon an individual and a system. Euchariste Moison's life is presented to us in four epochs corresponding to the four seasons. The traditional plan of life, which is all he knows, though it has great internal strength, does not fit him to understand modern tendencies or to withstand those which are destructive. He wishes for nothing better than to cultivate his land, and then to hand it over to his sons, but he becomes involved in the conflicts between youth and age, mechanical and agrarian civilization, and his defences are inadequate. The farmer and his environment are presented with great skill and restraint.

This work is comparable to that of Frederick Philip Grove in its understanding, deep philosophy and humanity, with the added background of nature as she shows herself in the Upper St. Lawrence Valley, severe but bountiful and beautiful. *Maria Chapdelaine* became a classic of pioneer French Canadian life. It would not be surprising if *Thirty Acres* should become as well known, for its picture of the long settled parishes of Quebec in the early decades of this century. There is something classical about this well-planned work.

*Oliver Wiswell* is also a book created on this side of the Atlantic, being the latest novel from the brilliant pen of Mr. Kenneth Roberts, of whose series of historical novels *Northwest Passage* is probably the best known. This work is written, in autobiographical form, entirely from the point of view of a Loyalist in the Revolutionary War. Even in these days in the United States, when a realistic point of view is becoming more and more usual, it must have taken courage to issue a book, (although fiction) in which



such an interpretation is offered of the history of the period from 1775-1783. The text of it all is a quotation from some words uttered, in 1821, by Chief Justice John Jay, to the effect that "the true history of the American Revolution can never be written". But that was in 1821. Now in 1940, when George III has been dead for one hundred and sixty-two years, and the American States are strong and united, the inference is that the truth may be told. In this long and epic novel, while there is a severe indictment of the criminal mistakes and delays of the English Generals, and of Whig influences in London, which tended to break up the Empire for the sake of regaining office, the criticism of the rebels as a disorderly, cruel, and ignorant rabble is even more severe. Credit is given to Washington, and to Carleton on the Loyalist side, but most of the Generals on both sides are presented as almost incredible blunderers.

But it must not be forgotten, in the verisimilitude of the book, that it is a novel, not a history; and that a sustained effort of imagination has supplemented much research in order to produce such an array of lifelike portraits, of people known and unknown to history. Wiswell himself, a brave and loyal gentleman, Yale graduate, soldier and historian is well done. His satellite Buell, the old-fashioned Yankee, shrewd, able, irreverent and unafraid, whose devotion, once aroused, is limitless, Sally Leighton lightly sketched, but important in the story; and a host of generals and officials, fill the pages with life and incident. The long story takes us from the battle of Bunker Hill, through the campaigns on Long Island and in the South, including the siege of Ninety-Six, to the final migration of the Loyalists to Nova Scotia. It is to be expected that this book will be bought and read extensively in Canada. Certainly no more generous presentation of the cause and character of the Loyalists has ever been made in American, perhaps in any, fiction.

E. H. W.

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TWO WAYS OF LIFE; Freedom or Tyranny. By W. J. Lindal, K.C. Toronto: Ryerson, 1940. Pp. xvi+165. \$1.75.

This choice little volume is not the work of a specialist for specialists. It is the harvest of the reflections on current affairs by a Canadian lawyer of wide culture, and would serve admirably as a manual for study-groups of average citizens anxious to obtain a fuller insight into the world around them. Mr. Lindal came from Iceland to this country at a very early age, and has served Canada

nobly in peace and war. In Part I of his book, he examines the Totalitarian Way of Life based on Tyranny; taking Germany, Russia, Japan and Italy as examples he elaborates upon their technique notably their deification of Race, Class or State. This section of the volume is particularly useful, if only for its apt quotations. The second Part entitled "Freedom, the Balanced Way" is stimulating in its approach, but in tracing the growth of the relationships between the authority of the state and the freedom of the individual from the time of the Kings of Israel down to the present, and in sketching the delineaments of the democratic "New Order" national and international, the treatment of multifarious topics in fifty pages runs a little thin. Yet the book reflects a sensitive soul and a well-stored mind, and is animated by a refreshing optimism (so much needed in these days) mirrored in the Part II prefatory quotation from Browning:—

If I stoop  
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast; Its splendour, soon or late  
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.

A. E. P.













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